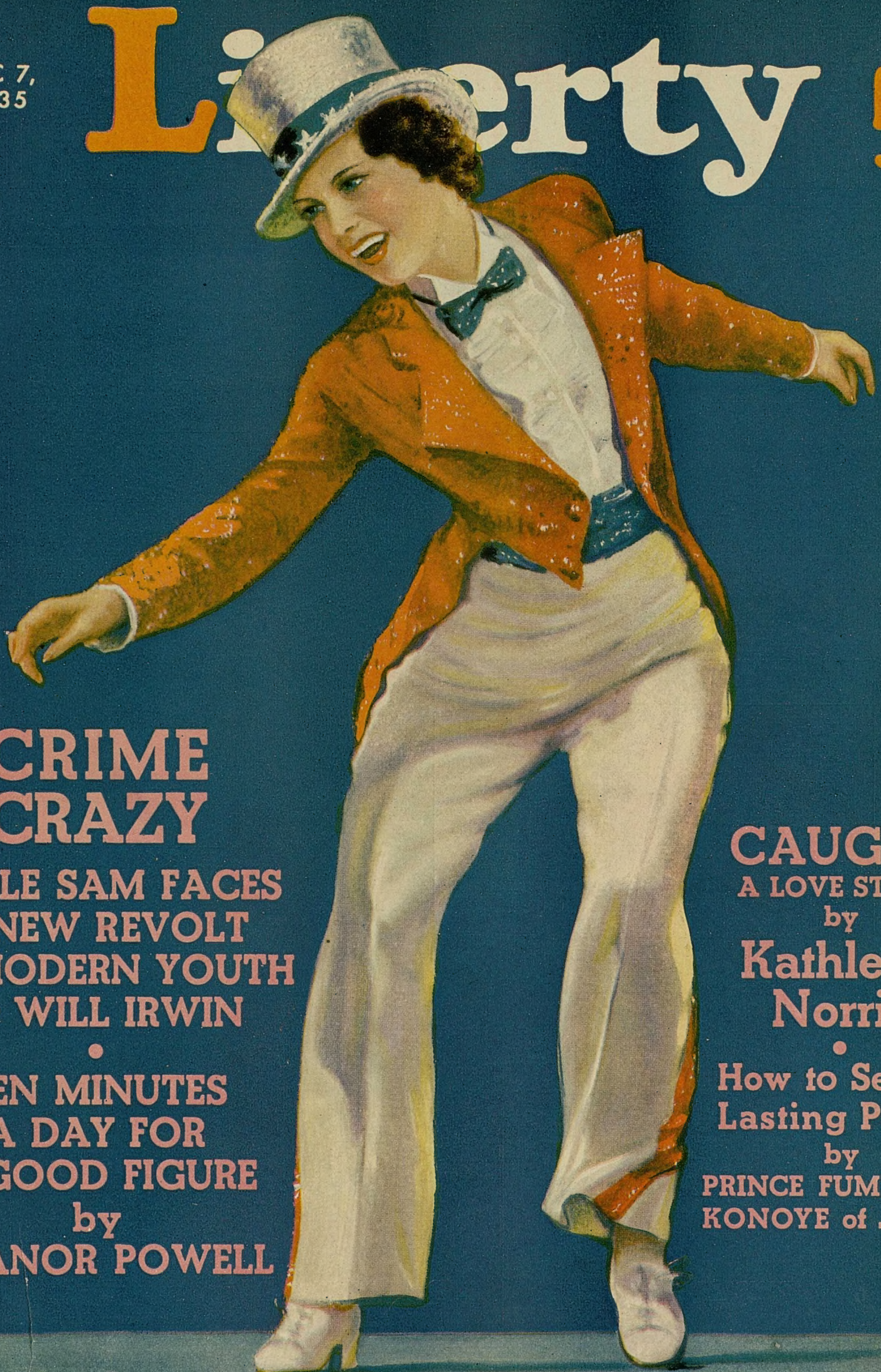
DEC 7,
1935

Liberty

5¢



CRIME CRAZY

NCLE SAM FACES
A NEW REVOLT
F MODERN YOUTH
by WILL IRWIN

•

TEN MINUTES
A DAY FOR
A GOOD FIGURE
by
ELEANOR POWELL

CAUGHT

A LOVE STORY
by
Kathleen
Norris

•

How to Secure
Lasting Peace
by
PRINCE FUMIMAR
KONOYE of JAPA

HERE'S WHY CAMEL'S MILDNESS APPEALS TO OUT-OF-DOORS PEOPLE

"They Never Get on Your Nerves"

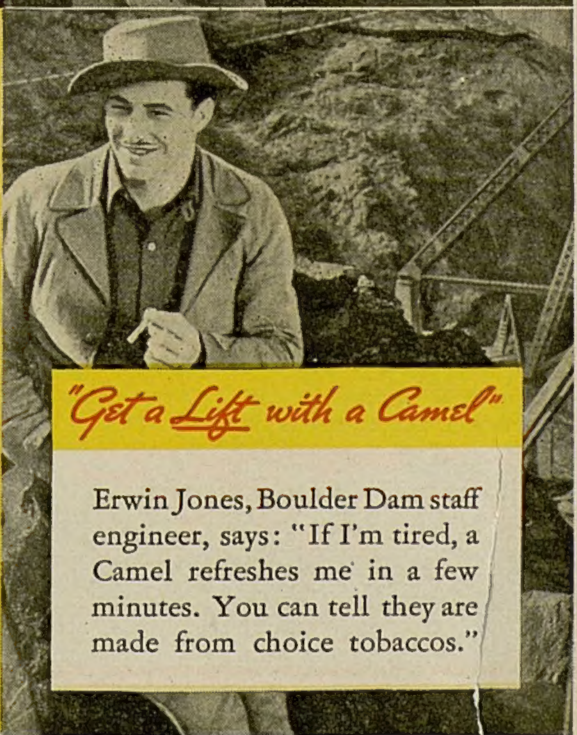
Henry Clay Foster, explorer and tiger hunter, has faced many a tense moment when nerves were tested to the limit. Speaking of nerves and smoking, Foster says: "My idea of a mild cigarette is Camel. I've been in some tough spots, but Camels have never thrown my nerves off key, although I'm a steady Camel smoker and have been for years. Camels give me the mildness I want—better taste—the fragrance and aroma of choice tobaccos."

"They Never Tire Your Taste"

Lt. Commander Frank Hawks, holder of 214 speed records, says: "Camels taste better—mild and mellow. They are never irritating to my throat."

"Camels don't get your Wind"

Miss Judy Ford says: "Wishing to keep in the best of condition, I prefer Camels! They are so mild that they never disturb my wind or fray my nerves."



"Get a Lift with a Camel"

Erwin Jones, Boulder Dam staff engineer, says: "If I'm tired, a Camel refreshes me in a few minutes. You can tell they are made from choice tobaccos."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

- Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

Keep your HAIR Healthy and Handsome...

1 50 SECONDS to rub—natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life.

2 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.

with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

THE way to healthy, handsome hair is to go right down into the scalp after it—right down to the hair roots themselves. And that's why Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" is so splendidly effective. It loosens your tight scalp . . . speeds up circulation . . . stimulates the hair roots . . . the actual source of hair health.

And the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis not only stimulate and loosen the scalp . . . they also help to replenish the natural oils so necessary to a healthy scalp and to healthy hair.

Vitalis helps your scalp to help itself. It helps your hair to save itself. Loose dandruff disappears. Your hair looks lustrous and alive. It stays in place. No "patent-leather" shine—just a well-kept, well-groomed look to it. Use the "60-Second Workout" twice a week—or more often if you want to. And here's another suggestion with good sound sense in it:

For a perfectly clean scalp, use Vitalis and a vigorous massage just before your regular shampoo—and just after, too. For Vitalis with massage breaks up any oily deposits, loosens any dandruff present—makes it easy for the shampoo to float all away. Then Vitalis and a swift massage—and you're set—with a clean, healthy, good-looking, well-groomed head of hair that any man would be proud of.

VITALIS
VITALIS
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
VITALIS

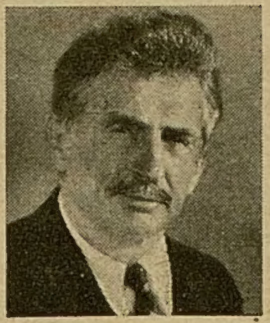
ASK YOUR BARBER— He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice. He knows best.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

DECEMBER 7, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 49

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Labor Upholds Constitutional Government



BERNARR MACFADDEN

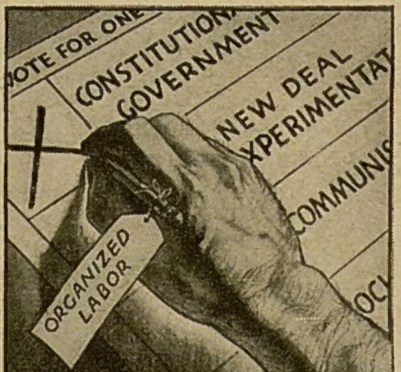
AT the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor its representatives throughout the country again reaffirmed their faith in the American principles of government. It is their intention to uphold the Constitution and all it stands for, which clearly indicates that they are not in favor of all the wild experimentation in which Washington has indulged during the present administration.

At this convention, in no uncertain terms, they also condemned every form of Communism.

To find the leaders of this great labor organization in favor of sound, stable policies is indeed a source of unlimited satisfaction.

William Green, who was again elected president, is a harmonizing, stabilizing force. He is one of the greatest labor leaders this country has ever produced, and if labor generally will allow itself to be guided by his wise counsel, there will be no need for the so-called guiding hand of the Washington government.

Labor officials can take care of their own troubles, especially with a man like Green and his able and trusted assistants at the helm. There are many evils that should be attacked and remedied in industry, and the same can be said of labor unions. But many of these difficulties can be avoided if labor and capital will only realize that they are really partners and that they should work together and fight together. There are plenty of common enemies that are attacking both employers and employees. When they present a combined front they are unbeatable, but when they quarrel they become vulnerable to attack.



The American Federation of Labor has put itself on record against Communistic leaders. Let us hope it is able to eliminate entirely men of this type in the organization. Communistic doctrines are foreign to this free country. We may have had our troubles during the depression, but the average worker in Communistic Russia would doubtless think he was in the heavenly realms if he could labor under conditions such as we have here. To be free is a divine privilege, although all of us are enslaved to a certain extent by responsibilities. But it is usually a willing enslavement. We are not ordered here and there against our will. There is no compulsion.

And the knowledge that the great labor leaders of this country are on such solid ground will do much to encourage business recovery.

In the advancement of our commercial interests the United States has outstripped all foreign competition. Our wages and standard of living give labor of today the luxuries that only the wealthy enjoyed in former generations.

As President Roosevelt recently remarked, experience is the best teacher, although the officials of his administration rarely give this dependable policy much consideration. The principles we adhered to in our business and governmental affairs may have some defects, but that does not in any way give us an excuse for throwing them aside entirely. Let us remove the defects but hold on to the fundamental principles which made us a great and powerful nation.

During the first period of the active control of the NRA we had more violent strikes than ever occurred in this country during a similar period throughout our entire history. Even with the partial demise of these governmental restrictions as ordered by the United States Supreme Court, labor troubles have materially lessened. If our government officials would attend to the particular duties for which they were elected and refrain from interfering with business, allowing employer and employees to settle their own difficulties, the trouble between these two great forces would be materially lessened.

That a great labor organization like the A. F. of L. stands squarely and firmly in favor of constitutional government, and recognizes and is ready to fight the evils of Communism, will be a stabilizing force that will be greeted with cheers by patriotic citizens everywhere.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $5.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

$465,000,000

TO HELP PEOPLE BUY *and* SELL

IF people couldn't buy on "time", what a terrific set-back business would get!

In the past year, Commercial Credit Company has placed more than $465,000,000 of credit assistance at the disposal of millions of families, merchants and manufacturers.

How American Home Life Has Benefited

On the domestic side, its range of operations has covered the purchase of automobiles, refrigerators, oil burners, air conditioning systems, electric ranges and many other desirable things which have contributed to the comfort and happiness of the American family. At least half of all such purchases are made by wage and salary earners of moderate means and thrifty habits. "Time" buying has been a boon to them.

Financing for Merchants and Manufacturers

Naturally all the family purchases referred to meant sales and profits to merchants and manufacturers. But there was an equally important phase of Commercial Credit service which extended them additional benefits on a vast scale. By the purchase of current open accounts and notes owing to them, millions of dollars of resources were released for new operations. By financing the purchase of motor trucks, Diesel engines, time and labor saving machinery, power plants, store and office fixtures, vital replacements of old or obsolete equipment were made immediately possible without drain on working capital or reserves. In many cases, the economies thus effected more than paid the entire cost.

Safety in Time Payment Financing

Reputable and experienced institutions like Commercial Credit have helped industry to expand physically and market-wise; have improved industrial economy and efficiency. They have aided mass production and created jobs for millions of workers. They have enabled American families to enjoy the highest standards of living any people have ever known.

Time payment financing is a highly specialized business involving problems not only of finance, but also of law, insurance, merchandising, credits and collections. The right kind of service is safe and economical. An inexpert, poorly administered credit or collection service can be troublesome and expensive. Before *you* conclude any time payment purchase, investigate carefully the reputation and experience of the proposed financing company.

Insist on Official Commercial Credit Plan

It took years to perfect the Official Commercial Credit Plan, with its safeguards for buyer and seller, and with cost reduced to the lowest level consistent with such safety. But results have proved the inherent soundness and economy of the planning. The wonderful growth of the company in twenty-three years and its national reputation for faithful and efficient service to millions are your guarantee of safety, reliability and low cost. In any time payment transaction, you will be wise to insist on the OFFICIAL COMMERCIAL CREDIT PLAN.

How Commercial Credit Company Serves Buyer and Seller

Commercial Credit Company purchases instalment lien obligations from responsible Manufacturers, Distributors and Dealers. Financing plans are provided to cover the time payment sale of automobiles, refrigerators, oil burners, engines, machinery and equipment, air conditioning units, heating plants, store and office fixtures, and a score of other such broad classifications, including hundreds of individual products.

Founded in 1912 with $300,000 capital, Commercial Credit Company is today one of the largest institutions of its kind. It operates through more than 2,200 employees in 154 local offices in the United States and Canada, and is owned by nearly 15,000 stockholders.

With more than $45,000,000 capital and surplus, and a volume of more than $465,000,000 for the last twelve months, it offers large resources to promote local industrial activity.

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

COMMERCIAL BANKERS **Headquarters BALTIMORE**

CONSOLIDATED CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $45,000,000

Wherever You Are • Whatever You Sell or Buy • Investigate Commercial Credit Service

CRIME CRAZY

Uncle Sam Faces a Startling New Revolt of Modern Youth . . . Will It Be Curbed or Does It Presage a Ruined Republic?

by WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IN the heights of the Colorado Rockies, where I was reared, a posse caught four men who had been practicing robbery by arms, with murder on the side. We were still living in frontier conditions; the smaller camps knew only one way of dealing with flagrant crime. Promptly the indignant citizens lynched three of them. But concerning the fourth, a boy not yet turned seventeen, they paused and debated. He was only a kid, said one faction—too young to die. He still had a chance to reform. " Better string him up before he goes the whole way," said the more ruthless faction. The mob put it to a vote, and they hanged him.

In our camp, one and all showed a horrified wonder at the youth of this major criminal. Even in that rough environment, such a thing was almost unheard-of. It would have attracted even more attention in the great cities of the East and Middle West.

And now—sixteen too young for major crime? Police, social workers, and wardens of prisons regard the criminal of this age as a commonplace. Recently the G men of the federal government have compiled and analyzed statistics on all persons arrested for crimes and serious misdemeanors during 1934. The " peak age " was nineteen years, and eighteen, seventeen, and sixteen not far behind. More men are now arrested for burglary at eighteen than at any other period of life. As for automobile theft, the peak age is sixteen years. Steadily since the World War the age of first offenders in states' prisons has dropped. Every week the main character in an execution has, as he walks his last mile, the appearance of a high-school senior going to the principal's office for correction.

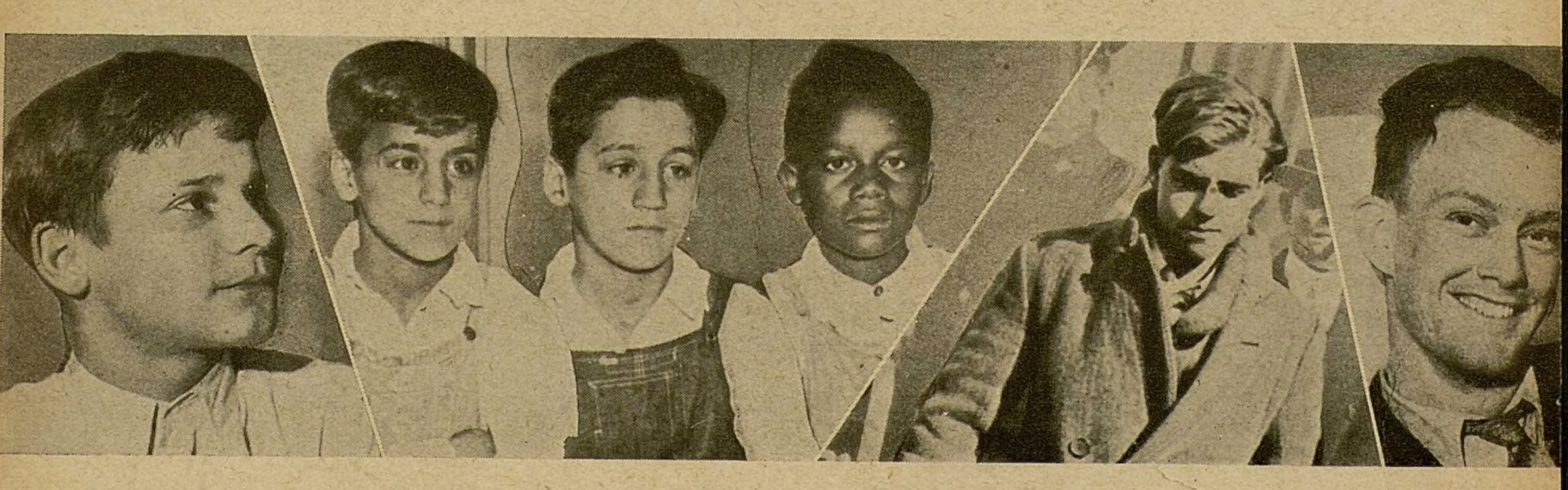
Something has happened to youth. True, college presidents and school authorities report almost universally that the better students are taking life and study more soberly and seriously than the similar class a generation ago. These admittedly represent the majority.

But the others, who are increasing in number, seem to these interested observers as hard-boiled and impenetrable a set of young citizens as ever plagued a teacher. " It's like trying to bite into a billiard ball," said one distressed educator. Conventional morals and idealism of any kind they dismiss with a laugh. The successful man is the one who got away with it, no matter how. And the lesser minds and characters among them show an interest in crime which an older and more sober age would have called morbid.

Youth in process of education has always included an element which vented its excess energies in a manner not approved by faculties. I stand in a poor position to criticize this tendency, since I myself was " graduated by request." But the behavior of the hard-boiled collegians in this generation has a new and perturbing quality of callousness. I need not recite their performances with that potential assassin, the high-powered automobile. Among this element an arrest for speeding seems to pass as a decoration, a badge of merit, notwithstanding the fact that every such case brushes the edge of grisly tragedy. And, even as I write, the faculty of Harvard, our oldest and most civilized university, is dealing with a barbarous episode. A college janitor, sixty-seven years old and weighing little more than a hundred pounds, lies in hospital with a fractured skull, a broken nose, possibly a blinded eye. Who beat him up, the courts must decide, but the assailants were almost certainly students. Such an affair would have disgraced the old Hell's Kitchen.

A few years ago Hollywood found almost accidentally that motion pictures of the underworld had enormous drawing power. Reformers of our manners and morals noted that young people were trooping to see them, and eventually forced Hollywood to stop making them or to dress them out with a moral. They confused cause with effect, I think. Perhaps here and there an underworld film did serve to tip over a bad boy who was tottering on the edge. But the interest in crime, hectic and morbid, already existed. Otherwise these thrillers would not have attracted such swarms of young people.

We have taken it for granted, until recently, that the criminal population came mostly from that shiftless class which packs our worst slums or from " underpriviledged rural areas." But nowadays the educated young man or woman figures constantly in the criminal news. We first noticed this tendency in the horrible case of Leopold and Loeb, thrill killers with superior brains and higher university degrees. Then they began coming along in a procession—robbers and murderers for profit



George Rogalski The Damatos and Lisbon Lawrence Harry Murch Russell McWillia as well as criminals for the abnormal love of crime: such people as Abraham Faber, holder of a degree from a great technical school with one of the stiffest curricula in the world, who within three years after his graduation died in the electric chair as brains of a murderous gang; or the cultivated Chapman, the bandit who stretched hemp in Connecticut. The typical criminal still comes from the class on the bare margin of existence; but the crime craze is rising into classes which cannot offer the excuse of poverty.

Just after the World War there arose a generation which looked upon the world which its elders had made and, with much reason, pronounced it a mess. That generation had its virtues—among them its courageous tendency to look life straight in the eye. And most of its members have softened with maturity and responsibility. Their younger brothers and sisters grew up in the mad days of the boom, when the whole country was drunk with material prosperity. In that period came prohibition with its wholesale violation of civic morals. Children in well regulated families saw their parents buying liquor in defiance of the law which they themselves had been taught to observe. Behind that small offense lay gross crimes, as even the children knew—hijacking, robberies, bribery, and callous premeditated murder. And their elder brothers and sisters had swung into that jazz age whose symbol was the hip flask.

In the poorer districts of our cities the boys saw young men of origins just as humble as their own riding in glittering superpowered cars, wearing hundred-and-fifty-dollar suits, scattering five-dollar tips, sporting diamonds. The easiest way to get these desirable goods was to imitate their way of life. That way had a special attraction for boyhood because it involved physical courage. Mere children with the down just starting on their chins possessed themselves of guns and held up cigar dealers, candy stores, or grocers. Often their assumed hardness still covered childishly timorous hearts; and they were constantly shooting from sheer nerves. Others, more judicious, learned the trade of stealing automobiles for the use of more mature criminals, and from this apprenticeship passed on to robbery or murder for hire.

TWO classes did well in the business life of the underworld—the exceptionally stupid and the exceptionally brilliant. The former became the cool, nerveless, pitiless killers like Vincent Coll or Baby-Face Nelson. Dutch Schultz, who died by the gun last October, is a recent example of the latter class. Criminals of this sort should have used their brains to perceive that the end of the route was sudden death. But conceit and youthful confidence held them to a game which no man ever won. They wouldn't be got—they were too smart.

We thought until five or six years ago that crime of this sort belonged solely to the underworld of the big cities. Then our country districts began to spawn the same poisonous breed. Indeed, their output outdid the city in bad quality. The epidemic was spreading.

Then, when we were getting ready to repeal prohibition, the depression fell upon the world. Until 1929 jobs were plentiful. Often boys and girls coming out of trade schools or the technical courses of the universities had a choice among five or six positions even before they took their diplomas. Most of the young, however, had slid along the surface of life, getting only a common-school education, confident that when the time came the least of their worries would be getting a job.

But the creeping paralysis of the depression went on until four

Murton Millen, Irving Millen, and Abe Faber.

Nathan Leopold, Jr., and Richard Loeb.

million were out of work, then five million, then ten.

This blight fell most heavily on two classes—elderly people who knew that they could never get work again, and young people just coming out of school. University seniors woke to realize that not more than half of their classes would find jobs. Those without special education found the way blocked everywhere. At the period when young energies need an outlet, there was nothing for them to do but live on their people or on public relief, and just wait. Byrnes MacDonald, Deputy Police Commissioner of New York in charge of the city's work to keep children straight, says that the great cause for juvenile delinquency is "idleness plus lack of responsibility." That cause operates among those who are no longer juvenile—that plus the hard-boiled attitude so much in fashion among part of our young.

This magazine received last November a brief anonymous letter which has a whole novel behind it. "May I take the liberty," inquires the author, "of saying what We, the Next Crop of Criminals, Want? I will be one of them; I can see no escape." He too was dumped out of school into the world just before the crash. He too had drifted along with the idea that he could always find work at something. But now—"I didn't have the necessary education to hold a job, the competition was too strong. I have been on the bum—I can't stand it much longer. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover will just have one more to hunt." The significant thing about this letter is not the pathetic note of despair with which every one must sympathize, but the author's ready acceptance of the idea that the short road of crime with a precipice at the end is the way out. And tens of thousands have taken that route since 1929—young men who in normal times would never have looked through bars from the inside.

Among the rest, strange currents have been running. In the Blackstone Valley of Rhode Island, an intensely congested industrial district where unemployment had been dense and depressing, there rose during the autumn of 1934 a series of small strikes which grew with strange suddenness into dangerous riots. The mob, drifting from town to town, smashed windows and machinery, beat up guards, looted shops. I visited the district while the police were mopping up. All who witnessed the explosion remarked on the youth of the rioters. "They looked like high-school kids on a frolic," said one chief of police, "and almost as many girls as boys."

THIS was not a Communist outbreak, as a few nervous officials announced; nowhere could I find a tinge of red. It was just the idle youth of this age releasing their pent-up energies, wreaking a vague resentment, and expressing the lawless spirit of Young America today. Elsewhere, however, the Communists, trying "to tear down, that they may build up," have done their best to use such material as this. The Young Pioneers pull strikes in school, distribute inflammatory literature, cavort shrilly on the edge of every strike. Boys and girls of older growth form the organized mobs and picket lines which invite clubbing by the police. Last autumn appeared a motion-picture film which—somewhat blatantly, it is true—told the story of a conversion from Communism to old-fashioned patriotism. It was picketed all over the country, most notably in New York, and always by adolescents.

Communism, in spite of its talent for making a noise, has got next to nowhere in this country. Our danger, I for one believe, lies in the exactly opposite direction. Adolf Hitler overthrew the German Republic and dragged his people back into medievalism by appealing to the same element that upheaved in Rhode Island—the baffled young with their odd perturbing moral attitude. He even made special use of that minority among them who had developed actual criminal tendencies. The mere boys who surged in organized mobs through the big German cities beating up Jews, Socialists, and Liberals, the youthful torturers at the concentration camps, were the rough equivalent to those city gangs which have given such a black eye to American civilization. Hitler, in short, learned to capitalize the crime craze. And whoever maintains that the craze in Germany approached the intensity which it has attained in the United States is guilty of national conceit. All about us lies tinder for the torch of some super-agitator who knows exactly where he is going and who speaks that American language as yet unlearned by the Communists.

The federal government, as all the world knows now, has in the past four or five years virtually ended kidnaping for ransom and much abated armed robbery of banks. This is good so far as it goes; but it does little to cure the criminal tendency. Frightened away from the one line of operation, the big shots, little shots, and chiselers try another. Certain detection and swift punishment mitigate some of the symptoms of the crime craze; they do not reach the germs.

The main cause lies somewhere in the minds and hearts of the very youngest generation—the little children. Most boys and girls who go the route have begun as juvenile delinquents. Before they enter primary school they are snitching and lying; before they reach long division they are running with the toughest gang of youngsters in the ward; before they open an algebra they are stripping or stealing cars. And all along they are "problem children" to their teachers. For twenty years now, in juvenile courts and clinics, psychologists have been studying children of this sort and trying to reform them. These practical psychologists have advanced to the point where they know their problems and have glimpses of the solution. The Big Brother and Big Sister Federation has of late "surveyed" a half million school children in different parts of the country. A little more than one per cent of them, it finds, show those mental and emotional combinations which go always with juvenile delinquency. That is, one child in a hundred, unless we do something about his or her case, may grow up a criminal.

SOME of this one per cent will never go bad, notwithstanding the danger signs. But others, who figure in this survey as normal, will more than fill their places. In one tough district of Chicago, during the period of the boom, ten per cent of the boys had been in jail or in juvenile court before they were sixteen.

As for cure—that is a hard and complex business. But the better children's courts in such cities as Boston, Milwaukee, and Cincinnati have proved that a gratifying percentage can be set back on the way to mental and moral health. We cannot, however, accomplish this end simply by passing a law and making an appropriation. The boy has begun to go wrong as an individual. We may bring him back only by working with him as an individual. That is both a science and an art.

Preventive measures, when we have tried them, have given real results. Such institutions as boys' clubs and girls' clubs, taking hold of the child in his hours of play, have transformed many a tough district. The probation system helps, and helps mightily, when rightly and honestly administered. During the epidemic of impromptu executions by G men and local police we discovered that some of the most notorious of our criminals had gone to jail early in life, and gone free, after a year or so, on parole. That gave the system a bad name. Its critics failed to note that in states which have managed to keep their parole boards free from politics and up to the mark for ability and training—notably New Jersey, New York, and Massachusetts—only one young man or boy out of fourteen released on parole ever goes back to jail.

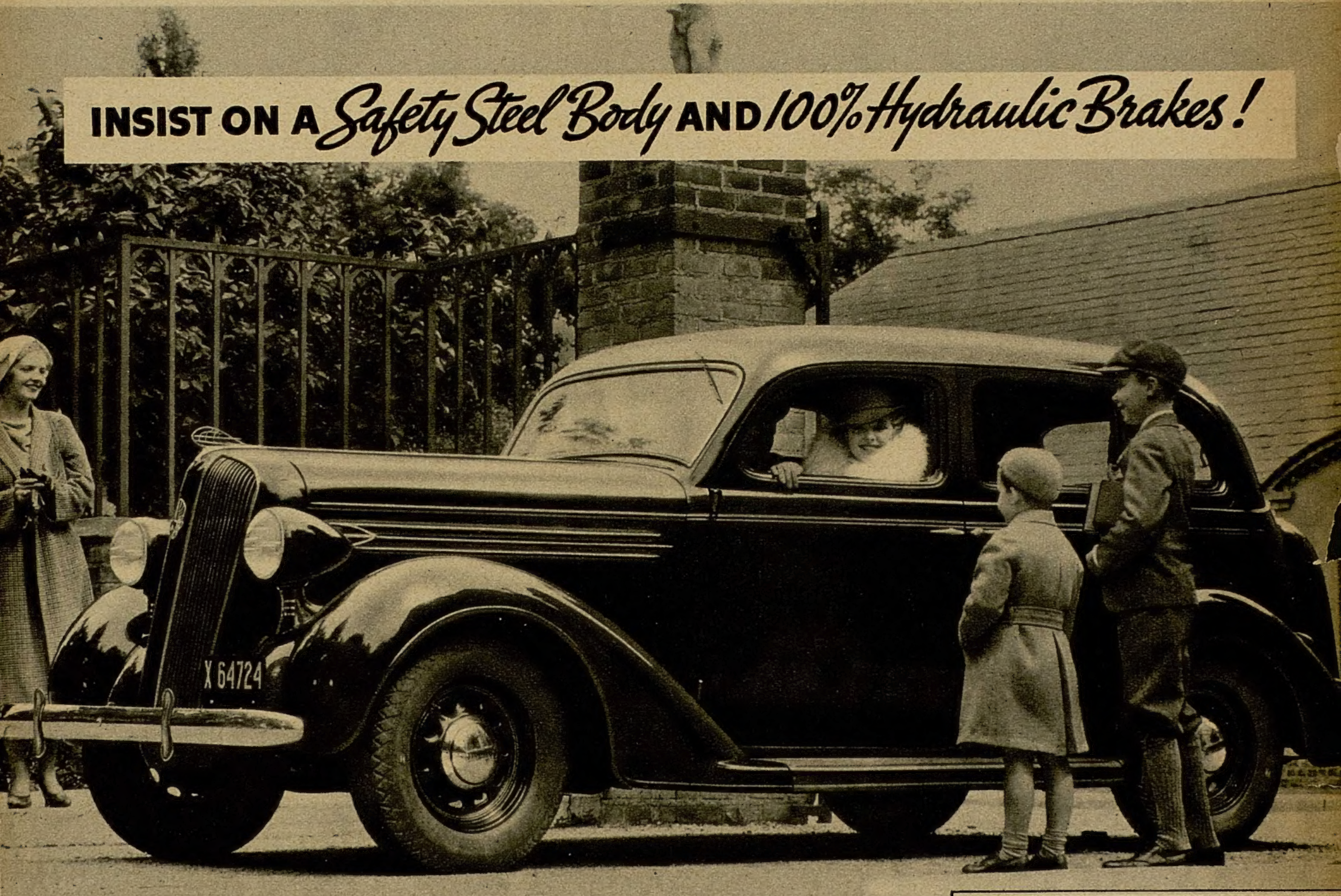
Cleaning up our police departments, co-ordinating the work of the federal and local authorities, revising our laws to close the loopholes for lawyers sometimes as crooked as their clients—these, obviously, are a prime necessity if we hope to win our war on crime. But they are less than half the battle, after all. Crime prevention—which means hard, expensive, undramatic, and even thankless work among our children—forms the more important half. Even that, however, is perhaps less important than changing somehow the lackadaisical, cheaply cynical moral attitude prevailing among so many of our young.

Youth itself must do that. If it does not do it, we may look forward to another crime-crazy generation, our reproach before the whole world, and perhaps to a ruined republic.

THE END

Your Family is SAFER in a 1936 Plymouth

INSIST ON A *Safety Steel Body* AND *100% Hydraulic Brakes!*



The Biggest, Sturdiest Plymouth ever Presented

NOTE THAT the beautiful Safety-Steel body of the 1936 Plymouth has been newly strengthened at five vital points.

Plymouth's brakes are 100% hydraulic ... the finest built. Self-equalizing, they always stop you safely!

With a new steering design, there just isn't any road-shock at the wheel.

The new frame, 100% more rigid, and a new sway-eliminator give the riding smoothness you'd expect in this big car... Plymouth's Floating Ride plus 11 new comfort features!

There are more than 40 improvements. It's the roomiest Plymouth ever built ... added inches of leg room, elbow and shoulder room. And you can *see* it's the most beautiful.

It is again America's most economical full-size car. Owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas.

See this 1936 Plymouth ... ride in it ... drive it! Be sure you do this before you buy *any* car, today. Your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer will arrange it.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

NEW 6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

Ask for the new Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company 6% Time Payment Plan.. Figure it for yourself.

1 Start with your unpaid balance.

2 *Then add insurance cost ... at conference rates.

3 Then multiply by 6%—for a 12-month plan. One-half of one per cent per month for period more or less than 12 months.

NO OTHER CHARGES

*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.

$510

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CAR

by KATHLEEN NORRIS

Caught

A Little Learning, as the Poet Said, May Be a Dangerous Thing . . . But When It's a Case of a Pretty Girl—Well, Consider This Sprightly Story

READING TIME ● 36 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

I ASK you—I *implore* you to get me out of this place!" the girl said, angry tears on her lashes.

"I wish you'd get it through your head once and for all that I won't!" the man answered on a sudden burst of harshness.

Mary Leavenworth looked at him a moment in stunned amazement. Never in all the years had he used that tone to her before. Hurt and silenced, she walked to the window and stood looking out at the city streets, grim and quiet on a March Sunday of dark skies and low cold winds.

"What's the matter with this place?" the man presently asked sulkily. He had subsided into a chair beside the wood fire and lighted a cigarette. His tone was carefully unyielding, but he was watching her proud young back uneasily as he spoke.

"Simply that it's hell," Mary answered briefly and coldly. Her voice threatened to break; she controlled it sternly.

"I hate that sort of extreme talk, Mary."

"Well, I tell you that I think it's a dangerous place for me to be! You don't know what some of the girls are like here. You don't know what an awful effect some of the women have. It's driving me mad! I don't seem to care what I do any more. I'm desperate!"

Richard Leavenworth looked at her for a few moments of silence as she came to fling herself into the chair opposite his and, fumbling in her blouse pocket for a handkerchief, burst into tears.

"You say that about every place I put you," he observed.

"Well, but you only put me in horrible places, dad!" Mary countered on a sob.

"That's nonsense! I've had you in three of the most expensive schools in the world."

"Expensive rattraps," Mary amended it simply. She blew her nose and, extracting from a snug stocking top a powder box and a lipstick, began to repair the ravages of her tears. "I'd rather dance in a third-rate night club in Harlem," she added darkly. "At least I'd meet some one. I'd meet sailors."

"Sailors appear to be more discriminating than you are," her father observed half-absently. "I don't know what to do about it!" he ejaculated, with a little despairing emphasis on the pronoun.

"Take me home!" Mary suggested brilliantly. She perceived that she had made some little headway with him, and she hastened to take advantage of it.

"It's a bachelor's establishment, Mary. A girl of eighteen doesn't fit into a place like that. My guests are all men. I often have business dinners that last 'way into the night. You'd be alone all day."

"You could get me a companion."

"Not after Miss Ingalls!" the man said fervently, and there was a brief silence.

"Miss Ingalls was crazy; she'd been in an institution," Mary presently offered somewhat uncertainly.

"Yes, and I was headed for one by the time that she left."

"Why not try it, dad? After Easter vacation. Why not try it, and if it worked, why, then I wouldn't have to go to that damn camp again this year. I could stay right here in the city with you."

"Next year, Mary. When you're nineteen we'll rent a place down on Long Island and you can be hostess for me. This year—if this French deal goes through—I may have to start off for Paris at the drop of a hat."

"Oh, dad, but you could take me with you! I've never been abroad; I've never been anywhere except in grandma's old mausoleum of a house and in school and in camps! Think of the fun we'd have! I could practice my French, and run around the ship playing quoits and races and things, and dance, and have dresses to wear to dinner—"

He was hardly listening to her; one phrase in her eager rush of words had arrested his attention. He interrupted her with a question:

"French, now? How much French do you speak, Mary?"

"Oh, dad, I'm practically perfect, except that a few months—or weeks, maybe—in Paris," Mary tactfully amended it, watching his face, "would polish me off!"

"How many years have you studied French?"

"About ten, I should think. Since I was a mere kid. You'd be surprised how I can gabble away in conversation class."

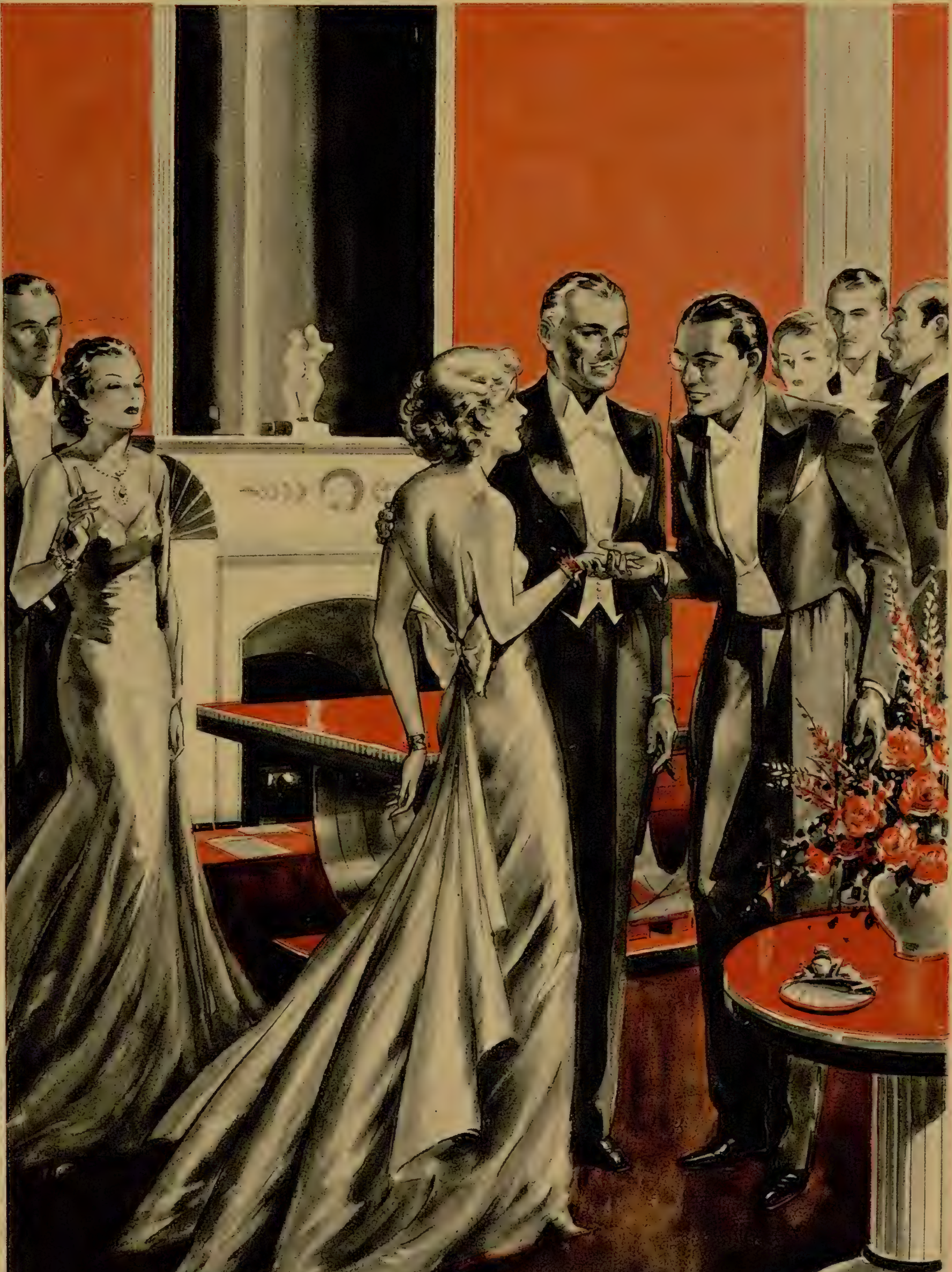
"I suppose," her father said, a speculative eye upon her, "you couldn't understand business phrases—interpret, as it were?"

"Oh, father!" Mary gasped ecstatically as he paused. "Just give me a chance! Just watch me!"

"I wonder—if—you—might," he said, long pauses between the words.

"Well, but of course! That's what a finishing school *does* for you, dad! Oh, dad, is there any chance—d'you mean you might really? Oh, I'd get out my phrase books

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN


Will Graven

MARY WAS A GONE GIRL FROM THAT INSTANT. HE WAS SO HANDSOME!

and go to it like mad!" Mary babbled, in his lap now with her arms locked about his neck.

"I don't know," he said doubtfully. "I don't know what your mother would say. I never have known what your mother would say about any of the things I've done for you."

"She'd say I belonged with you, darling." Mary loosened her hold; her blue eyes were starry with excitement. "Dad, Paris!" she breathed.

"It would have the advantage of secrecy, at all events," her father said.

"What would?" Mary asked, eager to understand.

"This French business," he answered, rubbing his head in perplexity. "De Crouvert is the man who is coming over from Paris to talk it all over; he gets here in about three weeks. Pemberton, our San Francisco man, arrives tomorrow. If I could take Pemberton with me to France it would all be fine, but he doesn't speak French. And the point is that if any of this leaks out, Mary, we not only lose the biggest contract we've had since '29, but we might even get in wrong with the French government. It's all got to be handled with the utmost delicacy. I was thinking," he went on, as Mary merely listened respectfully, eying him in expectant silence—"I was thinking that you might come in darned useful there," he said, rubbing his chin.

"With my French! You *know* you could trust *me*," Mary said.

"With your French, yes. That too. But my reason for going to Paris might be explained that way. Taking my daughter over to a French school, d'you see? No business significance to the trip at all. That might work out," Richard Leavenworth mused, thinking aloud.

"Oh, dad, it'd be so wonderful to get away from this hellhole!"

"I might have to stick you into a French school for a few weeks anyway. But as soon as the thing was settled we could run down to Nice and Biarritz and I'd make it up to you."

"Don't talk about it! It's too much. It makes me dizzy!"

"Even if this Vicomte de Crouvert went along with us nobody'd suspect anything. They're sending a man who's not identified with the business. They're as anxious as we are to keep the whole thing quiet until it's settled. He's got a sister here, married to an American named Bernheim; ostensibly he's just coming over to see her and her babies."

"I see. What's 'ostensibly' mean, dad?"

"What he tells people. What he gives for his reason."

"He's actually a vicomte? Really?"

"That's on his letterhead."

"OH, dad, what an inside track I'd have with him! I mean translating papers and having him at the house and all that."

"Why, you don't know him yet, Mary. He's probably thirty-five; he'll think of you as a little girl."

"About thirty-five and a vicomte!" Mary exclaimed. "Oh, he's perfect! Dad, will you tell him I'm twenty-four? Just at the start, you know, so he won't think I'm a complete boob? Does he speak any English at all?"

"Not one word. I should think," Mary's father said, still reasoning with himself—"I should *think* that with a dictionary and a little time you might do it. No, he loesn't speak any English. Ordinarily they'd pick some lerk or agent to send over. But this matter is so important that his father, who is a silent partner in the company, wrote me expressly that he would send his son and I could be responsible for getting a trustworthy interpreter. I've been feeling my way about to get the right man for two months; there must be such a feller somewhere! You don't know of any one, I suppose, who could handle it? Young professor here at school, eh?"

"Old Dog Tray," Mary said firmly, "is with one exception the most repulsive human being I ever knew. The exception is her assistant, Fräulein Splotz."

"Old Dog Tray?"

"Mme. Yvonne Céleste Trait. Our French teacher."

"Ha! But now supposing, dear, that this Frenchman arrives here in a week or two. He visits his sister—"

"Ostensibly," said Mary neatly.

"Ostensibly. You picked that word up fast enough," her father said, encouraged.

"I thought of Ostend. Is there any chance of our going there?"

"There's a chance of our going everywhere if this thing goes through. I'll take three months off and show you a pretty good time. Well, to go back. Vicomte de Crouvert gets here, say, in mid-April. He visits his sister; I meet him there at dinner and he dines with me. Now supposing you were there, and you and I and Pemberton and the Frenchman fell into a perfectly natural conversation—you could get away with a few questions and answers, I suppose?"

"JEAN would hear it all, dad. Would that matter?"

"The butler, eh? So he would. That's a smart thing to have thought of, Mary. We could get rid of Jean that week—give him a holiday and have the Japanese in the dining room. Or old Mamie."

"Old Mamie's the girl for us. She's been mooning around for fifty years not understanding what was said to her in English, much less French."

"Well, we'll arrange that. Now let me see how this goes. We have our dinner talk. A day or two later de Crouvert slips down to the Wall Street office and we go over some files. That's all. That week you and I sail for Paris, and the vicomte happens to be on board."

"Dad, if you could know how the skies are opening for *me!* Life is worth living! I can't believe it. I can't believe that I'll really go to old Pruny and tell her that my father is taking me out of Carstairs for ever and ever. Clothes—I'll have to have clothes! And tickets, and a stateroom with a number on it, and flowers for sailing night. You'll send me flowers, won't you? Quite a lot, from different places and with different cards, because the girls always come down in a body with Miss Prentice or Mrs. Young to see people off."

"You'll remember this is absolutely secret, Mary?"

"Posolutely!"

"You see, the Bullock people are right on our trail. They know something's up, but they don't know how it's going to break. They're watching. An Englishman came over here a while ago to talk to me about exchange privileges in the clubs; they had him followed. I sent one of my men from the office to Los Angeles last week—didn't like his look. For all I know, he's as innocent as you are; but we have to be sure. They may have this de Crouvert's name and number—his father's a very important man over there. What we're banking on is that they don't know his father's in this. They may be on to the whole thing. We're taking that chance. He's supposed to be visiting his sister. I know her. I meet him in her house. This business of your getting to a school may work out very well. I like it. But you keep your mouth shut."

"I'll be a clam!" Mary promised. "The—the talk at dinner would be more or less—not business; it'd be social, wouldn't it?" she asked.

"Oh, entirely social. That would be just breaking the ice. At the end I'd invite him down casually to take a look at Wall Street. It'd be the office meeting that might be hard for you. Simple enough phrases, you know, but now and then a technical word. Not a word of this, now! And meanwhile you can tell any one you like that I may take you abroad."

"Try me!" Mary said confidently. She kissed him good-by as she never had kissed him before, floated back into the dull atmosphere of school like a creature with wings. “I may be going to Paris!” she whispered over an astronomy map. “I may be going to Paris with my father! Lissen, Harriet. Dad’s going to take me abroad!”

Later she went, in all sweetness and youth and good manners, into the French teacher’s lair.

“Madame, it is possible that my father will take me to the city of Paris this approaching summer, and naturally I desire to improve my French, the French of me. Will you—will you—if you please, will you—oh, darn it!” said Mary, changing languages abruptly and laughing. “How do I say I’d like to coach like mad from now on?”

“You can say that in French, mademoiselle.”

“Certainly. But it is so difficult—I am so stupid—”

“Would your father wish the regular help or special lessons?”

“Oh, special lessons! One a day.”

“One a *day?*” Madame echoed on a rising inflection. The high fees for special lessons went to her private purse.

“Well, my little one, we will see what will arrange itself,” she added in satisfaction. She reached for books.

“Shall we commence today?” she asked.

“Please,” said Mary. . . .

“Mary, you’ll have a chance to try out your French tonight,” her father told her a week later.

Mary, dressed in new splendor for the first formal dinner of her life, felt an interior chill.

“Oh, I thought the vicomte wasn’t going to get here until next week, dad.”

“He isn’t. But Mrs. Blaney is here, and she’s brought a very nice young fellow from the consulate. He’s perfectly charming, she tells me, but he doesn’t speak a word of English and he’s rather lonely. Marian’s in Virginia with Nelson and Ellen, and Mrs. Blaney brought him along.”

“He doesn’t know—he isn’t to know anything about our business, dad?”

“Lord, no! You never heard of Vicomte de Crouvert. You never heard of anything. No; it’s just that he’s French and I thought it might be good practice for you.”

“It will be,” Mary said slowly, with a bright forced smile. In her ears rang some of the sentences that Old Dog Tray had only this afternoon obligingly said in English, that her pupil might the better understand her.

“Marie Leavenverse, you ar-re perhaps ze vorst speakaire of Franche zat evaire I hear-r,” the desperate Yvonne Céleste Trait had assured her. “Zis vich you lear-rn today you forget tomowwow! Zare is no *use;* ve cannot *do* it; it is vaste of your papa time and *money.* I geef you op!”

“YOU haven’t told the old Frenchwoman at school anything about our plot?” her father was asking her.

“Oh, not a word, dad. Nor any one. I was wondering if this Frenchman of Mrs. Blaney’s might be a spy for the Bullocks.”

“Anybody may be. But if he is, see that he doesn’t get anything. Keep on the surface—keep impersonal. He comes from the consulate; he ought to be straight, but, by George, as the time comes near, Mary, I suspect every one!”

“Well, he’ll get nothing from me,” said Mary. “And as for Old Dog Tray, she and I are so busy with the subjunctive and the reflective verbs that we don’t get down to cases. Anyway, I’ve only got the vaguest idea of what it’s all about, dad; I couldn’t give you away if I tried!”

“I trust you,” he said. “And I like you too, Mary, d’you know that?” he added. “I felt—well, kinder glad, today, that you’re mine and that I could telephone school and simply say I wanted my daughter home for dinner. I’m proud that you can sit down next to these foreigners and talk to ’em in their own tongues.”

“I like you too, dad,” Mary said, bright tears in her eyes as she put her bare sweet young arms about his neck. “I wish I spoke French better,” she added suddenly.

“Oh, it’s not going to be as bad as you think it is, just because they didn’t dare trust it to paper. Half an hour ought to do the office thing, and the rest we’ll finish up on the boat or on the other side. Ah!” Richard Leavenworth said, as the first of the guests arrived. “Here’s Mollie. How are you, Mollie? And the Vicomte Duprez? Glad to meet you, sir. Sorry I don’t speak French. My daughter, Miss Leavenworth.”

“Mademoiselle,” said Georges François Marie de Gresson Duprez. He bent his black head over Mary’s hand; he smiled at her with even white teeth; he said that he was well charmed to see her. And Mary was a gone girl from that instant—enraptured, dizzied, bewildered, breathless, hot, cold, happy, frightened, gladder than she had ever been in her life about anything, fearful with a fear that blotted out every other emotion.

Oh, he was so handsome, so tall and dark and smoothly brown of skin and kind of eye, so military in bearing, so enchanting in modulations of voice! Oh, and he wore his flawless evening clothes so easily, yet with such a finish, and he had a monocle and just a touch of gray at his temples although he was hardly thirty.

“TALK French to him, Mary. My daughter speaks French,” Richard Leavenworth said.

“A small little!” Mary said gallantly. The fine eyes of Georges brightened.

“Oh, but that’s wonderful, and your pronunciation is marvelous!” he said. “You must have studied very hard!”

This left Mary completely in the dark. She said vaguely, “Ah, yes.”

“Ask him if he plays golf,” her father said, proud and confident beside her.

Was “to play” *oser, jouer, courser, ravir?* Mary was totally at a loss for a moment. Then she said smilingly:

“The golf? Is it that you like it?”

This provoked another gracious rush of words from the handsomest, the most romantic man she had ever seen; but it was heavy work, with her father at her elbow. If the Vicomte Duprez would only talk a little more clearly and slowly!

“I have studied French for many years,” she ventured with a dashing air. Whether or not it fitted in with what he was saying didn’t really matter. The important thing was to impress her father, and he was obviously impressed. The delightful Georges said something polite—was it just a shade puzzled, too? At all events she must rush on. She said with simple gravity: “You are already late, young ladies; let us begin the lesson immediately!”

Georges laughed at this so amazedly, and yet with such a heartening dawning of comprehension too, that she was not surprised to have him guide her to a great leather davenport where they could sit down, where they could not be overheard, and where he could investigate at his leisure the strange quality of French acquired after only ten years’ application by the pupils of Miss Carstairs’, Miss Deanborough’s, Hazelrock Manor, and the other several schools in which Mary Leavenworth had been enrolled since her mother’s death.

He still talked French, of course; he had no English. But he talked slowly, clearly, enunciating each syllable, making what he said sound the way things sounded when Old Dog Tray said them. Mary took heart. If she could understand one French vicomte perhaps she could some day understand another; meanwhile she was having the most enthralling adventure of her life.

What was Vicomte Duprez’s first name? Ah, he had many. Many? Ah, yes; that meant more than one—plenty, enough.

Oh, yes, of course she understood! Her name was Mary.

Marie, eh? The most beautiful name in the world.

His name was Georges François, but he was called Gogo. What did Gogo mean? It did not mean anything; it was a little home name.

"Gogo. Oh, I love that— how cute!" Mary thought she said smoothly. What she really said made the man flush a little and stiffen the muscles of his mouth; but he knew what she meant and they were immediately off again, he laughing at her French, she eager to begin his English lessons. Now and then Mary glanced across the room to where the grownups were and caught her father's complacent glance. She returned it happily; she could go on forever talking to Gogo.

"It's nice that Mary here speaks French," her father said, marshaling them out to dinner. "Mary, you take the vicomte. Barney, you're on Mary's other side."

Mary beamed at Barney Pemberton. She had known him for years and she liked him. He was her father's closest business confidant and West Coast representative. It was a relief, after the French, to talk to him, to ask for Mrs. Pemberton and the twins. But she couldn't talk to Barney long, because on Gogo's other side was awful Aunt Louisa, who not only didn't speak French easily but actively disliked the French nation.

"*La France ate intéressante,*" Aunt Louisa was saying sternly, "*may voo nay par honorables.*"

Gogo was taking this nicely, but he looked a little distressed. Mary rescued him joyfully.

She told him that Aunt Louisa was a washout. Well, a boob, then. Well, if he didn't know that word either, then—then—

"My aunt is terrible," she substituted. Gogo laughed with a little air of sharing her naughtiness and she was more in love than ever.

Soup, fish, roast, salad went by like a dream, and they were talking hard, she and Gogo.

"Really, a few days of this practice and I'd not be afraid of the Vicomte de Crouvert," Mary was beginning to think boldly, when the odious Mrs. Blaney attacked her from the other end of the table. Mary didn't like Kathryn Blaney because for two years she had been trying her best to marry Mary's father, and although he himself had no apprehensions on the subject, Mary knew that eventually he would do it. Otherwise Kathryn was pleasant enough, rich and handsome and all that.

"Mary," she said, "ask the vicomte if he's free on Thursday or if he has to go back to Washington, and, if he does, if he will keep an eye on my sister's ten-year-old boy."

A COMPLETE silence happened to have fallen on the twelve diners. There would always be an attentive and expectant silence in such a moment as this, Mary thought. Even the few French phrases she knew seemed to have deserted her. Any word that came to her sounded wrong and crude and strangely detached from its neighbors. She turned to Gogo and spoke in a low quick tone, with a smile.

"Remi was a little French boy who lived at a farm with an old woman named Mère Barbarin," she said. "Remi had seven years. Mère Barbarin was not his mother."

Gogo, not batting an eyelash, answered her smoothly and swiftly.

"Vashintong?" she asked then, simply.

Ah, yes, Vashintong. He added a good deal to the word; Mary listened, turned regretfully toward Kathryn.

"He has to go to Washington," she said.

"What day, Mary?"

"What day, if you please?"

"Thursday."

"Thursday." Or is *Jeudi* Tuesday and *Mardi* Thursday? Mary thought in a panic. Too late now; the general conversation had recommenced and she and Gogo were left to their own laboring devices again.

"Mary, I think it's perfectly marvelous that you can jabber along in French like that," said Uncle Paul, who always thought everything she did wonderful.

"Oh, it's not so hard," said Mary.

The rest of the evening was all paradise. She and Gogo talked and talked, laughing and stumbling and writing words on paper and laughing again. Gogo had been three weeks in America without caring much about learning to speak English; but now it appeared that he could not study it fast enough, and he and Mary presently made an engagement to meet every Saturday morning at the riding academy for the triple purpose of taking a gallop in the park, following it with a really serious hour of English-French, and lunching either at home or downtown, the latter point to be decided upon each occasion as their fancy dictated. Mary drifted off into happy sleep that night trying to decide whether to wear her tweeds or the smart new white riding clothes on Saturday morning.

It was somewhat disquieting on the following day to have Old Dog Tray even less flattering than ever on the subject of her linguistic ability. Mary, still glowing with joy over last night's experience, confident that she really spoke French pretty well and could get along in any ordinary conversation quite swimmingly, came to the coaching lesson only to encounter Mme. Trait's stinging disillusionment.

"YOU ar-re ze vorse zat I ever have hear-rd!" shouted Old Dog Tray in a very frenzy of exasperation.

"*He* didn't think so!"

"Ze Vicomte de Crouvert?"

"No. He's not here yet. He's much older. This was just a young man from the consulate, a Vicomte Duprez. A dar-r-r-ling!" said Mary, her spirits coming back at the mere thought of him.

"He was polite. Zey ar-re all polite, ze Franche." Madame expatiated here for a while on the manners of her race; the example and ideal of manners for the whole world, she pointed out. But it was only politeness, nothing else, she maintained, that had kept the vicomte from telling Mary Leavenworth that she probably spoke the most atrocious French ever heard from any one. Even the poor pagan Chinese in many cases spoke better French, because they listened, and they had ears, and they were not so lazy and so easily distracted and always trying to find something to laugh at during French lesson.

"I hope Vicomte de Crouvert's business French won't be anything like this," Mary thought, listening to the outpouring of words whose only occasional syllable was comprehensible. "Incredible"—she always knew that one; and "nerves" and "fatigue," those were familiar. In a moment they would have reached madame's headaches, and then she would have no trouble following along the Great War, the husband who had won the War Cross, and the fact that for the two remaining years of his life after the armistice he had been blind.

"I should worry!" Mary reflected comfortably, going downtown with little Miss Potter for a fitting of the riding suit. "If darling Gogo got the idea so easily and played right up to my terrible bluff, why shouldn't this other vicomte? All I have to do is speak low and fast and it doesn't matter what I say. I can look some of the words up afterward and dad'll never know the difference. I must hunt up 'contract' and 'signature' and a few other words like that. I'll do that this afternoon and have Gogo work them into some nice swift sentences for me. The darling! I wonder if what he said was that he was going down to Washington. He seemed to have no hesitation in dating himself up for Saturday morning." And to herself she repeated the words in which Gogo had drilled her last evening: "Will you speak more slowly? I cannot understand you when you speak so fast."

"Oh, I'll get along all right!" she reassured herself over and over again in the days that followed. They were the happiest days her motherless, somewhat lonely life had known so far. She rode with Gogo, and they talked French. She ordered new clothes with the great trip in mind: a delicious topcoat for the steamer, dancing frocks, a beautiful cream crêpe for dinner, a velvet wrap with a white fur collar. All the world was spring and glory and excitement. Under the glory and excitement were only occasional twinges—twinges of uneasiness when she thought of the rapidly approaching arrival of the Vicomte de Crouvert and of his first attack upon her as interpreter between him and her father. It might take her a few anxious minutes to win him, to have him courteously and smilingly accept her own peculiar brand of French, as Gogo had.

"Daddy, couldn't we take Gogo into our confidence?"

"Who's Gogo?"

"Georges. Vicomte Duprez. Kathryn's friend."

"Take him into our confidence? How d'ye mean?"

"Well, I mean have him here when Vicomte de Crouvert arrives. To talk business."

Richard Leavenworth glanced apprehensively about the great dining room in which this conversation took place. Father and daughter were quite alone. He lowered his voice.

"Good heavens, Mary!" he said. "Have you said anything to him about it?"

"Oh, dad, no. Of course not! I've not breathed it to any one." Mary thought of her conversations with Gogo—their labored "it makes fine weather today" and "thank you for the beautiful candy"—and laughed deep inside. Her father need have no apprehensions as to her talks with Gogo!

"He's attached to the consulate here, Mary. It might be *fatal* to give him the slightest hint," Richard said. "Does he know de Crouvert is coming over?"

"Yes; but only as if he were making a social visit, dad. He said that he knew Mrs. Bernheim and that she was a Parisienne, and that her brother was coming over to see her children. That was all."

"Ah, well, that's all right!" said Richard, relieved. "But what good would Duprez do us?" he demanded.

"Well, because he speaks such beautiful French, dad, and he could understand every word the Vicomte de Crouvert said."

"But he doesn't speak any English, Mary! You'd have to translate from him as well as from the other."

"Yes, I know. But I can understand Gogo now so much better than I probably will a strange man," Mary argued.

"Oh, don't you worry!" said her father, laughing. "I've listened to you jabbering away with Duprez, and I assure you I'm amazed. I'm going to send that old Frenchwoman of yours a present—marrons or something. She's a wonder. Why, Mary, you speak French like a native! Kathryn was talking to me about it only yesterday. Don't you have any misgivings about that. You'll get through with flying colors."

"I think I will," Mary said stoutly.

KATHLEEN NORRIS

who is probably the most widely read and loved of American women novelists. She was born in California and as a young woman engaged in newspaper work and social service in San Francisco. In 1909 she was married to the well known author Charles Gilman Norris and in 1910 began writing short stories. Her first novel, Mother, was published in 1911 and since then she has written a great many others, several of which were best sellers.

"LET me go over this plan with you once again, dear. De Crouvert gets here on Wednesday."

"Wednesday," Mary echoed faintly.

"He dines with us here Wednesday night. Pemberton will be here; maybe one or two others. We've got to keep that dinner just social. Of course he and I and Pemberton will know what it's all about, but there'll be no business that night. At the end he'll express an interest in our Wall Street, and I'll suggest—you can get that over to him for me—that he come down for a casual call on Thursday morning. Eleven o'clock, say."

"Wall Street eleven o'clock Thursday morning." Mary made rapid mental notes. "I'll get *that* down cold, anyway," she thought.

"Thursday night we all dine at the Bernheims'," her father was saying. "They're in Canada now; won't be home until Thursday afternoon—but he's going up to have a look at the children as soon as he gets in. It all works out pretty well, my taking him on until Bernheim gets back. I know Bernheim; I've played golf with him for years. Nothing in all that to put the Bullock people on to us, unless—*unless*," he said, half aloud, and shaking his head, "they've gotten some information from the other side!"

Mary listened bright-eyed. Her thoughts were not upon what her companion said. In perfect French she was saying to a man handsome and charming enough to be Gogo's older brother: "Daddy wants you to come down and take a look at our Wall Street tomorrow, and we'll all have lunch on the roof."

"Friday we'll run up to the country and lunch somewhere—Friday doesn't matter," Richard resumed. "And Friday night—"

He took out a new smart slender red wallet and opened it, and Mary saw the strips of closely printed, ink-scribbled, greeny-white stiff paper, perforated into hinges, which no human eye perceives unthrilled.

"Tickets!" she breathed.

"Tickets. Suite A, reserved for Miss Leavenworth, who will be one of next season's debutantes."

"Friday night. That's only five da-a-a-ays!" she chanted.

"It's nice to have a kid along to get excited about it," Richard observed.

"Excited! Aren't *you?*"

"Well, I'm excited over this deal, Mimsy. If we get through the next four days I'll feel as much like a kid out of school as you do."

SHE had a horrible moment of misgiving. Suppose she *didn't* get away with this gay little deception about her French; suppose she let dad in for something that was all wrong. She put out a tentative feeler:

"Daddy, how much chance is there that if I missed on some little phrase, or some—some word I didn't know, you'd sign the wrong thing or let yourself in for something?" she asked.

"Not much chance. It's really only formalities *and* secrecy," he said, and Mary was reassured again.

The cream crêpe was reassuring, too. She put it on for dinner on Wednesday night, and descended the stairs to the drawing room with her courage tremendously reinforced by its startling beauty. It dragged on the floor; it had knowing black-velvet bands and straps; a great splash of pearls and crystals was on one shoulder. It really wasn't quite a girl's dress, but Mary had grown up years and years, in her own feelings, since Gogo's arrival in the scheme, and felt herself tonight quite a woman of the world.

Barney Pemberton and her father and Comte Henri Denis de Lignes de Crouvert were standing by the fire. They were having great difficulties with the language, and laughing. Mary came forward, gold hair in shining tight curls on her neck, gold bang coming down to bronzy eyebrows, heavy lashes curling back from blue eyes, tanned firm young skin as smooth as satin, and greeted the vicomte in a rush of glib words.

Not anything like Gogo! A small weazened vicomte, this one, with a hooked nose, and eyeglasses on a ribbon. And with what frightful rapidity he spoke! He seemed a sharp, irritable sort of creature; he made Mary fee nervous at once. One couldn't attempt any innocent litt joke about Remi or "Young ladies, you are already lat with this jerky, mustachioed, swarthy little man. M must stick to legitimate phrases and do the best she co

She forgot Paris and the trip and the clothes. She only remembered, with a pang at her heart, that she was going to fail her father. Her father, whom she had hardly known for all the years of her life, whom she ha come to love so deeply during these last weeks when the had laughed and plotted together.

Old Dog Tray had been absolutely right. She didn know anything about French. It was madness, it w sheer folly for her to volunteer to interpret what this man was saying. She didn't get one word in ten; and the faster he talked the less she got.

There was no laughing it off—no saving the situation. To her father and Barney it was becoming perfectly plain.

Presently from the wreckage she extracted her life-saving phrase: "Will you speak more slowly? I cannot understand you when you speak so fast."

He received it patiently. He repeated what he had to say. Her troubled eyes were fixed on his. She tried to read his expression, to win his co-operation with those little coaxing contractions of her blue eyes, those significant little pursings of her red lips that had so quickly subjugated Gogo. It was no use. He shrugged; he appealed in pantomime to the other men, with eloquent hands. Mademoiselle simply did not speak French!

The nightmare, to Mary at least, seemed to last for hours. But after a while there was relief; other guests arrived. Gogo, of course, who fell instantly into easy talk with Vicomte de Crouvert, and little Mrs. Burney, who spoke French accurately and carefully and with great delight.

"Mary, the vicomte tells me you have been having difficulties! What do they teach you girls in all those years in school?" Alison Burney asked in amused affection.

"He said Mary couldn't speak French?" Richard asked quietly.

Mary did not look at her father. The steamer tickets in his pocket, the new topcoat upstairs, the swish of the creamy crêpe gown did not save her from the first stinging unendurable feeling of shame her life had ever known. Lessons wasted, money wasted, time wasted. And worst of all, her father had believed in her, and he had had that belief betrayed!

Sitting at the dinner table, smiling at Gogo on her left and Judge Harkness on her right, Mary felt ready to sink into the earth with sheer self-contempt. It washed over her like the drowning waters of a river. She couldn't bear it! Little Alison Burney could speak French, every one else could speak French except lazy, stupid, rich Mary Leavenworth, who had had ten years of it.

After dinner they were going to play bridge, and Gogo had to go back to the consulate on some special mission. He had arranged that Vicomte de Crouvert should go down to Wall Street tomorrow at eleven. Mary needn't go now. Dad would have to find some one else to whom to trust the secret business.

SHE drew him aside after dinner. The bridge players were cutting for partners and places; Gogo was saying a smooth good night to the other Frenchman.

"Dad, I'm awfully sorry!"

He looked at her—the old kindly indifferent look that she had had for so many years.

"That's all right, Mary."

"I mean, I really thought I spoke French well enough to do it. I mean, I had no trouble with Gogo."

"Was that all genuine stuff you were talking to Gogo that first night?" Richard Leavenworth asked with a shrewd glance.

"Yes, it was all French. Only—it was different. We were laughing; it was fun," she stammered.

"Well," said Richard wearily, "this, unfortunately, isn't all fun. I'll have to see who I can get to talk for us. It's damnably dangerous. But that's not your worry, my dear. You're not playing? Going to turn in, eh?"

"Yep, I'm going to bed."

She trailed slowly upstairs between the lights and owers; and when she reached her room the crêpe dress d Gogo's gardenias went down together on Mary's wide [illegible], and she cried as if her heart would break.

fter that she pulled herself up and got into pajamas [illegible] brushed her hair, and, glancing with withering hate at the little red French dictionary and the phrase book beside her bed, plumped up her pillows, got hold of a movie magazine, and climbed into bed.

Time went by; it was almost midnight. She must ue her eyes to the page. Anything rather than stop d begin thinking.

Suddenly she did stop, staring wildly into space for a ment, her mouth half open, fingers at her lips. Then, with an audible gasp, she was out of bed, across the floor, and had opened the hall door.

Hansen, her father's man, was at the top of the stairs murmuring with old Mamie, who always stayed up on dinner-party nights to be sure the women got the right furs. Both had known Mary since babyhood. They were not entirely surprised to have her come flying out in night apparel, to hear her wild appeal. She *must* see her father. Hansen must go down immediately, before the party broke up. And if Mr. Leavenworth wouldn't come Hansen might announce that in that case Miss Mary was coming downstairs in her pajamas.

THE Leavenworths sailed just a week later than they had planned. On the day before the big ship left the New York harbor Mary went down to Wall Street with her father and Barney Pemberton and the real Vicomte Henri Denis de Lignes de Crouvert. The vicomte's sailing from France had been delayed just a week too, it finally was made clear. He had cabled, but the house of Leavenworth had not received the cable. Some one else had, and it was that some one else who had substituted one of the Bullock servants for the vicomte.

Just exactly what one businessman did when another businessman stooped to this sort of thing Mary neither knew nor cared. She knew that her father loved her again—French or no French—and that he had used the weapon that her bright eyes and good memory for faces had put into his hands to its fullest effect.

It was, however, highly satisfactory that the affair of interpretation had been finally carried off successfully. The real vicomte was gentle and polite and middle-aged, with a sweet wife who had been in the convent with Gogo's sister and Mrs. Bernheim. Mary quite honestly took her little red dictionary down to her father's office, and matters went swimmingly. Everything was happily concluded, signatures put here and there, and Mary, flushed and weary, received the vicomte's congratulations. How long had she studied French?

"Ten years," Mary meant to say. But the words for years, months, and days always had confused her, and she said "weeks" instead.

"Ten weeks!" the Frenchman echoed. "That is extraordinary!"

"Is he saying your French is extraordinary, Mary?" her father asked her in pride.

"Well, I think I told him something wrong," Mary answered honestly.

"Ah, well, it doesn't matter," Richard Leavenworth said, rubbing his hands together. "You may be a pretty lousy Frenchie but you're a damn smart American girl."

The night before they sailed Mary tried to tell Gogo all about it. It was very hard, because she did not know such phrases as "when we were out camping" and "tried all evening to think where I'd seen him before."

Gogo was too much absorbed in watching the curves of Mary's red mouth to follow the story very closely. Now and then he would start up from a moment of abstraction and murmur "*Comment?*"

Then Mary would gallantly start all over again.

"Because I am with my friends in Canada, see you? And I go—two years past—to visit their aunt in another camp, see you? And behold, the aunt has a French chauffeur who drives—who would drive—who takes us home, see you?—six or seven girls. Our automobile is broken. And this aunt of my friend is also the great Mme. Bullock, see you? The wife of the man who is my father's rival in this business. So that when I see him last week I ask myself, 'Do I—am I—have I see this face—before where?' And then I recall—"

But when Richard Leavenworth reached home a few minutes later, Mary and the Vicomte Georges François Marie de Gresson Duprez had abandoned the topic. They were very close together indeed on the big leather davenport at the library fire. Mary was speaking in low monosyllables and only occasionally, but, by George, what she said was in French all right!

"*Wee. Wee. Ah, wee, mong chair. Ah, Gogo, wee, too joor.*"

Copyright, 1935, by Kathleen Norris.

The Private Life of Fred Astaire

ELOQUENT feet that charm the world—ankles that articulate ecstasy or despair—every foot flicker a story—laughing eyes—a smile illuminated by intelligence—an impish soul—comedian—man of the world—greatest (and certainly the shyest) male star of the screen today.

Fred Astaire, who, "a wise observer said was physically a combination of Jimmy Walker and Ichabod Crane," has made America dance conscious.

He is almost universally loved—and wondered about, for the very shyness which has helped to make him one of the most loved persons in the theatrical world also makes him one of the least known as regards his private life and affairs.

Certainly you will want to read "The Private Life of Fred Astaire" by Frederick Lewis beginning in Photoplay for December, now on sale. An intimate and revealing account of the life of Fred Astaire from his babyhood in Omaha, Nebraska, to his present pinnacle of success, it tells everything about him that you could wish to know. If you are one of the myriad admirers of Fred Astaire by all means do not miss this great feature story of his life.

He has made America dance conscious

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

The Voice from the Grave That Guides Hollywood • Shirley Wants the Quintuplets for Christmas • We Cover the Studios • Face Down (Hollywood Murder Mystery) • A New Career at 62 • For the First and Last Time Dietrich Talks • Jean Arthur Charms Men • Photoplay's Memory Album • Divorce Taught Them How Truly They Were Married • Photoplay's Gold Medal Award for 1934 • The Glorifying of Eleanor Powell • The Chester Morris Plan • Photoplay's Own Fashions • Jean Harlow's Christmas Dinner Table • Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop • Addresses of the Stars.

DECEMBER ISSUE OUT NOW

PHOTOPLAY

Marching MADMEN

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

RELUCTANTLY, and from a sense of public duty as war clouds loom again on the Old World horizon, Mr. Blackledge is telling the story of the Mesopotamian campaign of 1914-16 as he saw it from the ranks. The truth about it is not, he says bluntly, in the history books; not even in the heroic General Townshend's own book on it. Of another author, who avers that in their landing at Fao on November 26, 1914, the Anglo-Indian troops "did not lose a single man," Mr. Blackledge disposes with the remark, "I was there," and a quotation from his diary recording that two companies were wiped out by the Turks' enfilading fire.

He himself, still in his teens, was wounded in the shoulder. Recovering in the improvised hospital at Basra, he got acquainted with Steve Barry, a young American soldier of fortune, who nicknamed him Tiger.

General Townshend moved up the Shatt al Arab to Qurna. At Meezra the Turks gave battle, and in the bloody hand-to-hand fighting Steve saved Tiger's life. The army "got afloat" and made its way on up the Tigris, shelling and storming enemy redoubts. At Amara it was halted by the heat of July and August. The soldiers made themselves at home in the historic Arab town, and Steve and the youthful Tiger became patrons of a native dive, "The Sink." It was there that Tiger, fuddled with arrack, came to blows with a dancing girl's bully. A free-for-all resulted, a patrol arrested Tiger, and he was given eight hours' "field punishment number one"—which consisted of being tied spread-eagled to a gun carriage in the desert sun's pitiless blaze.

PART TWO—OUT OF THE FRYING PAN . . .

I WAS allowed forty-eight hours off duty to recover. At the end of that time my mental outlook had changed. I was growing fast. I was now ready for anything.

The opportunity came in quite an unexpected manner. A company had been out on a reconnaissance north of Amara. Only two thirds of it returned. A hostile force composed largely of Arabian irregulars had driven our boys back almost on to the town.

Our company was sent out to clear up the mess. We force-marched through most of the night and came to rest at dawn behind a sand ridge. Daylight showed that our route had led us directly east. The river was no longer with us, a fact which made us hug our water bottles and hope for the best.

Away on our right flank were a belt of palms and the sharply defined outlines of a hamlet. That, we were told, was the area where the company had been trapped. We were to pay a visit to that huddle of habitations with the express purpose of teaching the lads of the village a lesson.

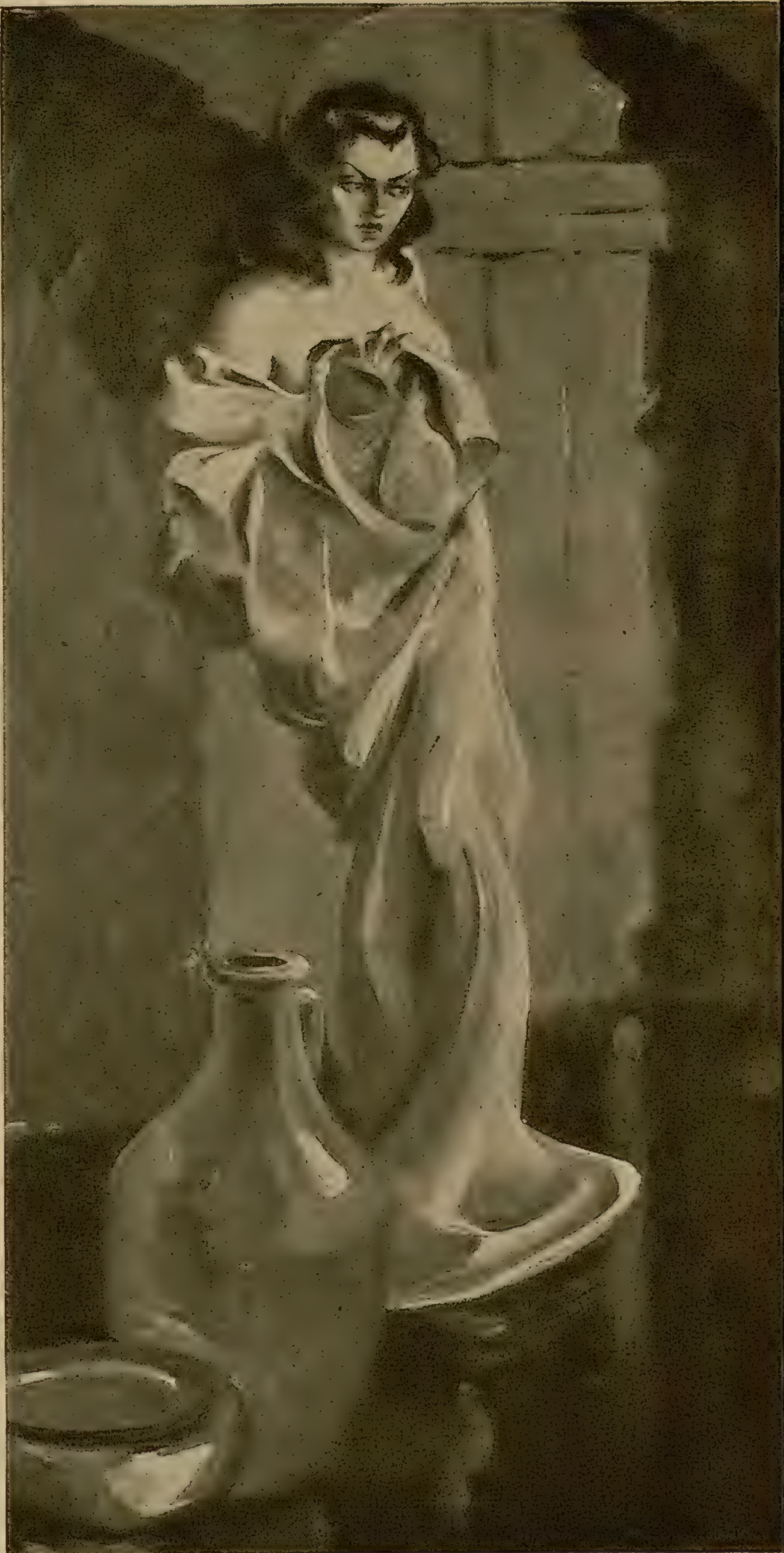
Steve Barry's head lay in the sand within a few inches of my own. He turned toward me and lifted an eyebrow.

"There's going to be fun over there. Look!"

The light was coming up more clearly now. I looked in the direction he pointed. Out there in the sand were queer shapes—like bundles of sacking left lying about.

Moving to the whistle of the company commander, we spread out in extended formation and advanced.

The captain, marching ahead, gave the signal to double.



She would complain in her baby way that she loved m

THE TRUTH, NEVER TOLD BEFORE, OF THE TIGRIS EXPEDITION UNDER GENERAL TOWNSHEND—

A SAGA OF DESERT BAYONETS

by W. J. BLACKLEDGE

d that she was terrified lest I should suddenly disappear.

The whole company thudded along like one man, the officers racing ahead and the noncoms chugging behind.

When we reached those queer shapes in the sand we pulled up abruptly. They were British soldiers, stripped and mutilated. Most of them were dead, but there were two or three still breathing. For these we did what little could be done.

We were hungry for vengeance by the time we reached the outskirts of the village. A sharp volley crackled over us. We stumbled on, firing as we went.

Arabs were sniping from the housetops. Some of our men went down in the crazy rush. The company commander yelled to us to take cover. But it seemed that nothing could stop that wild charge. No military tactics here. Just a blind dash of maddened men, seeing red.

We descended upon those Arabs and chased them in and out of the hovels, up one crooked street and down another, killing with rifle butts, spattering the walls of houses and the dusty byways with blood, until the little village became a shambles. Vengeance indeed!

Most of the villagers had fled into the desert at our approach. In less than an hour it was a dead village in every sense of the word.

There was a house-to-house search for arms. We collected nearly three hundred pieces—a number of long Arab rifles, but mostly German Mausers and automatics—and several hundred rounds of ammunition.

We commandeered mules and a wagon to carry the stuff away, buried our dead, and went back.

After that episode our company came to be known as the "Slaughtering Seventh." Most of the troops went a bit crazy in those abnormal conditions—the intense heat, the humidity, the flies and mosquitoes, the grit-laden dust that rose in clouds wherever men moved, the monotonous diet of bully beef, biscuits, and tea.

THERE surely never was such a wild and ferocious mob. It was necessary to keep us constantly employed on some assignment or other. At times it looked as if we were being detailed to police the whole desert. We hunted Arab bandits and stray detachments of irregulars that were forever causing trouble around the camps. Life for us was made up of expeditions over the plains to strongholds of hostile natives—a perpetual guerrilla warfare. There was no respite.

Things came to such a pass that the men talked openly of desertion—though where in heaven's name they could go was a mystery to me.

We returned to camp from a grueling job one day, only to learn that we were detailed for fatigue—the building of a road through one of the camps. This was too much for the Seventh. An ugly murmur ran through the ranks. It rose to an angry bellow. Officers and N.C.Os. attempted to quell it with threats of punishment.

In a few minutes we were surrounded by detachments of other regiments. The rifles of our brothers in arms were leveled at us. In this way we were persuaded to take up the picks and shovels and go to the job.

We went. We bent our backs in the stifling heat and labored at road making. Guards patroled, keeping a wary eye on the mutinous of the Slaughtering Seventh.

A group of natives collected. They were tickled to death to watch these white men laboring like slaves. Their sneers and jeers added insult to injury.

Suddenly about a score of men with shovels broke through the patrolling guard and dashed upon the grinning Arabs. The act was so totally unexpected that they had no chance to flee. Spades and pickaxes whirled through the air and Arabs went down like ninepins.

In a few moments the whole camp was in an uproar. Shrill whistles rent the air. A detachment of armed men came up at the double. The boys were dragged from the scene of slaughter and marched away under escort. That ended our fatigue for the day. The remainder of the company was dismissed.

Now there is in the British army a punishment known as pack drill. The delinquent appears on parade in full marching-order equipment—belt, straps, ammunition pouches, knapsack, water bottle, haversack, greatcoat, entrenching tools, rifle, bayonet, and other trifles—all of which together weigh rather more than a hundred pounds.

Owing to the intense heat in Mesopotamia much of this was discarded, and the troops marched without tunics. The Tommy awarded pack drill, however, wore the whole collection. Thus burdened, he was ordered to march up and down in a given area, while an N.C.O. would stand by and bawl repeatedly: "About turn! About turn! About turn!" This forced him to swing at every few steps with his load. The effect on him can be imagined.

This was the punishment awarded the twenty men of our company who fell upon the jeering Arabs.

General Townshend was back in Amara by the end of August, 1915, from his sick leave to India. Great preparations were being made for a planned advance on Kut, though at this time we were still contending with temperatures of 110 to 117 in the shade. Our river transport had been increased, but the important land transport for an advance in such a country was very inadequate.

The troops were being moved up the river in steamers and barges to Ali Gharbi. Apparently the main body of the fighting force was to be concentrated there. Barges were lashed port and starboard of a steamer, both to protect her in the narrow twisting stream and to accommodate more troops. Our company was on a barge starboard of the steamer. We were continually scraping the banks; running so close, in fact, that we could easily have stepped ashore!

"Bullock power" working an old water wheel by the Tigris as the army moved upstream.

Perhaps the most striking feature of that memorable up-river trip was the utterly primitive state of the marsh Arabs who dwelt on the lonesome banks. Those Arabs were conspicuously scanty as to clothing. The children just ran around in their birthday suits, wearing nothing but a smile or a scowl, while their elders wrapped themselves indifferently in bits of sacking.

We passed tiny farmsteads and ragged habitations. Natives in rags were tilling the land, working ancient water wheels with bullock power, fishing from broken-down jetties—yet they appeared picturesque in a rugged sort of way. At some points we scraped the river bank for miles, and men, women, and children ran alongside to trade with us in eggs, chickens, fish, and any odd ornamental bits they happened to be wearing.

Some of them dropped into the water, awaited our coming; then, one hand on the barge rail, they waded the slushy shallows, looking about as attractive as scarecrows after a downpour.

Trading with them resolved itself into a game of chance. The method was to throw your rupees into the sackcloth of the dirty but smiling women—which single garment did duty as blouse, skirt, and shop counter—and a small basket of eggs would be handed over the rail to you, if you were lucky!

ONE charming damsel waded to the rail where I was standing. She slipped off her bangle, a bit of beaten bronze and the only ornament she possessed, and offered it for sale. I held up two rupees as a suggestion of the price—then equivalent to half a dollar. The maid laughed her assent and opened her mouth widely and invitingly. One at a time I threw the rupees into it. Deftly she caught each one. And then—she did precisely nothing! She remained standing, while the steamer continued its way upstream. She seemed to be shaking with mirth.

"Say, Tiger!" laughed Steve, "I guess you're the funniest thing that dame's seen in years!"

We reached Ali Gharbi to find the place swarming with troops. All manner of activity was giving the area the appearance of an immense army at work. A vast expanse of the desert was covered with tents of all sizes and shapes. This, we later learned, was merely a stunt to give the enemy's intelligence the impression that the Mesopotamian force was very much greater than it actually was. We totaled 11,000 combatants and about thirty guns.

It was from this center that the real hardship began. We were force-marched through the desert for five nights, passing through villages and hamlets without firing a shot. Sheikh Sa'id, Hanna, and Sannaiyat we took in our stride. By September 15 we were massing at Abu Rummanah preparatory to the Battle of Kut—which was bigger than anything we had so far encountered. We were then about eight miles from the Turkish lines.

The Turkish commander, Nur-ud-Din Pasha, had been concentrating his forces throughout the hot months, digging in hard and strengthening his position. He had settled in at Essinn, just below Kut, with three divisions, a mounted brigade and thirty-eight guns — 12,000 regular troops and 3,500 Arabs. At this point the Turks were sitting astride the Tigris with the fixed determination to keep the British out of Kut, since once we had taken that town, there would be every likelihood of our continuing the advance via Ctesiphon to Bagdad.

JOHNNY TURK had therefore made an excellent job of his defenses at Essinn in order to protect Kut. He was about eight miles from the town, had entrenched himself on both sides of the river, and had an obstruction, a bridge of steamers chained together, across the stream.

Though the British infantry units were in position for the attack by September 15, they had to remain idle for ten days while the river transport brought up the artillery and the howitzer battery. It was not until the night of September 25 that the last of these steamers arrived. Such was the state of our transport facilities even after months of preparation. We know now that this was due entirely to the niggardly attitude of the Indian government, which was at that time controlling the campaign. General Townshend had begged in vain.

By a bold and brilliant piece of strategy General Townshend defeated the Turks at Essinn and advanced on Kut. Briefly, he rolled up the Turkish left flank after leading them to expect the attack on their right. On September 27 the feint was made on the right flank. A bridge was built, the crossing from right to left bank and the deployment of the infantry opposite the enemy's left flank were silently carried out during the night, and the enemy was taken completely by surprise.

Such are the historical facts of that battle.

It is always interesting to the soldier who played his little part to learn afterward just how it was done, for he himself can have no definite idea while the thing is actually taking place.

He moves like an automaton. He does as he is told. He is there merely to obey commands. As Tommy would say, "Orders is orders."

My own recollections are a little more hectic. I know that our company was part of a massed body that marched mile upon mile through that grim and silent night. The order had gone forth that no man must speak throughout the march, or fuss with his equipment, or do anything likely to make the slightest sound. It seemed to me that we were marching many miles into the desert—away from the river we had crossed—and that we were actually retreating!

We plodded on hour after hour like a great ghost army, crunching the sand with phantom feet. Anon the platoon commander would turn and whisper, " Halt." The platoon would drop in its tracks, silently. There was no " cigarette space." Any sort of light was strictly forbidden. In a few moments we were up again—crunch, crunch, crunch. It was the creepiest experience, moving on and on to heaven knew where or what.

Afterward we knew, of course, that that long night march was not a retreat but a great wide sweeping maneuver on the enemy's left flank *and rear*. That is to say, we were working round the left of him in order to get behind his trenches before we struck. We were told that there were about eight miles between Johnny Turk and ourselves when we massed for the big attack. I'll swear we marched twenty miles that night. A wide enough turning movement, in all conscience!

Dawn came and still we marched. There was nothing to see but sand.

" Blimey! " quoth Cockney Joe, " we're lost! "

Then the rumor went along the ranks that we were taking Johnny Turk by the back door. We were advancing on his rear! The British army lives on rumors. Nevertheless, as the sun came up we realized that this must be true. There was the great golden ball rising on our left flank. We were then marching south. It was an extraordinary experience—to march out of the night into the dawn and realize we were trekking downcountry instead of upcountry, as we had been doing for nearly a year!

SOON the strange outline of things came over the horizon. As we drew nearer they took definite shape. We saw the earthworks, the dumps and stations that mark a fighting force's rear lines.

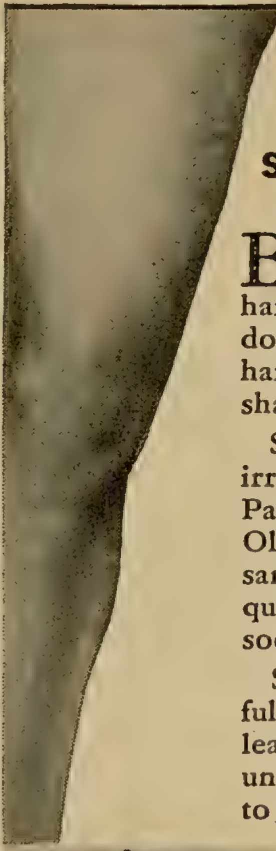
No sooner had we got into view than a terrific burst of firing broke out, shattering the morning stillness. But it was not directed against us! Johnny Turk was defending himself against a *frontal* attack. It was then that we fully realized what this night maneuver to the rear of the enemy's lines really meant. But surely something had gone wrong? Could it be that the section of our force which had advanced for the frontal attack had so exposed itself that there was no option but to go into action? Looking back on it now, I know that such must have been the case.

At all events, the order went forth to prepare for action. Apparently we were late for the rendezvous. It mattered not that we had marched all night when the order to " double " came. Double we did, at that steady military jog trot that keeps men going indefinitely.

Then we saw the cavalry gallop into action. It was a cheering sight. They seemed to spring out of nowhere, out of the heat haze on both flanks; they closed in and raced hell for leather toward Johnny's back door. And we

Dan O'Mahoney
"There's no substitute for OLIVE OIL when it comes to soothing irritated skin!"
Fred Moran
TRAINER OF DANNO O'MAHONEY, WORLD'S WRESTLING CHAMPION

BANISH IRRITATION AFTER SHAVING



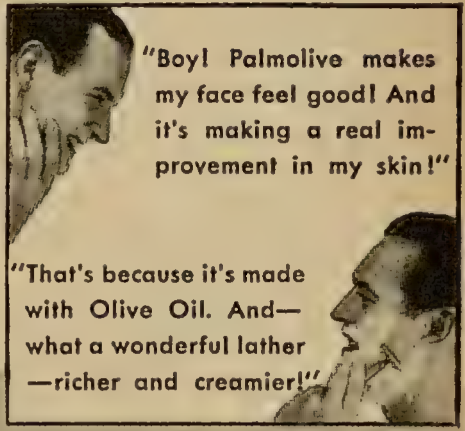
Change to Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil!

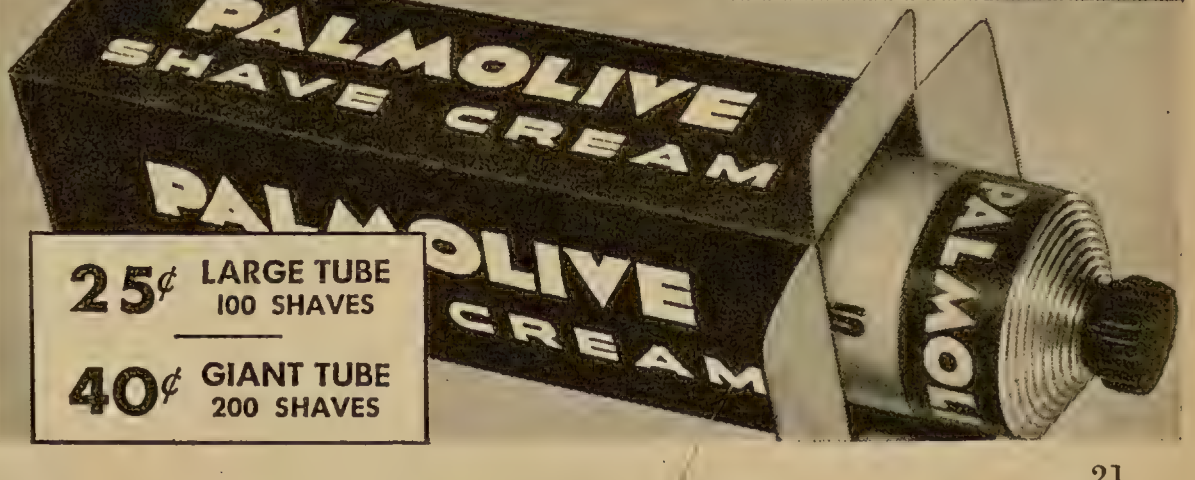
BUMPS, rope-burns and general scuffing . . . that's the hard lot of a wrestler's skin! But don't think your own skin escapes harsh treatment . . . not when you shave every day!

So to prevent daily shaving from irritating your face . . . we make Palmolive Shave Cream with Olive Oil. And nothing, say thousands of athletes and trainers, is quite so effective as Olive Oil for soothing irritated skin.

See for yourself how wonderfully fresh and soothed Palmolive leaves your face! And this same unique lotion-effect actually tends to make a permanent improvement in the condition of your skin!

You'll find too that Palmolive piles up a thicker, creamier lather! This lather does not dry or wilt! Stands up for fully ten minutes while it gives you the closest, easiest shave you ever had!


"Boy! Palmolive makes my face feel good! And it's making a real improvement in my skin!"
"That's because it's made with Olive Oil. And—what a wonderful lather —richer and creamier!"



25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

ran behind them, deployed into action. At the command of one man the whole desert had come alive. Men laughed and shouted, relieved beyond measure by the action that broke the dead monotony of a night's marching.

Miraculously we were thudding toward those trenches with fixed bayonets as though refreshed after a night of sound sleep. We had trapped Johnny Turk. There is nothing like having the advantage to give a fellow confidence! Johnny was far too busy replying to the frontal attack he had expected and prepared for to appreciate what was happening behind him.

We swarmed into the communication trenches. There was nothing to stop us except the usual motley of cooks, stretcher bearers, officers' servants, and the like. These we took in our stride. Getting in at the back door like this was no end of a lark!

It was then we saw how busy the enemy had been during the hot months. He had built up a wonderful system of trenches. But he had reckoned without our back-door maneuver. The communication ways led us through wing trenches, third- and second-line trenches, up to the main fire trenches. Our sudden appearance brought the greatest confusion to the hapless men unable to face both ways. The dugouts behind the main fire trenches were raked with the bayonet. Men dropped their arms and threw up their hands, thinking naturally that we had come over the top from the frontal attack.

Here was the element of surprise with a vengeance! I cannot forget how thrilling it was suddenly to turn a bend in the trench and come face to face with an astonished Turk! I never saw so much surprise revealed in the faces of men. One after another we came upon them, all registering that rather silly look of amazement.

Nor was the maneuver without humor. I came upon Cockney Joe at the door of a dugout busily cutting the buttons off a Turk's trousers! Already he had four prisoners standing in a line, each one holding his waistband to prevent his trousers falling down! And he was at work on a fifth. There were more Turks inside that dugout, but the little cockney would only allow one man to come forth at a time, for he held a hand grenade and he was quite prepared to throw it in the dugout should the Turks fail to understand him. He knew that so long as his prisoners' hands were occupied holding up their trousers they were helpless.

We reached the front-line trenches to find that the fire of our own force was still coming over! There was only one thing to do. We had to silence these Turks who were replying to the fire of our brothers in arms out there, lest we receive some of the fire ourselves. To be shot by our own men was hardly the thing we had bargained for. I fear that, in the desperate circumstances, we went to it with unusual ferocity.

THE majority of the Turks were standing on the fire step, their backs to us, heads down on the rifle butts, firing as fast as they could. They were stuck in the back and pitchforked unmercifully to the floor of the trench, for all the world as if one were stabbing sausages and dropping them into a can! Thus we passed along the front-line trench, sticking and dropping these unwary men, trampling them underfoot in a frightful scramble of blood lust and death. In that shambles the yelps and grunts and squeals, the cries of pain and the curses of Allah made an appalling chorus for the crackling fire. True, as we progressed, those on the fire step ahead were made aware of our presence. Many swung their rifles round and fired into their own trenches.

The raid went on for hours, scrambling up one trench and down another, and it was difficult at times to avoid clashes with our own men. Presently we realized that the fire was dying down. We rounded up the prisoners; collected our dead and wounded—a surprising number! Then a concerted thudding of feet, and we knew what it felt like to be charged by our comrades. They, however, had been warned of our presence. We joined forces and set to work to mop up.

We had no means of knowing at that time what had happened on the front as a whole. We knew vaguely that the Tigris had been blocked by the Turks and that the enemy had a strong force on the right flank where they had expected to fight the big battle. Not that we cared. By noon most of us were exhausted, some dropping from sheer weariness. Added to which was the problem of water. The heat was blazing down and we were too far from the river. Finally the order went round that we might rest for a while. We sank down in those trenches that stank of blood and filth and slept the sleep of the exhausted.

It seemed that I had hardly closed my eyes when I was being booted to my feet again. We were going straight into action! The Turks had brought up their reserves from the right bank of the river and across their bridge of boats near Kut. We climbed out and went to meet them. That was at sunset and some twenty-four hours since we had started out on this ghastly job.

We met Johnny in the open and gave him all the lead he asked for. He was not keen on that, and he was less keen on our advance with fixed bayonets. He retreated. He drew us toward his artillery fire. We dug in, each man working feverishly with his entrenching tools. It is surprising how quickly one can make a trench, piling the dug earth in front of oneself, in such circumstances! Men do astonishing things under the stress of fire.

Darkness descended. The scream of shells was dying down. We burrowed and burrowed deeper like great moles. We could hear an intermittent phut-phut in the distance, but evidently not meant for us. So we sank down and dozed while nursing the rifle butt.

STEVE, who had used a gun in all sorts of odd spots while I had been still at school, was of the opinion that the Battle of Kut was over. He was right. When daylight came we learned that Johnny had abandoned his defenses and had passed on under cover of darkness.

As to the obstruction across the Tigris—thereby hangs a tale of wonderful determination and courage on the part of Lieutenant Commander Cookson, who was in charge of our naval unit. The river at this point had a navigable channel only half the width of the stream at Basra, and the trenches on both sides reached the river banks. The commander went forward with his three gunboats at dusk under tremendous fire. The obstruction proved to be a flying bridge made by an iron lighter running on chains.

The commander left his ship in a small boat, ax in hand, paying no heed to the terrific fire blazing all around him, an enfilade that riddled his ships and the little boat in which he worked. He was shot dead while in the act of severing the cable.

We captured 1,153 prisoners and fourteen guns in the Battle of Kut. Altogether the Turks lost 1,700 killed and wounded, and our casualties amounted to 1,229 killed and wounded.

General Townshend became the hero of the hour, and deservedly so. The men swore by him. Their confidence in him was nothing short of amazing. Even the Turks began to think him irresistible. The attitude of our prisoners was one of reverence.

It appeared there was now to be an interlude. The powers that be were making up their minds as to whether we should stay put or advance on Ctesiphon—the real protection for Bagdad. That advance did of course take place, on November 22, nearly two months after Kut.

Meanwhile there were Kut and days of respite for tired Tommies. October brought some cessation of the intense heat, though it was still very much hotter than the hottest of summers at home, and the hospitals were full of sick and wounded.

At that time the town of Kut was an important center—a sort of Mecca for the Arabian farmers—and there was considerable grain traffic in the neighborhood.

We were to know Kut tragically well, to hate its every brick and stone—but that time was not yet. In the days immediately following our occupation we went about the highways and byways like the conquerors we were.

It was the very fact that nobody knew what was to happen next—Townshend was strongly opposed to any advance unless his force could be strengthened—which resulted in a somewhat lively episode on the outskirts of Kut.

Steve Barry and I had taken to exploring every mys-

Anglo-Indian soldiers of Townshend's army in Mesopotamia bringing in Turkish prisoners captured near Kut.

terious hole and cranny of the straggling desert town. Cockney Joe had fallen into the bad habit of joining our expeditions.

Eventually our wanderings led to a secret dive beyond the town which offered more than the usual thrills. It was a rendezvous for as rascally a mob of natives as one could hope to meet—which made it all the more interesting. Furthermore, it was not frequented by troops.

The arrack was perhaps a bit viler than usual, but by that time we had acquired something of a taste for it. The girls were a vast improvement on the liquor.

There were about a half dozen of them, uncommonly attractive, of the Armenian, Assyrian, and Circassian persuasions—that is, all Christians in a den of Arabian Moslems. After a few visits we were on more than familiar terms with those girls. Perhaps the fact that they were of the West, not the East, gave them an especial appeal in our eyes.

The room itself went underground, and was without any attempt at ornamentation. It boasted only a number of tables and crude wooden benches such as may be seen in any bazaar coffee shop. The floor was of beaten earth, covered with mats. But it was the mysterious passages which led from this room that intrigued one.

I came to know one of those passages quite well. So did my two friends. There were rooms off it.

YOUNG as I was, I thought then that I had no delusions about women. But Latifah was different. She was fascinating. Hers was the true Circassian pallor, pure as alabaster. She was small and dainty, with delicately poised head, a dark cloud of hair, and purple-black eyes, immense, unfathomable eyes.

I hardly noticed her childish quizzing and questioning at first. But with the passing of the days I began to take a more intelligent interest in her and in what I had thought were her naïve queries about myself and my job as a British soldier.

This soft and scented thing that had been able to rouse maddening desire now became sinister. Not that her manner changed; her calculating ardor never waned. She was too well schooled for any such error.

I had to realize that I was being pumped for information. I was forced to conclude that all this—the acceptance of my two friends and myself in this secret den beyond the confines of the town, our apparent welcome in this strange gathering—had a definite purpose.

But why pick on me? What could I, a private, know of our military movements and intentions?

Even while she made love, Latifah would express her fear of losing me. She hoped it would not be soon! I was not to leave her yet, was I? Not for a long time? Would I not tell her and so ease her mind? In short, was the British force content with Kut, or did it plan to advance upon Ctesiphon and Bagdad? If so, when?

To all my protests that I did not know what was to happen, that none of us knew, she would complain in her baby way that I was hurting her, that she loved me—*Je t'adore! Je t'adore!* in Bagdad French—and that she was terrified lest I should suddenly disappear one day without giving her any warning!

"You please me, desire of my eyes. Why should I leave you?"

"One day—you must."

"Who knows? Be happy now!"

"This day—when is it, *mon chéri?*"

"No man knows."

"*Le capitan*—he does not know?"

I saw then why I had been chosen as a possible source of information. During our stay in Kut I had been detailed as batman to an officer in the political service! Evidently he was *le capitan.* And I, his servant, would be expected to know almost as much as he.

But how came she to know about the captain? I had never mentioned him. I heartily disliked the job of batman. I had been in the habit of putting it completely out of my mind when on pleasure bent.

I trudged back to quarters, wondering whether I should talk to the captain when I went along to clean his kit in the morning.

I decided to confide in Steve. It was a relief that he took it seriously. He looked quite concerned as I explained in detail just what had happened during the past several evenings with Latifah.

"Young innocent, ain't you, Tiger? That game is as old as the hills. You're just the sort of kid these decoy dames would get next to, what with your straw-colored mop and your blue—"

"What has that to do with it, you fathead?"

"Keep your shirt on, Tiger! What I mean is, you've got that simple, friendly sort of look."

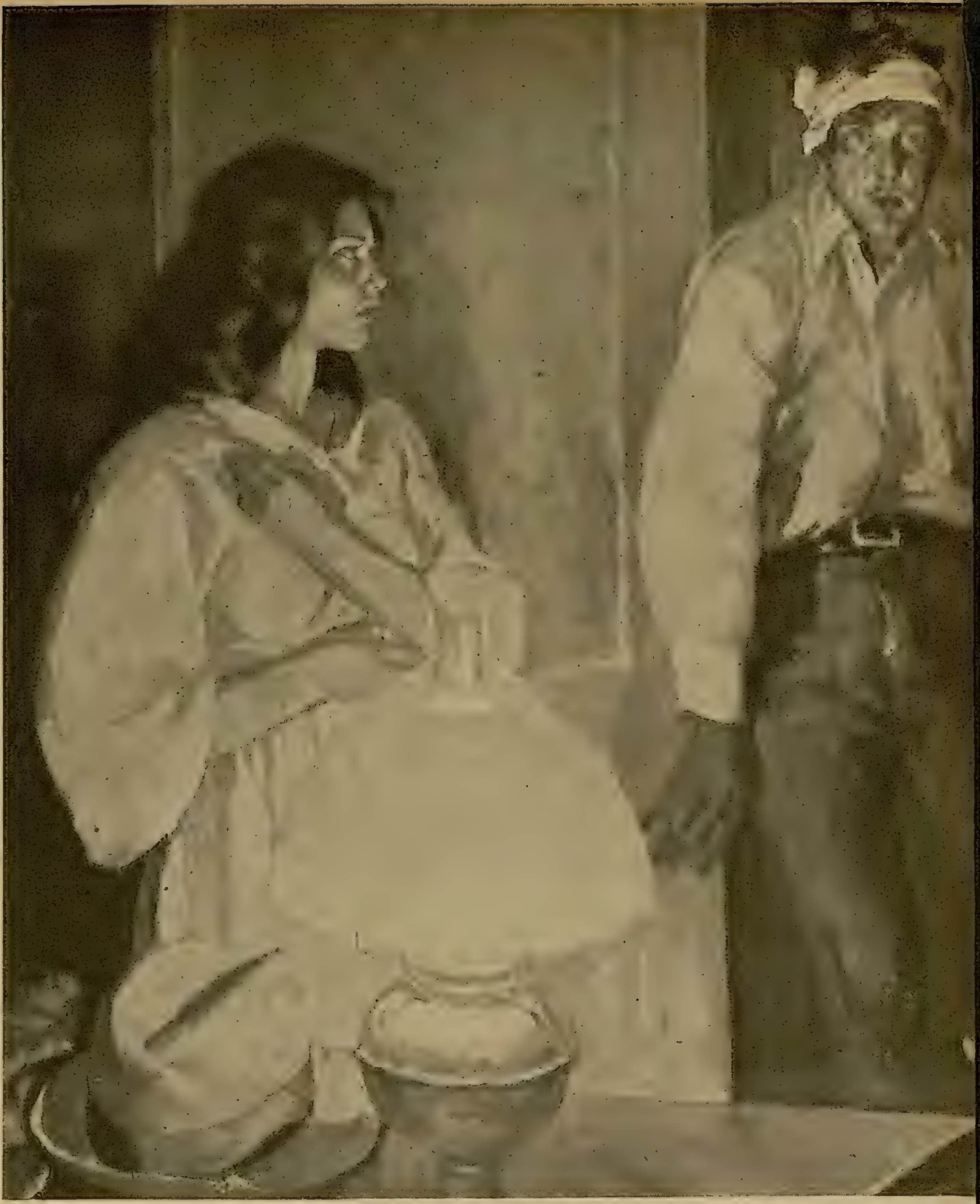
"Don't be an ass, Steve! These people have picked on me because I happen to be batman to an officer."

Evening found us once more at our favorite rendezvous. Latifah's attitude toward me did not waver. She was still concerned about losing me! She could not understand why I did not approach *le capitan* and ask him whether I should leave Kut, and when; and whether it was true that many thousands of new soldiers were coming from my country to Iraq. If I loved as she loved, I would tell her these things. She would die if, not having been told, she waited one night for me and I did not come again.

But the dream was rudely shattered. The bombshell was none of our making. It had nothing to do with Latifah or with me.

A firing party put "paid" to the Latifah episode.

And young Tiger himself was in that firing party—a hideous experience for a boy of his years, and a dumfounding one as well, in the dark circumstances! Far worse awaited him, however, in the disastrous battle that was to be fought before Ctesiphon. Let him tell you both true stories unreservedly in Liberty next week.



CONNOR RELEASED RUTH. HE STARTED TOWARD THE DOOR. AS H

A TEST FOR

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE timid tinkle of the telephone aroused him, but for a moment, as he sat up in bed, Dr. Fred Connor could not anchor his sleep-adrift mind to actuality. He knew only that this room was not his own room in his own home in Montreal. He muttered " What the hell! " and remembered.

He was in the Crofton Hotel at Liverpool, Nova Scotia. The bell which had just rung was his private phone. It must be a patient. A patient—after three weeks, during which he had treated the landlady for a cold and had given old man Creevy bicarbonate of soda for an upset stomach.

Switching on his bedside light, Connor reached for the phone. " Hello—hello! "

Immediately the diaphragm in the receiver vibrated to a deep note that Connor took to be a disturbance on the line.

There had been a furious late-summer storm yesterday, and some of the wires were down. He waited until the disturbance ceased, was about to speak, when it came again. Another wait of perhaps two seconds. Then a girl's voice inquired anxiously:

" Dr. Connor? Is this Dr. Connor? "

" Yes, speaking. What do you want? "

" Oh, Fred! It *is* you, then! This is Ruth Vincent! The operator told me—"

" *Ruth Vincent!* "

" Yes. Donald, my husband, has been hurt! Can you come right away? I asked the operator for a doctor, and she gave me your name—"

" But where in heaven's name are you, Ruth? "

Again that strange moaning roar forced a halt in the conversation. Twice, as before. Then:

" I'm at Western Head. The fog station. We came here four months ago from Montreal. Donald has a job as keeper. A few minutes ago he started the auxiliary engine, after a piston on the main one broke, and he fell against the big wheel. Struck his head terribly. . . . We're all alone out here, Fred, and—if Donald dies—"

Connor heard Ruth's voice tremble, choke. A swift wave of compassion for her swept over him, so fierce that he felt weak. Three years—and she could still do this to him! What price now his sworn determination to forget her when she married Don Laird?

" Western Head," Connor repeated stupidly. " The fog station. Then that sound I heard was the horn."

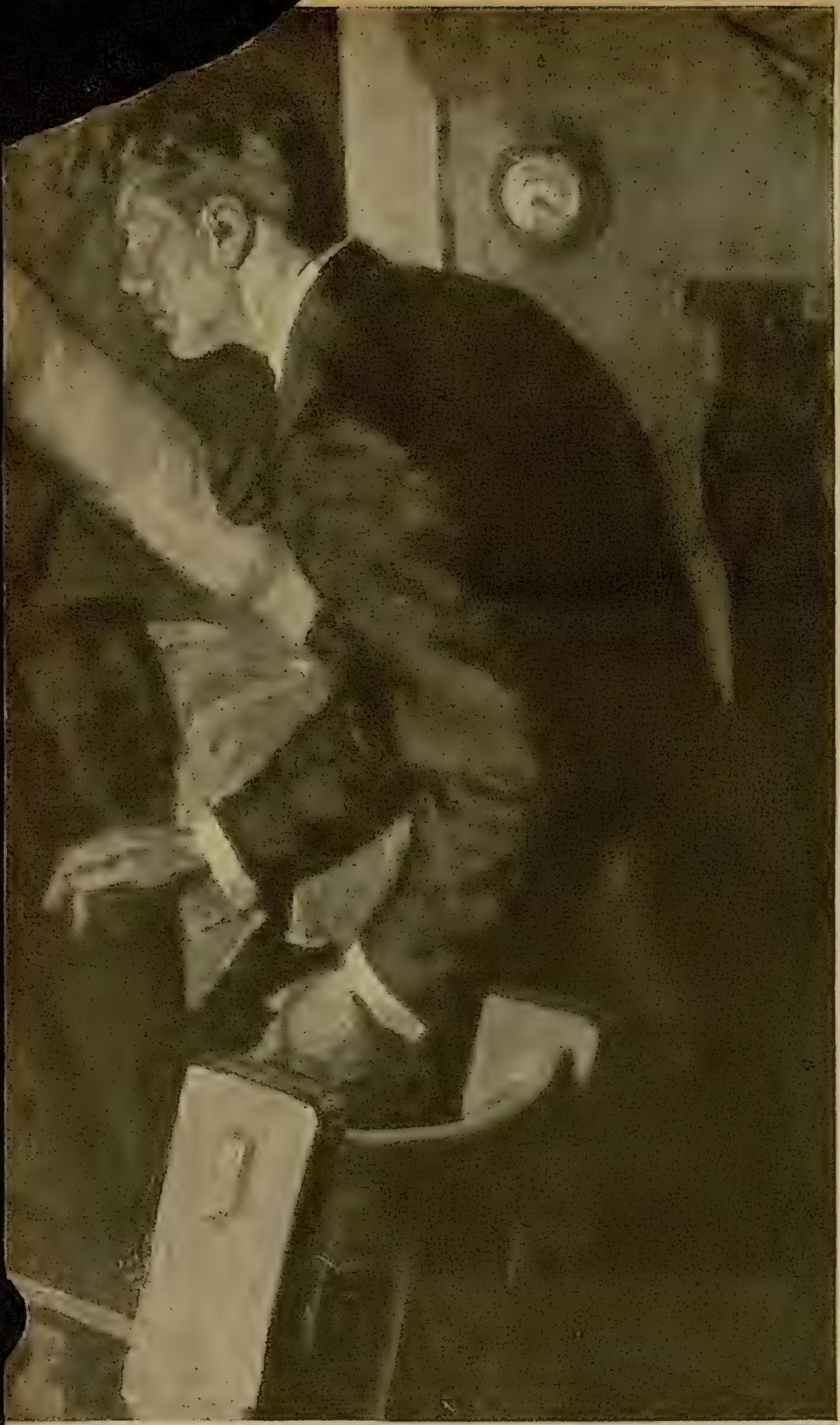
" Yes—we've had fog out here for fifteen days. The horn has been going continually. Fred, you'll have to take a boat to get here. The last storm washed out the road at Scott's Beach—we're cut off."

" I'll come as soon as I can, Ruth. Don't you worry. Keep Don well wrapped. Good-by."

As he took the receiver from his ear he heard the fading moan of the foghorn.

Automatically Connor glanced at the clock on his bureau. Nearly one o'clock. Dressing rapidly, he visualized lovely, fragile Ruth in that house on the rocks of Western Head.

" Why, *why* did she ever marry him? " Connor muttered savagely. " A mechanic—a man with no future. He couldn't have loved her more than I did. Taking her out to a fog station—she, a girl who—who— He had no right, damn him! "



ID SO IT WAS FLUNG OPEN. LAIRD STOOD THERE.

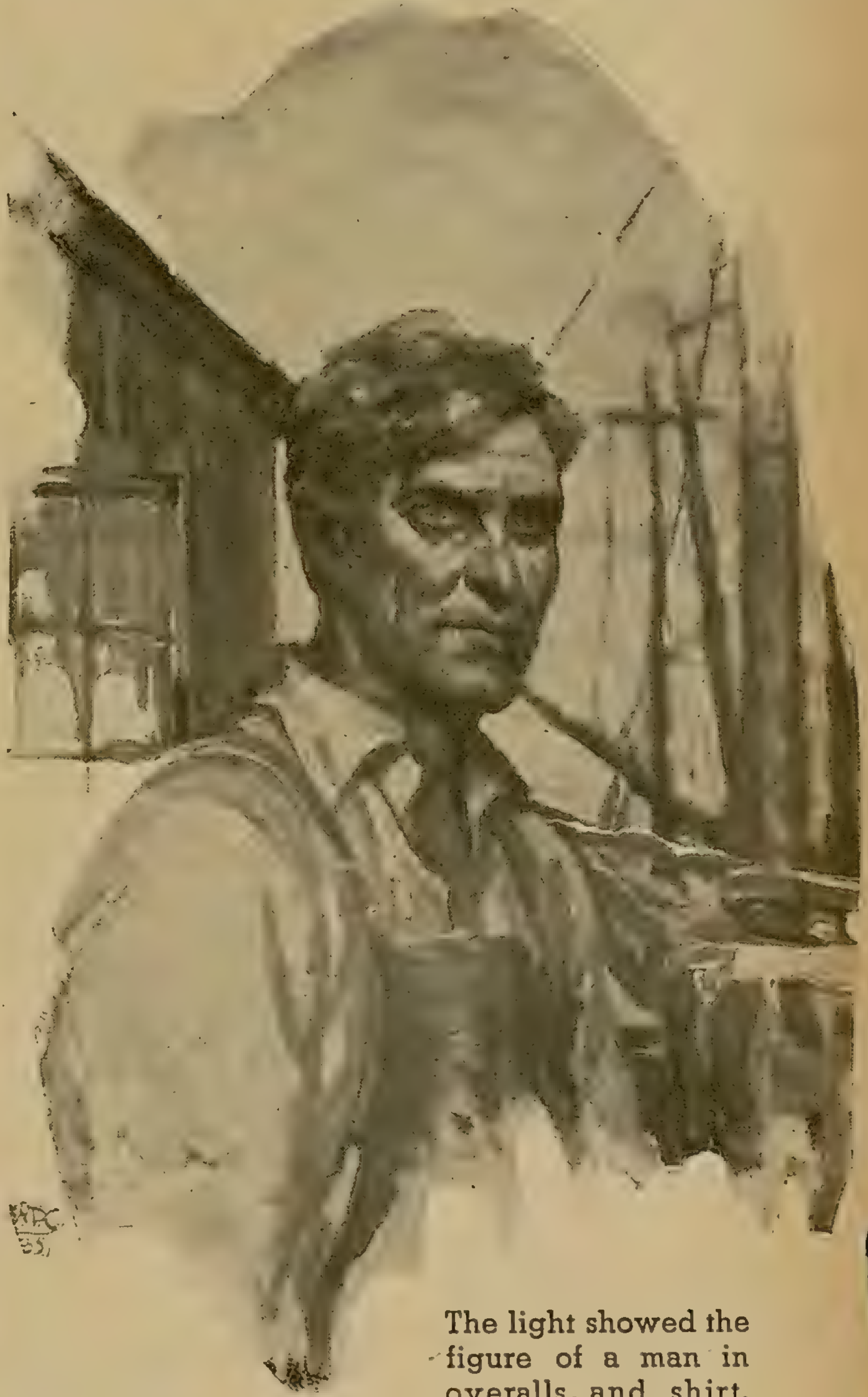
LOVERS

by

ROGER GARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

A VIVIDLY DRAMATIC TALE OF TERROR IN THE NIGHT—THE STORY OF A PLAIN MAN'S COURAGE AND THE WAY OF A WOMAN'S HEART



The light showed the figure of a man in overalls and shirt.

Connor hurried down the stairs of the darkened hotel and ran to the garage in the rear where he kept his car. He would have to stop at his office for the instrument and surgical kits. The night sky was overcast, yet the air was fairly clear. The wall of fog waited somewhere between here and Western Head—the eternal mist which seemed as much a part of the Nova Scotia coast as the rock-strewn shore itself.

Hastily placing the shining instruments in their case, Connor recalled the first day he had come to this office, remembered his surprise at seeing the fine array in the cabinet where he had expected nothing more than the crude equipment of a country doctor.

One of the senior physicians in Montreal General had induced him to take this post; to study the nature of man before concentrating on his inner mechanism. So Connor had come and taken over the practice of Dr. Leslie, who was sailing for England. Leslie was decidedly modern; his equipment entirely up-to-date.

And that, Connor now mused grimly, is fortunate for you, Don Laird. And for Ruth.

At the dock he saw a motordory. He yelled:

"Hey! Anybody around here who can run this boat?"

A door in the boathouse opened. The light from within showed the stringy figure of a man in overalls and shirt. His name proved to be Oiker, and it took an interminable time to get him to understand what was wanted and to name his price—which Connor instantly agreed to.

In the boat Connor sat forward, his kits beside him. The craft was about fourteen feet. It appeared well built, seaworthy. There wouldn't be much sea to bother them, although the tide ran swiftly past the rocky point where Liverpool River entered the harbor. Fog would be their enemy.

A mournful bellow came through the night, dying sadly, and living again in a brief agonizing moan.

"How often does that signal blow?" asked Connor.

"She give two blast of two and one half second every minute. See, like hoo! for two and one half second; wait five second, hoo again two and one half second; wait fifty second, hoo again."

"And those signals tell the ships that they are passing Western Head."

"Yah. Right."

"What blows the signal—electricity?"

"Electricity? No. Air—compressed air. Oil engines keep tank full. Electricity—ho!"

"Well, I didn't know," said Connor, discomfited. "I'm new here."

"Yah. New doctor."

Connor couldn't see him, but he knew that lean face was grinning. Damn the man, he thought. People here expected a doctor to be pompous with years.

Now they were at the point where the river swept into the harbor, and the flow had a vicious tug to it. Oiker kept well out from the rocks. The tide was nearly ebb, the period when the current was most powerful. But Oiker was a good sailor. He utilized the run to take them well into the bay. A few minutes and they were away from the land, heading toward the signal that now came louder and more ominously to them.

As yet they had entered no fog, though the blackness of the night was unrelieved by moon or stars. But they could not see the lighthouse flashing at Coffin Island. Somewhere before them the cottony blanket of mist hung over the water.

With each quarter mile the moan of the foghorn became perceptibly louder. Unconsciously Connor tensed himself for it. Continually, nearing the end of the fifty-second interval of silence, he felt a peculiar pent-up sensation, which was broken down and dissipated at the blast, only to rise in him again during the stillness. It approached a climax but never reached it. He tried to dispel it and could not. He began to listen deliberately, anxiously, for the horn, so that the flood of strange excitement which welled painfully within him would be released.

Oiker smoked his pipe and steered and watched the engine. Finally he remarked:

"Look. Fog fingers. We be in it soon."

Connor peered through the darkness. Close to the water ahead he saw ghostly gray fingers stretched toward them, motionless, foreboding.

What had been wide black space and water now became a vaporous prison. The gunwales of the craft were its boundaries. The dim glow from the forward lights bent back upon themselves.

"GOOD Lord," Connor gasped, "can you find the station in this?"

"Yah," answered Oiker cheerfully. "I been there many times. Don't worry—I no land you on rocks."

"Rocks?" Connor repeated.

"Yah, sure, rocks! Front of station! Big rocks, piled up, maybe hundred ton each. Big like houses. One top of other. Whole coast that way. Sometimes sea in storm push rocks around. Awful big waves. Ship get on rocks—wood for fireplace, I tell you!"

Connor shuddered. It was to this tragic spot that Laird had brought Ruth and demanded of her that she make a home.

"This side of station a little cove," Oiker explained after a moment. "We go in there. Don't get 'fraid."

"I'm not—" Connor began, but his words were torn from him by the horn's blast. It seemed suddenly to have rushed out to meet them.

"Nearer, hey?" Oiker chuckled. "Fog make it louder, too."

There was about this journey through darkness and fog a nightmare oppression—a feeling of struggling in the grip of an evil dream. But instead of attempting to flee from the monster that belched forth those horrible groans they were heading toward it. They were attacking the beast in its own lair. It had captur he was going to her rescue. This dream had co before—often—fighting through terror to Ruth—b couldn't quite reach her—couldn't . . . quite . . .

"I think cove here!" Oiker shouted.

With a start Connor came to himself. They were going to land, although how Oiker knew the cove was here Connor could not fathom. The blasts of the horn were louder and the roar of the breakers more distinct.

"You take flashlight," Oiker was saying. Connor reached back and it was in his hand. "When you hear bottom scrape, you hop out. Maybe get feet wet. Can't help that. We beach the boat."

"Right," said Connor, and stood upright in the bow, hoping fervently that his cases would be safe. He leaned forward. Several times he tried the flashlight, but its beam was useless.

"Ready?" Oiker called.

"Ready," Connor answered.

"Grab rope when you jump."

THE horn howled as the craft struck the shore, so it was the jolt that informed Connor they were in. He seized the rope and leaped. The water about his ankles was icy cold. Splashing to the beach, he pulled strongly on the rope, and the boat, with its lightened bow, slid well up. Oiker stopped the engine.

"Hah!" he exclaimed relievedly. "We make it!"

"Yes, we made it," Connor agreed. Switching on the light, the effective range of which was some eight or ten feet, he secured his cases.

"Can you carry one for me?" he asked Oiker.

"Yah. Sure, doctor." Connor wondered whether the man's tone was more respectful now or whether he imagined it. Together the two started across the rocks toward the fog station.

When the horn sounded again, Connor could feel the vibration through his whole body. It was a horrible weakening sensation, a power that drew the spirit from a man. Connor said to Oiker, who was slightly in the lead:

"It must be horrible for—people—who have to live with that noise."

"Well—they stand it, I guess. Have to stand it. I think I go crazy, myself, if I hear that too long."

"I should think any one would," Connor muttered. "Poor Ruth!"

They trudged over the flattened tops of the boulders Oiker had spoken of—rocks big as houses. They made slow progress. The hollow boom of the breakers outside the bay indicated that this roof of rocks extended to the sea. Many a mariner must have murmured many a prayer when passing this fearful shore!

Now Connor glimpsed through the fog dots of light.

"Is that the station?" he asked Oiker.

"House. Where keeper live. Station just in front. Augh!"

He shook his head angrily as the bellow of the horn smashed madly at them. When it ceased he mumbled, "I know horn save ships—but I hate it, that noise. Like crazy animal. I hate it!"

"Go ahead," Connor said. "Don't stop here to talk."

He felt better for having said that. It was as though he were giving himself advice: "Don't stop to talk—or to think."

The outlines of a house were faintly visible in the glow from the window lights. A low frame structure. A home with the sea beating almost at its doors.

Oiker led the way to the rear door. He asked, "You want me to wait here?"

"No," said Connor; "I want you to come in."

Oiker knocked. Immediately the door opened.

Ruth wore a cotton robe that was buttoned close about her neck. She looked like a frightened child in it. Her dark hair was in disorder over her shoulders, and her eyes were heavy with walled-in fear. She put out a pallid imploring hand, said eagerly:

"Fred! Fred!"

"Hello, Ruth," Fred answered inadequately. He was stricken with fierce pity at the sight of her. "I came as soon as I could. Is Don—"

The mad roar of the horn bludgeoned them. Connor saw Ruth flinch, close her eyes for a tiny second. Then she said:

“I got him in bed. I dragged him all the way from the engine room. There are rocks on the path. Don is heavy. Will you see him now, please?”

The last was whispered. Connor sensed the struggle Ruth was making to keep courage in herself.

Ruth had been a nurse. Thus had he met her in the Montreal General. She was calling on the fortitude she had learned there.

“I'll go to him immediately,” Connor said as professionally as he could. “Oiker, close that door behind you.” He gazed swiftly about at the narrow living room: austere, solid, with furniture that might have been fashioned of ships' spars. “Tell me what happened, Ruth, as quickly as you can.”

His brusqueness acted as he had hoped. Ruth straightened. Her hand, which had been clinging to Connor's, was pulled back. A tinge of red came into her cheeks.

“A short time before I called you one of the engines which supplies the compressed air for the horn broke down.” She was speaking rapidly, against her fear. “There are two, for just such an emergency. Don hurried out to start the other. I came with him, for I hadn't gone to bed—I don't sleep very well here—the horn—” She caught her breath and went on: “He started it and slipped the belt on the flywheel. Then, somehow, he fell forward—I don't know just how it happened—the wheel was spinning, and his head struck it—Don was knocked to the floor—senseless—”

She shuddered. Connor seized her arm.

“ALL right. All right, Ruth. That's enough. Is Don in there?”

He pointed to a door. Ruth replied, “Yes. In bed. I got him in bed.”

“Good girl,” Connor said gently. “Oiker! Come with me. I don't want you in there, Ruth, just now. If I need anything I'll call. Come on, Oiker.”

He did not look at Ruth as he went in. He could not trust himself that far. Oiker was at his heels, muttering, “Case, doctor—you want case.”

Don Laird lay on the bed, blankets tucked up to his neck. Ruth had made an attempt at bandaging his head. Blood had soaked through the cloth. The man's face was flaccid and his breathing stertorous. Through Connor's mind flashed: A fracture. Surely a fracture.

“Oiker,” he said sharply, “you're not afraid of blood and things like that? Don't faint, do you?”

“Not me,” replied the man simply. “I'm a fisherman. Lots of things I see in the boats. One fellow have arm caught in anchor rope—”

“O. K.,” Connor broke in. “You're my assistant. First get something to put under the head of the bed, to raise it up. Understand? Elevate it.”

A Comb
with
Live
Fingers

It's electric with no shocks — no sparks — no wires — no need to plug in.

It strokes new life, health and beauty into your hair!

Dandruff and abnormal falling hair checked in a few days! Lifeless, dull hair gains new life, becomes wonderfully lustrous! Straight and thin hair becomes thick, soft and wavy! A valuable aid in arresting growing baldness!

By releasing a gentle electric current as it passes through your hair this amazing “live” comb goes straight to the secret of all health and vigor—stimulated circulation! No matter how lifeless, dried out, thin or hard to manage your hair may be, you can bring back its health and beauty. Results are sure and speedy. You will note a wonderful improvement in just a few days.

Thousands of testimonial letters attest these seemingly extravagant claims and European specialists explain the phenomena—that the electricity, passing from the battery through the double row of curved teeth reaches the weakened hair roots—literally pouring its life-giving energy over them. More than a million Evans' “Dermectro” Combs now in use by men and women throughout Europe—thousands already in America!

The electric current is generated by a battery in the handle. No shocks—no sparks—no need to “plug in.” You cannot feel the current, but when you put the tester lamp bulb against the teeth you will see it light up. The battery lasts several months—spare battery costs only a few cents. Thus at a cost of only about 5c a month you get a hair treatment which would cost you hundreds of dollars per year. You and your friends will be equally surprised at the new health and beauty of your hair.

EVANS DERMECTRO COMB

Do you want your hair more beautiful . . . healthier . . . better . . . then don't delay. Send now for this comb. Use it for seven days and if you are not satisfied in every way with the improvement of your hair, just mail it back to us and we will immediately refund your money.

**Sold in New York at all leading Department Stores.
Endorsed by leading hair and beauty experts.
The Ideal Xmas Gift.**

$1000 GUARANTEE COUPON

Mail at Once to

G. LINDHOLM CO., Dept. L-12
607 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I enclose Money Order... Cash... Check for $3.25... Please send Post FREE Evans Dermectro Comb checked below, with full instructions and ready for use.
Evans Electric Comb at $3.25 complete.

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY .... STATE ....

Outside U. S. A. Cash with Order.

For C.O.D. delivery plus postage check here. ☐

Under guarantee of $1,000 you undertake to return my money if I send the comb back within seven days and say I am not satisfied with the results. This is an absolute condition of my order.

THE EXTRACTS BELOW ARE QUOTED from authentic testimonials sent to us voluntarily, the originals of which are in our files and free to inspection.

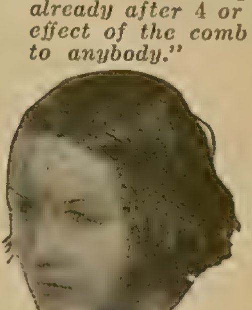
“. . . I notice a great improvement in my hair. New hair is coming in and it has taken on a glossy and beautiful look.”
Signed, Mrs. R. G.

FIRST DAY

“. . . am now 49 years old. Already at about 30 my hair started to get gray, especially at the temples, and during the last years it has become quite gray . . .”

LATER

“. . . but in spite of the short time I have been using your comb, I must say that the result is wonderful. This comb certainly does all that your advertisements promise and MORE. The time given by you for testing is ample, because already after 4 or 5 days the effect of the comb is obvious to anybody.”
Signed, C. M. L.



FIRST DAY

“. . . Formerly my hair was thin and straggling . . .”

LATER

“. . . But thanks to your excellent comb, my hair is now soft, wavy and beautiful . . .”
Signed, M. H.

This is to certify that the foregoing in extract is true and correct.

NOTARY PUBLIC

Pat. Pending

"Yah," Oiker grunted. "So blood no run to hurt part. I know."

"Yes," Connor said, gazing at him queerly. "Yes, that's right. Snap into it."

Later, when he started to work, Connor yelled out to Ruth to get him what he needed from the kitchen, but he would not let her come in the room. Oiker was an astoundingly efficient helper. The wound was a terrible one—Don must have hit the side of the wheel when it was turning at terrific speed.

Connor tried to test the reflexes, to localize the seat of the brain injury, but the results told little. Don's pulse was barely perceptible. His blood-pressure reading was 90. Clenching his teeth, Connor worked on, while at fifty-second intervals the bellow of the horn burst into the room like a rampant demon. Connor sought to forget it. But each time it sounded his hands shook ever so little, and he cursed.

There was, after all, no definite diagnosis possible without an X-ray or an examination of the spinal fluid. The unconsciousness persisted, and the breathing was scarcely eased. Already Connor had done what he could to maintain the energy of the heart. Ruth had two hot-water bottles, which Oiker refilled regularly. A fire was kept going in the grate. But for all that the air was dank, chill, and the room seemed filled with invisible fog.

At length Connor left his patient and went into the other room. Ruth was sitting on a couch, hands clasped, a shawl about her shoulders. She looked at Connor with unspoken dread.

"We'll have to wait," Connor said. "I can't do anything more now."

"Do you think—" Ruth started, but she could not finish her question.

"I don't know. We'll hope for the best. I wonder—if there is any coffee—"

"Yes, Fred—I have it ready."

He revived under the stimulant. Brought Oiker a cup. Forced Ruth to drink one.

After a time: "Would you care to tell me about things, Ruth?"

She lowered her head. "There's not much to tell. We've had pretty hard going of it. Don couldn't get any jobs in Montreal. He does know machinery, Fred—he really does—but that didn't matter. For the last year it has been rather terrible." The aching hopelessness in her voice! "Then he was offered this place. It was the only chance we had. It meant a living, no more worry about where the meals were coming from, no rent money to fight for." Ruth laughed, a pitiful sound. "Those are only words to you. You can't understand."

"I can try," said Connor softly. "I'm awfully sorry, Ruth."

"Thanks, Fred. Well, we came here. It wasn't so bad at first. I thought I could get used to the horn. We didn't have much fog. There was the sea, and the clean wind, and the rocks that seemed to give a person courage. We were—happy. Then the fog came, and the whole world was shut out. It made us prisoners. Perhaps if there had only been the two of us I wouldn't have minded. But, you see, there were three."

"Three!" Fred cried in amazement.

"Yes—the horn."

In that single statement Connor realized how horrible Ruth's prison had been. He saw how the horn had assumed life, had become a malevolent personality to the girl whose nerves were already lacerated by an existence for which she was not fitted. He understood—so clearly—the whole burden of her suffering.

In Connor's brain a dam was broken and swept away. He could feel the barrier disintegrate. It was like the smashing of a mental bulwark. With a curious sensation of detachment he stepped toward the girl.

"Ruth," he said tensely, "it's finished. Do you hear me? It's finished."

"What, Fred?" The dull despair still clogged her voice.

"You're not going to stay here any longer. Listen to me. I'm going to take you out of this." He was bending over her, his hands gripping hers. "I won't let you kill yourself. That's what you're doing here. Good God! Don Laird can't love you enough—you can't love him enough—to make up for all the agony you've been through! I love you, Ruth. It didn't stop when you married another man. And I'm damned if I'll allow Laird to torture you to death, even if he is your husband!"

He knew he was almost shouting, that Oiker, in the next room, must hear him, but he was past caring. The helpless girl he was holding thrust aside all other considerations. The days and months of her wretchedness seemed to have made her beauty more vivid. In her face shone a loveliness that dizzied Connor and left him incapable of thought beyond this.

"Fred," Ruth murmured weakly, "please don't say those things to me—I can't stand hearing. You don't know how I—"

"But I do know!" Connor exclaimed savagely. "And I know what loyalty is, too! But I tell you there is an end to loyalty. Laird—no man—has the right to demand more than you've given him. Ruth! Ruth! When I leave here you're coming with me. We'll send a larger boat for Laird, and when he can be moved he'll go to a hospital. He may die—I can't say. Whether he does or not, your life with him is finished!"

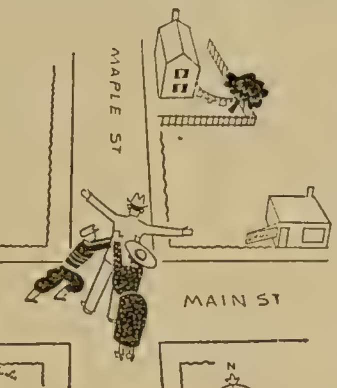
The girl arose and leaned toward Connor. There was no longer any will in her to struggle further.

"Yes, Fred, yes, yes!" she sobbed wildly. "Take me with you! I can't go on—I can't! I'm not able! Take

Not one in a thousand KNOWS...

3 Plus 4 Equals 5!

by E. G. CONKLIN



DON'T believe it? All right, just follow closely a minute! Suppose you're standing at a street corner with your wife and son. Your wife wants to go north on Maple Street toward home; and your son wants you to go east on Main Street to the nearest soda fountain.

You don't know what to do; it simply doesn't matter to you. You're completely motionless. Your view is, let the stronger one win! So your wife pushes you north with a force of 4 pounds and your son pushes you east with a force of 3 pounds.

But—you don't tend to go north with a force of one pound, as you might think. Not a bit of it! No—according to a simple rule of forces acting on a motionless body, you will go *north-northeast* and as if some one were pushing you in that direction with a force of 5 pounds! Both your wife and your son will be defeated in their aims, and you all will go diagonally across the street and will probably end up by being arrested by a cop for obstructing traffic!

Here is the way it works. Remember your old high-school geometry, and the theorem that says that the square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides? Well, look at the diagram. SN times SN plus WE times WE is equal to SW times SW. Watch closely! And don't forget that SN equals the 4-pound push your wife gives you, and WN the 3-pound push your son exerts.

Now! 4 times 4 is 16; 3 times 3 is 9; 16 plus 9 equals 25 and also equals SW times SW, so that SW itself is 5, which is the speed you'll travel. And the *direction* that you'll go is right out into the middle of Main and Maple streets.

It's a fact!

Next—If Ice Did Not Float, We Would All Die.

me away from this awful place of fog and loneliness and that horrible insane horn—"

There was a commotion in the next room. The noise of scuffling. Oiker's voice came loudly: "No—you get back! You got to stay in bed! Mister—please—Dr. Connor! Dr. Connor!"

Aghast, Connor released Ruth. He started toward the closed door. As he did so it was flung open. Laird stood there, clutching the sides. He swayed drunkenly. His eyes were burning. His big body shook violently, stiffened, shook again. His rough clothes were stained with blood. His face was a white distorted death mask.

"Laird!" Connor yelled. "Go back! Are you crazy, man? You've been hurt! Go back to bed!"

"I couldn't hold him, doctor," Oiker, from behind him, wailed. "He too strong—"

"The horn's stopped," Laird said. "I've got to fix it."

Connor listened. It was true. For some minutes he had not heard it, although not until now had he realized this. He thought flashingly: That's what brought Laird to. The cessation of the horn. The silence cut into his brain as a sudden noise might rouse another man from unconsciousness.

Ruth ran to her husband.

"Don, please go back," she pleaded. "You're badly injured, dear. See, this is Fred Connor—you remember him—he's a doctor—he's taking care of you—you've got to get back in bed—"

Laird's eyes were fixed on Connor, but there was no recognition in them. He murmured woodenly: "The horn's stopped. I've got to fix it. Ships will go on the rocks."

His hands slid down the sides of the doorway. He staggered forward, caught at the table, held himself upright. Connor sprang to support him.

"Laird, I'll fix the horn. I'll start it again. You get back. No ships will go on the rocks. I'll have the horn going in a few minutes."

"You?" Laird squinted at him loweringly. He seemed to be making an effort at remembering something. "You—fix the horn?" He shook his head. "Not you. Don't know how. You can't do it. Me—I'll fix it."

THE arms that tried to push Connor out of the way were weaker than a woman's. In Laird's huge frame there remained scarcely enough strength to hold him upright. Yet he continued to press forward toward the door, and he muttered continually, "The horn. The horn."

Ruth was at Connor's side.

"Fred," she gasped, "it's so, what Don says. Unless the horn is started there is danger of ships piling up on the rocks. Do you know anything about machinery? It's a Diesel engine—perhaps if you could—"

"I'm sorry, Ruth." Connor was trying to prevent Laird from plunging to the floor in one of his feverish attempts at walking. "I—I only said that to—quiet Don. I know nothing about machinery."

"The horn," Laird whimpered.

Connor snapped at Oiker, "What about it? Can you fix it?"

The fisherman waved his long arms distressedly. "No, doctor! Maybe it ain't engine! Maybe horn itself bust—air valve—anything. Keeper the only man that knows!"

"Fred." Ruth was rigid, her voice taut. "That horn has got to be started. It's *got* to be. Can't you give Don something to strengthen him just for a little while—a few minutes—so he could get out to the station and fix the engine? You know what I mean. At the hospital—"

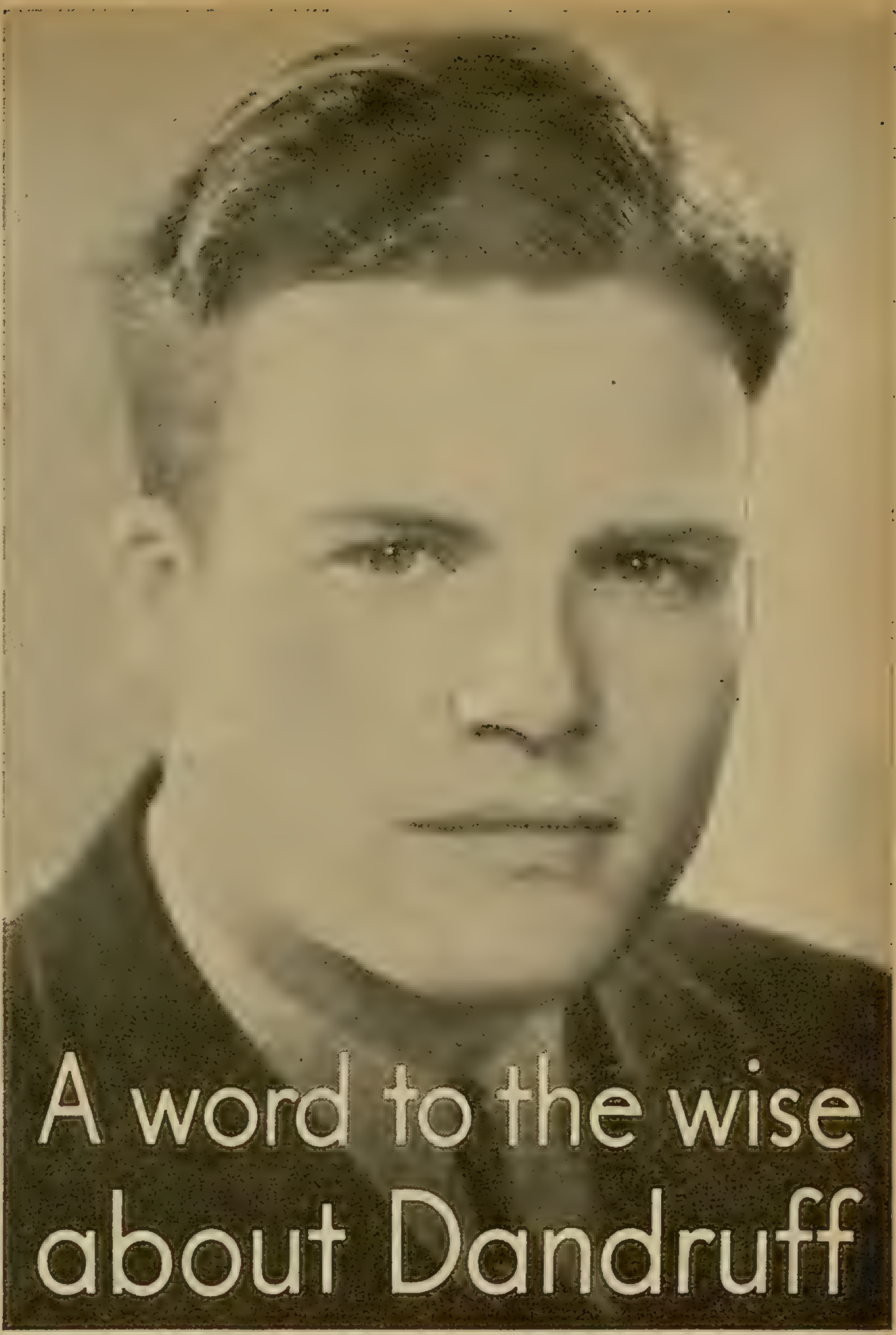
"Yes," Connor answered, low. "I know what you mean. And do you realize the possible result?"

Ruth did not look at him. Her hands were clenched. Her mouth quivered, and she whispered, "The horn has got to be started."

"Oiker!" Connor yelled. "Bring me the smallest kit—on the table by the bed. The smallest one!"

"I get it, doctor."

Laird's efforts were growing weaker when Oiker came with the case. "Grab him," Connor ordered, and the fisherman obeyed. Connor quickly opened the kit. As


A word to the wise about Dandruff

Two eminent bacteriologists recently announced the discovery that a tiny germ only one six-thousandth of an inch long causes dandruff . . . confirmed the belief that dandruff is catching . . . and it is estimated that twenty-five million men in this country suffer with it! Dandruff germs thrive on a neglected scalp. Keep yours thoroughly clean, the circulation well stimulated, with regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage. At least once a week apply the Tonic freely and massage the scalp until it feels loose, and tingles pleasantly. Shampoo carefully. A very little 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massaged directly into the scalp every morning will tend to correct dandruff, keep the hair well-groomed and in place. For sale at all good drug stores, in two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

•

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE
Look for the trademark VASELINE
when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

40c and 70c

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Copr. 1935, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

he fumbled within he thought: What am I about to do? This may kill Laird. They may say I did it deliberately—that I had no right to endanger the life of a patient under any circumstances. At the hospital they know I was in love with Ruth—what in heaven's name will they think there?

"The horn!" Laird shrieked, flailing his arms, and then falling limply against Oiker.

Connor clamped his teeth tight. Close to Laird, he made a swift motion. Stood stiffly. Ruth uttered a muffled cry. It was done. Whatever the consequences, Connor had taken them to himself. There was no chief to notify, no one to whom he could shift the burden. It was his alone.

Miraculously Laird seemed to draw in strength with every breath. His head went up. Deliberately he moved away from Oiker's support. His eyes cleared.

"Connor," he said. "Fred Connor."

"Yes, Laird—Ruth called me. You've been hurt. The foghorn—"

Instantly the man's face became alert, strained. He listened. A full minute, that to Connor was unending. Then Laird cried out:

"The timer—it's slipped! I was afraid of that when I started the auxiliary engine! How long has it been stopped—*how long, Ruth?*"

A desperate, terrible appeal. The words were wrenched from him. Ruth gasped:

"A few minutes, Don. That's all. I swear it. Not more than three or four minutes—has it, Fred? We'll help you to the station. You can fix it. Don!"

Laird threw off Connor's hand. He plunged toward the door. He yanked it open and was stumbling out into the night and the fog, the bandage on his head askew, a grotesque, tragic figure.

CALLING his name, Ruth ran after him. Connor followed. The building which housed the engines and the horn was about fifty yards away. When Connor got there Laird was swaying back and forth before a tool closet. One of the big engines was still pumping air into the immense compression chamber. The gage affixed to the iron tank registered forty pounds. The horn was silent.

Ruth's arm was around her husband's waist. Connor asked her, "Where's the timer? What is it?" She replied in a queer high-pitched tone, "At the top of that ladder."

Connor saw it. A small round disk with a lever, the trip valve. Just below the roof. It was not revolving.

"Don has to climb that ladder—" Connor began, when Laird swung about and with a wrench in one hand came with wavering steps to the ladder's foot.

Connor had to thrust Ruth aside forcibly. He took his place back of Laird. When Laird mounted, so did Connor, keeping one rung beneath him, his arms firmly around Laird, under the armpits.

He felt the muscles in the man's back twist. Heard the wrench clang sharply against metal. Then Laird mumbled, "Good, good, good!" and the sudden blast from the iron throat nearly knocked Connor from the ladder.

He got Laird down and Ruth opened her arms to her husband. Together they got him back over the short rocky path and into the house. Inside the door Laird collapsed. Connor and Oiker carried him to the bed. Lying there, he seemed to have the shadow of a smile on his lips. The horn was sending forth its warning triumphantly.

While Ruth knelt near the bed, clasping her husband's hand, Connor did what he could to keep life in the man. If there was a brain hemorrhage, Laird was finished. No way of telling, yet. Breaths came flutteringly, and at times were so shallow that Connor shook his head hopelessly. Ruth did not speak. She stared at Don's face.

HOW long he stood there waiting, Connor could not tell. But there was a moment when Laird's breathing began to grow stronger, deeper, and strangely seemed to take up the rhythm of the horn's blasts—two long heavy breaths, a pause, and two more. For uncounted minutes this continued. Then the respirations gradually assumed regularity. Connor took the pulse. Not weak—almost normal. Don stirred, moved restlessly. There was no paralysis. There had been no bleeding from the nose or ears. It was not a fracture.

"He'll live, Ruth," Connor said hoarsely. He led her into the next room; placed her in a chair by the fire, which Oiker had kept blazing.

When he told her again, "Don will live," Ruth gazed up at him with that in her eyes which caused him to look away. It was not for him. It was for Don.

"If Don had died," Ruth whispered, "I would have wanted to die too. I love him, Fred."

"Yes," Connor said. "I know. You'll stay with him, no matter what happens."

"No matter what," Ruth said. She touched his hand fleetingly. "I'm sorry for—"

"Don't be." He smiled.

"Fred—when the horn stopped—I didn't say anything. It wasn't I talking. Some one else."

"I don't remember what you said."

"Thank you." The horn blared, and Ruth listened. "I don't mind it now. Queer—it seems sort of friendly. This is our home. Don's and mine. It's a brave, strong home. Like Don."

"And like you," Fred said. "There really isn't any limit to loyalty, is there, Ruth? Nor to love. I'll be going now. Take care of Don until I send the boat for him."

"I'll take care of him," said Ruth.

THE END

This is *the* **PERFECT GIFT** *for a man*

SCHICK
SHAVER

Operates on A C and D C

With this token of your affection, you give a man a lifetime of shaving comfort. Each day he will re-thank you as he enjoys the sheer pleasure of shaving with NO BLADES, NO LATHER. Never again will he cut himself. His face will look years younger as the gentle action of the Dry Shaver rids his face of old dead skin and gives him a new one. If no dealer is near you, send $15 to Department L.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50.)

SCHICK SHAVER

How to Secure LASTING PEACE

Give All the Nations a Chance, Says a Distinguished Oriental Statesman—A Rejoinder and Postscript to an Article by Colonel House in a Recent Issue of Liberty

by

PRINCE FUMIMARO KONOYE

PRESIDENT OF THE JAPANESE HOUSE OF PEERS

Prince Konoye

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THE greatest problem posed for humanity is how to secure lasting peace for the advancement of mankind.

From time immemorial thinking men of all countries have pondered this problem. Yet the solution has not been found; the eternal quest still goes on. Today we are confronted with the need for a re-examination of the conceptions and contrivances which have been advanced for world peace. We must devise a new system based upon a new idea.

Prior to the World War the chancelleries of Europe strove to keep peace by maintaining a balance of power among the leading nations. That ended in failure.

After the war the statesmen hoped to preserve world peace by a system of collective security embodied in the League of Nations. The result has hardly measured up to the expectation. Europe has continued to be haunted by a sense of insecurity. Not only that, but war has started in East Africa, embroiling two nations who are both members of the League.

Peace, then, is as much a matter of devising methods or systems as it is a question of dealing with the causes which are at the bottom of international friction. The peace pacts and nonaggression treaties have not dissipated fears of war, because they failed to take full cognizance of those causes.

There are some peoples which are, under the existing world order, denied the opportunity to develop their native capacity and to fulfill their mission as independent nations. They feel that their national existence is throttled, their natural development thwarted. To them it is a matter of life and death.

How to deal with such peoples is the first question which must be solved. And the proper approach to this question is a consideration of how to secure a more equitable enjoyment by all nations of land, raw materials, and other resources which are essential.

Under the existing world order the apportionment of such essential resources has been made by powerful nations, with little regard for less fortunate nations or peoples. The most notable example is the adjustment which followed the World War. The cumulative result of such maldistribution extending over centuries is a recurrent disturbance of international relations. The forcible maintenance of the status quo in the distribution of land and resources must inevitably remain a source of international friction and conflict.

If the above premise is true, the road to peace is not far to seek. It seems to lie in the mutual recognition among all nations of the peculiar and especial needs, requirements, and positions of each, with a view to meeting legitimate aspirations for peaceful development.

It behooves the fortunate nations which are blessed by the status quo to be prepared to readjust their fortune and to share with the unfortunate.

It is not wise to fill old bottles with new wine. New wines have been and still are fermenting in our modern world in the shape of once backward or dormant nations now conscious of their innate abilities and demanding a due share in the benefits which they think have been monopolized by other Powers. Cram them down in the old bottle of the status quo and the bottle may burst.

Thus the process of equalization seems to be at work. It cannot be repressed without disastrous consequences. The only wise way is to guide it into the right channel.

Colonel Edward M. House refers, in his admirable article [Wanted—A New Deal Among Nations, in Liberty for September 14, 1935], to Japan's withdrawal from the League of Nations and her renunciation of the Washington Naval Treaty.

It will be recalled that Japan disagreed with the League of Nations on the question of maintaining the peace of eastern Asia and that the disagreement brought about her withdrawal from the League. Had the League had a clearer understanding of the Far Eastern situation and of Japan's peculiar position, it might not have adopted the measures which forced us out of its fold. Unfortunate as our withdrawal appeared to be, it at least caused the League to ponder the problems of the Far East. Because of it, the League today, it seems to me, has a better appreciation of those problems.

Japan's renunciation of the Naval Treaty of Washington furnishes another event whose real import has not fully been appreciated. Japan is actuated by a sincere desire to effect a substantial reduction in naval armaments, with its corollary of lightening financial burdens. If the Powers understand Japan's motive as well as the mission imposed upon her in the Far East, they will not fail to appreciate her stand on the naval question.

It is refreshing to see so enlightened an American statesman as Colonel House frankly recognize defects in the peace policies followed by the leading Powers and openly urge a new deal in international relations.

The "haves" always resist the clamors of the "have-nots," however justifiable such clamors may be. But to resist them indefinitely and uncompromisingly would spell disaster. By common consent, foremost among the nations that "have" are the United States of America, Great Britain, France, and Soviet Russia. The time seems to be at hand when great rich powerful nations, animated by noblesse oblige, should face the problem squarely and courageously and do their part in the establishment of a new and lasting peace.

THE END

Continuing

The PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY Story

Story told by
RUPERT HUGHES
●
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
●
ANTHONY ABBOT
●
RITA WEIMAN
●
S. S. VAN DINE
●
JOHN ERSKINE

AN EXCITING NOVEL OF A MAN, A PROBLEM, AND FIVE MILLION DOLLARS

●

PLOT BY

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

PART FOUR—FACE TO FACE

by RITA WEIMAN

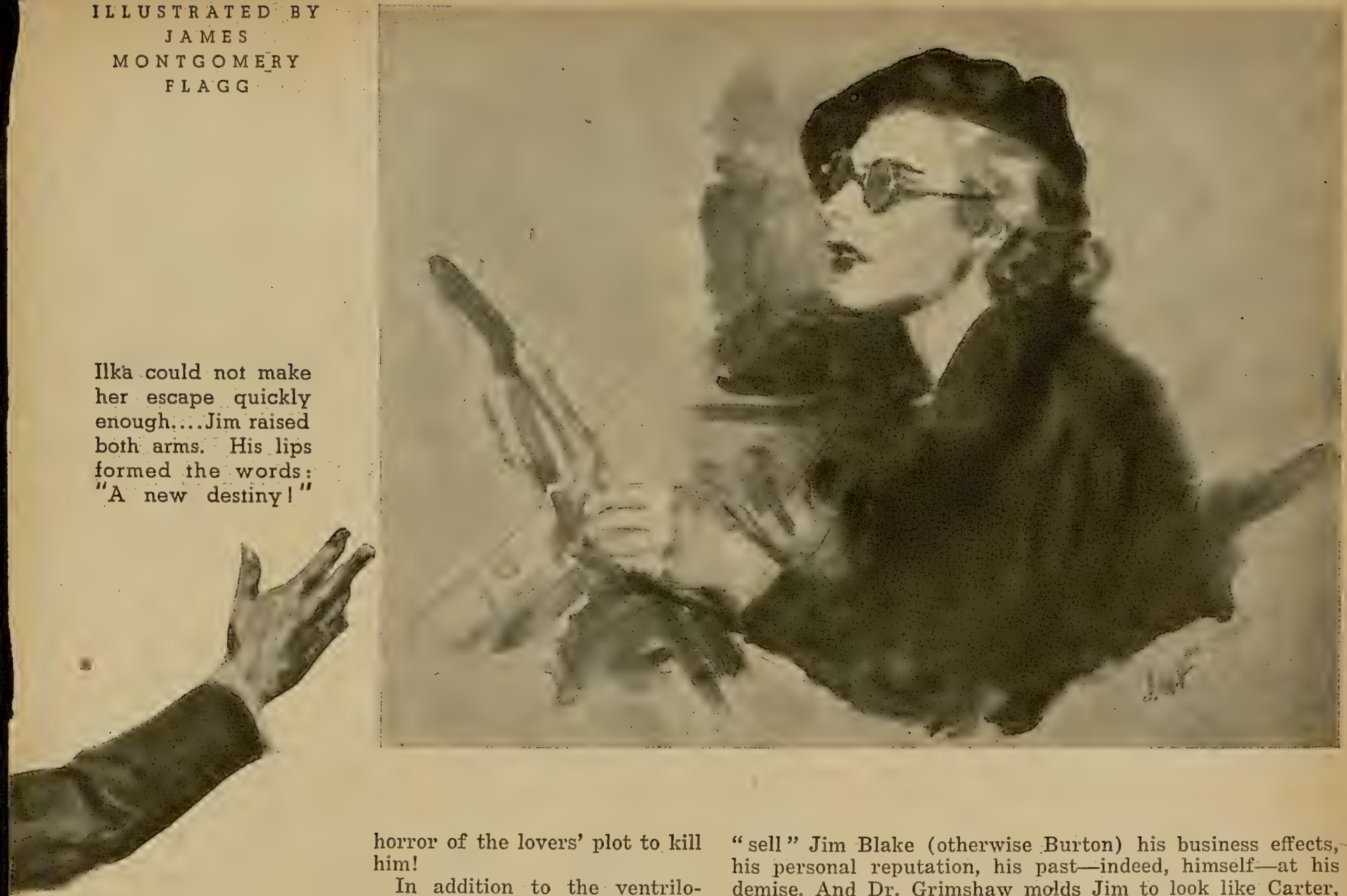
READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

RICH, a successful lawyer, Jim Blake, at the age of forty-three, longs to vanish from sight and begin a new life as somebody else. His beautiful faithless wife, Ilka Varaska, a former Russian actress, refuses to have children, threatens suicide at the mere mention of divorce, and carries on a secret liaison with Earle Marshall, a tennis amateur who is a protégé of her husband.

How to disappear and take with him five million dollars in cash—leaving Ilka a million or two for her support—becomes Jim's obsessing problem, which is further complicated by his growing love for Charlotte Hope. Charlotte is a clever young girl who has risen to a partnership in Jim Blake's law firm. She, on her part, loves the unhappy Jim, but won't admit it to him, thinking he adores Ilka.

Beginning on his great adventure of self-obliteration, Jim engages Vaurot, master ventriloquist and mimic, to teach him his vocal art, and proves himself a gifted pupil. For practice, Jim studies and privately imitates the voice and inflections of Earle Marshall and, trying out his new skill on his wife over the phone, completely hoodwinks her, but learns to his

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES
MONTGOMERY
FLAGG



Ilka could not make her escape quickly enough....Jim raised both arms. His lips formed the words: "A new destiny!"

horror of the lovers' plot to kill him!

In addition to the ventriloquist, Blake now hires a dramatic coach for histrionic training, assumes the name of Burton in a mean quarter of Brooklyn where he has taken a room, and gets in touch with a celebrated plastic surgeon, Dr. Grimshaw of Omaha, Nebraska.

Finally, his securities converted to five million cash, Jim leaves a brief good-by note for Charlotte and heads for the West. Posing as Mr. Burton, he undergoes the process of transformation at the hands of the surgeon-artist. Then a firm of Chicago detectives persuades a man of standing, Francis X. Carter, who may die any day of heart disease, to "sell" Jim Blake (otherwise Burton) his business effects, his personal reputation, his past—indeed, himself—at his demise. And Dr. Grimshaw molds Jim to look like Carter, who dies a few months later. Jim goes to Canada to buy himself a business and obtains a brokerage firm.

He returns to Omaha to settle up with Dr. Grimshaw, and while there a young lady, Miss Charlotte Hope, is announced. She asks for Mr. James L. Blake, and Jim—now Francis X. Carter—goes to meet her face to face.

GOING down the stairs, Jim Blake had the same strange detachment he had experienced when first he glimpsed Francis X. Carter in the mirror without realizing that the reflection was his own. In his careful search for means to complete the plan of becoming another person he had read of a mysterious school of psychology in France where men and women were taught to watch every movement so that an individual could study himself with his mind's eye—his posture, his walk, his habits of eating, of talking—as though he had been another man. This was exactly the way Jim Blake now felt. He seemed to be walking down the steps at Francis X. Carter's side, taking care that no tremor of Carter's should betray him to the woman who waited.

Crazy it was, to put himself through this additional pain. He might test his trans-

HOW CAN A MAN DISAPPEAR WITH $5,000,000 AND NOT BE TRACED? IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR YOU TO WIN CASH PRIZES!

This is the problem for a mystery story presented by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Six leading storytellers—Rupert Hughes, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Anthony Abbot, Rita Weiman, S. S. Van Dine, and John Erskine—have attempted an answer in six issues of Liberty, the fourth of which appears today.

Do you think that these top-notch authors have been successful in their solution of a most difficult plot? If you feel they have failed, there is a first-rate chance for you to show them how and why. Get into the game and see how good you are. Here are the rules to guide you in entering your own solution to the problem posed by the President:

1. To compete, after you have read all of the story as the six famous authors have fashioned it, see if you can find a better way to solve the problem posed by President Roosevelt: "If you had five million dollars and wanted to disappear and take your money with you so that no one could ever trace you, how would you do it?"

2. All entries must be written on one side of the paper only. Typewritten, double spaced, is best, but pen-and-ink entries will be accepted. Use as many words as you require to state your solution clearly.

3. Solutions will be judged on the basis of plausibility, probability, and logic. On this basis Liberty will pay a first prize of $500 for the best entry, $250 for the next best, and $100 each for the five next best solutions. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. The judges will be the editorial staff of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

4. All prize-winning solutions will become the property of Liberty for publication whenever desired. No entries will be returned.

5. Write your name and address on the upper left-hand corner of the first page of your entry.

6. Send your entry flat by first-class mail to:

PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY EDITOR
LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. BOX 556
GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

All entries must be received on or before Friday, January 3, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

7. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

formation on any one in the world but Charlotte. She had the right to know the truth. And he was about to put her faith, her understanding, her devotion, like so many chemicals, in a test tube to prove his success or failure. A cold-blooded thing to do, cruel to them both.

Charlotte Hope saw a man coming from the upper hall; not by any means the man she had prayed she might see, but a figure with springy light step, whose carriage suggested youth and the tremendous vitality she had seen slip from Jim's shoulders like a protecting cloak. Long before he reached the bottom step and she made out his features, she had a sinking sense of disappointment.

“Dr. Grimshaw asked me to see you. I am in charge of the sanitarium. You wish to make inquiries about some one?”

“Yes. A man named Blake. James L. Blake of New York. I have reason to believe he is or has been a patient of Dr. Grimshaw.”

“Will you step in here, please?”

He led the way into the visitors' room and deliberately raised all the shades. He would give Charlotte the full flash of sudden light on his face. He would spare himself no risk, make no attempt to escape the chance of recognition.

The man Charlotte Hope saw before her had eyes of a steely gray-blue. They peered through tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses. Cold eyes, where she had told herself she would meet the warm eyes of Jim. He had heavy brown hair with gold streaks as though he went bareheaded in the sunlight, and odd eyebrows that absolutely matched his hair. His features had the carved perfection of a statue's.

Charlotte wondered if he might be a doctor but she did not ask his name. She had no particular interest in learning who he was. An executive of this institution, he had said. Well, that was that.

From her handbag she took a soiled and ragged envelope. The gray-blue eyes which through their artificial surface were able to note so impersonally her every gesture, every flicker of expression, saw with what nervous eagerness she opened the flap. She held out a small snapshot, and for a brief second the hand that took it from hers was unsteady. Jim Blake with Tinker, snapped two years before on the lawn at Southampton during one of Charlotte's visits. Tinker, the old beggar, with nose lifted to sniff the lump of sugar in Jim's fingers; Jim smiling. The Jim who must cease to exist.

“IS this the man you're looking for?” he asked quickly.

“Yes. And he's here, isn't he? Don't tell me he's not. I've come so far to find him.”

To escape the look in her eyes, the cold-steel ones concentrated on the photograph.

“This picture is a profile. I suppose you know that the two profiles of any one's face are never identical. And we have a number of patients who for personal reasons are entered under assumed names. You'll have to give me more details.”

Curious, how difficult, how almost impossible it is to describe the actual appearance of those we love. Perhaps due to close association, perhaps to the very fact that our viewpoint is influenced by our emotions, we seldom know the shape of a nose or mouth, whether there are skin blemishes, how the eyes are set or if the cheekbones are prominent. We know only that it is the face of one beloved, and that is enough without analysis.

Charlotte's description of Jim Blake was not the man Jim Blake would have identified as himself but the man Charlotte Hope held in her heart as she had held the faded snapshot in its torn envelope. She had thought him handsome; Jim had always considered his appearance nondescript. She said he carried himself gallantly; Jim had worked hard to conquer an inclination to stoop.

After a moment she said:

“You couldn't forget him, once you'd seen and talked to him.”

And Jim found himself asking precipitately:

“You love him, don't you? Please don't mind telling me.”

“I don't mind. I want him to know, if you have any way of getting my message to him.”

THEY were seated on a couch and Jim leaned over and touched her hand. It was little more than a reassuring gesture, but his purpose had nothing to do with reassurance. Beyond the power of control, he wanted above all things the contact of this girl he loved, her warm sensitive flesh this last time against his own.

Her eyes searched his face with the same sudden intensity he felt in the slim fingers that closed over his.

“You know”—came the voice of one groping in the dark—“when I first saw you at the top of the stairs, I was sure you were Jim. It wasn't your appearance. You're so different, and besides I couldn't even see clearly what your features were like. But it was something else—something that just now, with your hand on mine, I feel again. Silly, isn't it? Even the shape of your hand isn't a bit like his. I suppose it's only that when Dr. Grimshaw went upstairs I wanted him to send Jim to me. I wanted so desperately for you to be Jim!”

The man staring at her with such impersonal eyes nerved himself to a final hazard. At the risk of shattering the barrier he had built up at any risk, he raised her hand to his lips.

“You make me wish I were Jim,” he said. “I'll do everything possible to help you locate him.”

“You mean—it's hopeless?” The hand in his drew away and clenched in her lap. “You mean you can't recognize from my description any one who's here?”

“Not even in a remote way. We haven't a man in the place of that height, build, coloring, or age.”

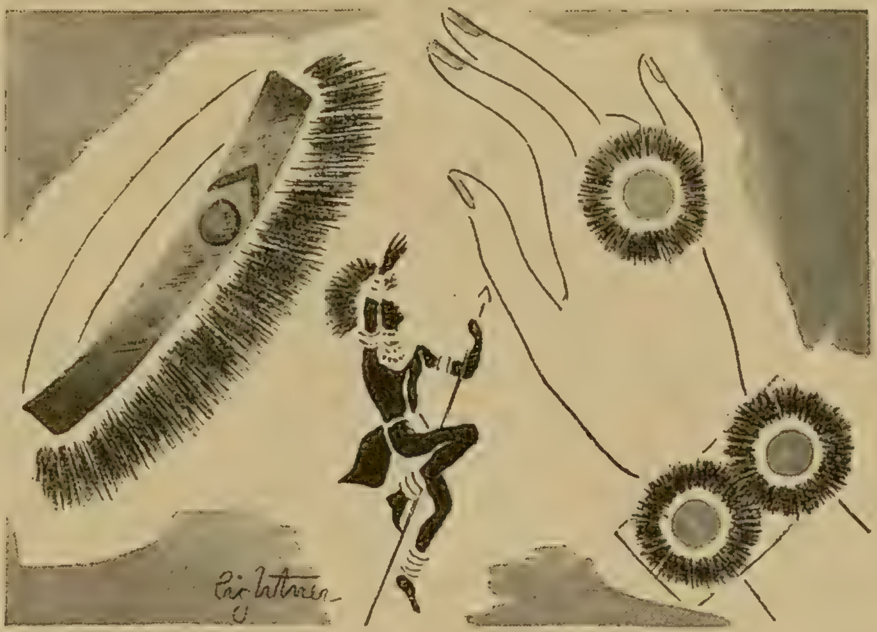
“And I was so sure when I found the envelope stamped with Dr. Grimshaw's name. I've hung on to every hint that might help. None of them—not one has led anywhere. There were letters from him from various cities in the Middle West. I've tried to trace him through them. But they could have been posted by some one else if he meant to cover his tracks.” How right she was! It had been arranged through Dr. Grimshaw. “I'm so afraid he's done some desperate thing!”

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Now that the belles of the antipodes, the head-hunters, and the cannibal kings have all gone sophisticated in taffeta petticoats and top hats, Paris adopts the barbaric ornaments the former disdain, with Schiaparelli's fur jewelry, stiff hair sunbursts mounted on gold rings or bracelets, Molyneux's gilded boarhide afternoon belts fringed with bristles, and Anny Blatt's peroxide-blonde seal evening belts.

And why not sport our own essentially American trophies of the chase—like elks'-tooth anklets or rattlesnake-rattle necklaces?

DORA MILLER.



"What reason could a man of his wealth and standing have for behaving like a criminal?"

"I do not know. All I know is that I could have protected him against himself and didn't. I believed what I was told by a woman who couldn't possibly wish him anything but harm. If I hadn't listened to her—if I had let him know I loved him—" She broke off. "I was a fool. If I hadn't been, we might be together. I wouldn't be going through this agony of uncertainty."

"Are the police looking for this man?" he asked, more to resist the longing to take her in his arms than because of any curiosity as to whether he had been reported missing.

"Not yet. I've told his wife and others that he's away on a business trip. But that can't last much longer. An alarm is sure to be given soon. Oh, don't you see, I've got to know what's happened to him! If he should be alive, hiding away somewhere—"

"Is there any reason why he should hide?"

"Yes—every reason. His life was threatened. He may even now have been killed by the people who wanted him dead."

FEAR brought with it a movement of finality. She got to her feet. They stood, a man and a woman facing each other in the strangest moment of their lives. A moment he might have effaced with one word, "Charlotte!" spoken in the voice of Jim Blake.

"Give me your address," was all he said. "We'll look through Dr. Grimshaw's correspondence. There must have been some letters exchanged with Mr. Blake or you wouldn't have found the name among his papers."

She scribbled her home address which he knew so well. Without another word—without even thanking him—she turned and hurried out. Going to the window, he saw her huddle in a corner of the cab so that she sank like a shadow in the shadows. He saw the driver get down and slam the door.

There was something prophetic about that closing door. Jim Blake did not wait to see the cab disappear.

Shaking like a palsied old man, he went up the stairs to his room. He must manage to pull himself together. That constructive machine he had trained during these past months from a human mind into an apparatus to function without feeling must again motivate his movements. If an alarm were soon to go out for the missing Jim Blake, then Francis X. Carter must do away with him beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Long ago this plan too had been perfected. But to put it into execution was the most difficult task Jim had set himself. Because he must do it alone. There could be no Messrs. Noble and Scarp of Toronto to turn to as unconscious accessories, no Dr. Grimshaw of Omaha as a conscious assistant. There was only the new

1
TUMMY AILS . . .
SALESMAN JOE WHO TOPS THE CLASS GETS A BAD ATTACK OF GAS . . .
2
LOSES SALES . . .
CONTRACT
EVEN THO HE KNOWS HIS STUFF FLOPS ON SALES TALK; GETS REBUFF.
3
FEELS FINE . . .
PRIVATE
BUT THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW YOU BET TUMS WON'T LET HIM GET UPSET . . .
4
"DOTTED LINE!"
RID OF GAS PAINS . . . OUTLOOK BRIGHT CLOSES ORDERS LEFT AND RIGHT!

ACID INDIGESTION WON'T BOTHER ME!

"HEARTBURN, sour stomach, or gas after favorite foods? *Not a chance*, now that I know about TUMS! They're convenient . . . taste good . . . give quick relief . . . and have none of the bad points of old-fashioned harsh, caustic alkalies."

No soda or any caustic alkali that may over-alkalize the blood or stomach. TUMS antacid acts only in the presence of acid . . . literally *measures* the acid in your stomach. Try TUMS when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Handy to carry—only 10c—all druggists.

Free Beautiful 5-color 1935-36 Calendar - Thermometer with the purchase of a 10c roll of **Tums** or 25c box of **NR** (the all-vegetable laxative). At your druggist's.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

HANDY TO CARRY

216 EVERY MINUTE

Analyze Liberty's weekly sale of 2,174,000 copies. You will see that this is the equivalent of 216 people paying a nickel for a copy of Liberty every single minute. 216 nickels, every minute of the day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year! A tremendous and continuous affirmation of Liberty's popularity.

Brand New NOW ONLY $17.95 & UP

TYPEWRITER PORTABLES

10¢ a Day · Easy Terms

Sensational Low Prices and easy terms on limited supply only. All brand new, up-to-date—4 row keyboard. **Fully Guaranteed.**

SEND NO MONEY—10 Day Trial

Send for special new literature and money-saving, easy pay plan with 10 day trial offer. Also amazing bargains in standard size, rebuilt office models on FREE trial offer.

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 1277 Chicago

"Klutch" holds

FALSE TEETH

Tight—all day

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion, holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with. *You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.* Why endure loose plates? Klutch ends the trouble. 25c and 50c at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, *don't waste* money on substitutes but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

HART & CO., Box 2438-L, Elmira, N.Y.

Actually

MEDICATED WITH INGREDIENTS OF VICKS VAPORUB

Medicated With Ingredients of VICKS VAPORUB
VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS

Modern successor to old-fashioned cough syrups . . . more convenient . . . less expensive . . . lingers longer in the throat.

man he had become to dispose of the old one he must obliterate. He must not let his former life, like a sleuth-hound, catch up with him.

He paid his bill at the sanitarium. As he counted out the thousand-dollar bills Dr. Grimshaw surveyed him with the pride of a creator.

"New wine in old bottles," commented the plastic surgeon. "But I have made even the bottle new. Be careful that in your heart there shall be no dregs of the old wine."

. . . . . .

In a garage in the town of Painted Post, in upstate New York, Jim Blake had stored his old car. He left the Grimshaw institution in a new green sedan purchased by Francis X. Carter. With the bag of currency at his side, he drove east across the country.

One more step, the most fantastic, the most hazardous and horrible. Then freedom!

He must find a dead man to masquerade as Jim Blake. He must contrive to obtain a corpse of Blake's familiar build. The features did not matter particularly, since the features were to be destroyed; but the body had to duplicate Blake's sufficiently to be identified and buried as his without question.

In the bag at his side was nearly five million dollars in cash. Riches to buy any commodity within the imagination of man. But was it enough to buy oblivion? Could it procure for him the corpse he must have in order that Jim Blake might die in the eyes of the world?

Only doctors can buy a lifeless hulk when it lies, a derelict discarded by the spirit that once vitalized it. Doctors must obtain cadavers to experiment for the physical benefit of mankind. Doctors must know where and how to get hold of them. Dr. Grimshaw might have helped him. But there was not time to retrace his steps.

He thought suddenly of Robert Louis Stevenson's grim tale, The Body-Snatcher. He recalled the grisly description of snatching bodies from their silent graves in the Scotland of years ago, of payment in gold for these ghastly means of experiment for young medical students.

That was the trick! No established physician could be approached. But human nature was weak now, as it had been in the days when light sifted from an oil lantern hung on a tree branch to guide the ghoul's ruthless spade.

By the time he reached Buffalo he had formulated a scheme as clean-cut as tracks leading to a definite destination. He did not realize that tracks crisscross, that one wrong signal can switch a train from safety to disaster.

Registering at a hotel under his new name of Francis X. Carter, he engaged the services of a private detective. He was, he explained, anxious to find a medical student to do some research work.

"There is a decided element of danger. I must have a fearless young man. Also, the pay will be generous. Most of these youngsters are in debt. Get me one who would sell eyeteeth, both ears, and ten years of his life, if necessary, to escape some pressing difficulty."

The detective finally located at the university a Spaniard of about twenty-two with a mania for roulette. The boy's gambling debts were closing in on him like movable iron walls. When asked to meet Mr. Francis Carter, he replied to the detective's request with curt refusal. Obviously he was suspicious. It required time and shrewd handling to persuade him that the meeting might, on the contrary, prove his salvation.

The man Jim Blake had become shrewdly studied the dark face of Carlos Manrique as they were left alone in the Carter suite. Black eyes burned savage in their belligerence, but the mouth was loose and full-lipped above a weak chin.

"Look here, my boy," he began abruptly. "You're suspicious that my anxiety to talk to you has some relation to your gambling debts. Well, it hasn't, except that I can help you wipe them off the slate. Does that interest you?"

Still the Spaniard stood sullen, silent.

JIM plunged on: "I need your help. I need the body of a man from the dissecting room of the university. I'll pay five thousand dollars for it."

"What do you want it for?" flashed Manrique, his eyes filled with fear. Yet at the same time his voice held relief.

"For a reason that doesn't concern you. But nothing criminal. Nothing which can possibly involve you."

"If I steal the corpse, I get into trouble. And I am in trouble enough."

"Do you belong to any college fraternity?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you're initiating a new member, the form of that initiation is kept secret, isn't it?"

"You mean I can make the disappearance of the body look like a fraternity-house prank?"

"Exactly. With a little hush money placed here and there where it will do the most good."

It was typical of Jim Blake that he did not wait for further protests or objections. He took a tempting roll of greenbacks from his pocket and peeled off four hundred dollars in small denominations.

"Will this be enough to cover such bribes as you may have to place?"

Fear in the black eyes gave way to glitter.

"There is only the caretaker." An olive-skinned hand closed eagerly over the money.

"Good. Now suppose we get down to business."

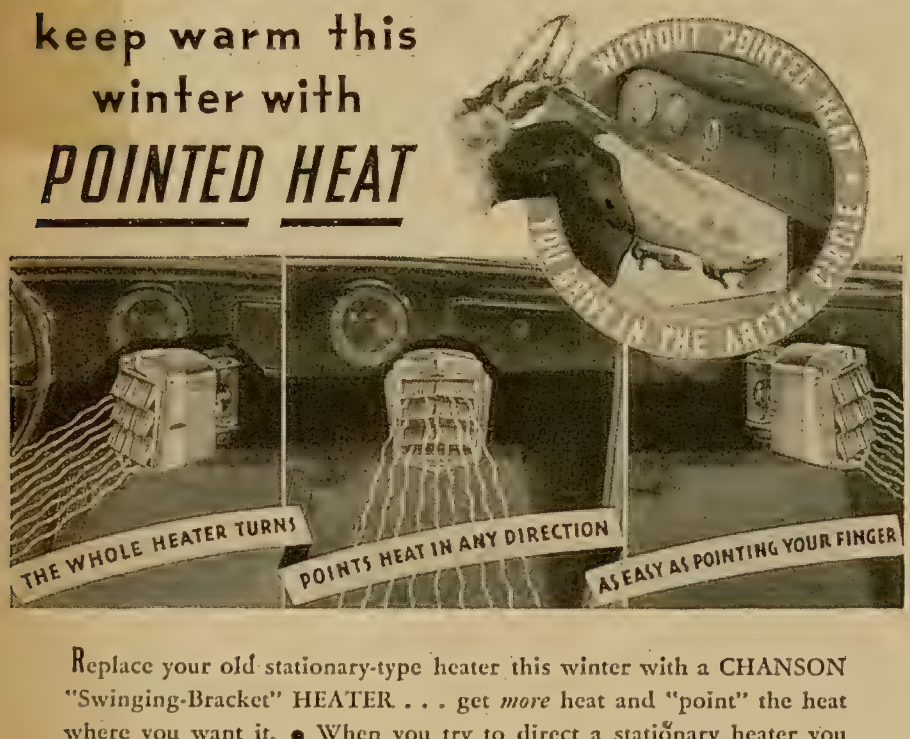
Even after details were arranged, delay was inevitable. The medical student had to proceed with caution to avoid any slip-up. Also, it was not an easy task to find among the tragic dissecting-room exhibits one which nearly fitted the requirements of size, weight, bulk.

The man in the Buffalo hotel spent days of nervous impatience alone in his suite, waiting for the code telephone message which would tell him the quest was successfully ended.

When it came, at eight o'clock on a night heavy with clouds, he checked out with a suitcase and the bag that never left his sight. He got into his green sedan and drove far into the country to a spot previously designated. He turned off the headlights.

In the midst of whispering trees, swallowed up in darkness, stood the green sedan. Inside, nerved to what

YOU DRIVE ALONE 2 OUT OF 3 TIMES!



Replace your old stationary-type heater this winter with a CHANSON "Swinging-Bracket" HEATER . . . get *more* heat and "point" the heat where you want it. ● When you try to direct a stationary heater you partially close deflectors (and cut down the volume of heat). With a new CHANSON "Swinging-Bracket" HEATER you will *TURN THE WHOLE HEATER* and "point" the heat—every bit of it—where you want it. On the coldest days CHANSON "pointed heat" will keep you *warm all over*. ● CHANSON HEATERS harmonize with the finest car interiors. Priced as low as $12.95 in the U. S. A. Write for circular L-7

PATENTED "SWINGING BRACKET"

All new *Chanson Heaters* have "Swinging-Bracket". Patents No. 1,843,295 and 1,910,630.

CHANSON
Swinging Bracket
HOT WATER CAR HEATER

CHANSON DIVISION, ILLINOIS IRON & BOLT CO., CARPENTERSVILLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

was before him, sat a man with hat pulled over eyes whose cold surface gave no hint of the horror that held him.

After a time came the sound of leaves and twigs crackling under wheels. Over the narrow road played the gleaming eye of a small flashlight. An answering gleam issued from the parked sedan. A car, also with headlights dark, drew up beside it.

RITA WEIMAN *is a Philadelphian by birth and a New Yorker by adoption. She began writing stories as a schoolgirl, and her first book was given the public in 1917. For a time she was on the New York Herald, but gave up newspaper work to devote herself to writing fiction and plays. Some of her best short stories have appeared in Liberty. She has written a number of novels. Among her dramas, The Acquittal, The Watch Dog, and The Co-Respondent are representative of her finest work.*

In silence the man stepped from the sedan. In the same silence the other driver sprang from his seat. Together they hauled a trunk from one car to the other. For another brief second the flashlight played again while the trunk lid was lifted and the contents noted. Then a roll of bills was swiftly counted into an olive-skinned hand.

Carlos Manrique drove away, leaving Jim Blake and his grisly companion sheltered by the clouded night. Not a word had been spoken.

Jim pulled the shades against the windows. He worked swiftly, with the furtive movements of one in terror of being caught in a criminal act. He did not use his flashlight which would have accomplished the task more rapidly. He could not bear to look at the object under his hands. They felt their way like a blind man's, stripping the body of coat and trousers, the only garments covering it. They went icy as they drew over the stiff legs underwear, socks, trousers, a complete outfit of Jim Blake's clothes. They fumbled with a pair of brown oxfords that were too small for the dead feet. They buttoned shirt, vest, collar, and knotted a four-in-hand tie. They forced the arms like those of a jointed puppet into a coat that bore the name of Jim Blake's Fifth Avenue tailor. And on the head they placed a hat with J. L. B. in the crown.

IN carrying out the scheme these flimsy articles of identification might be completely destroyed. So into the coat pocket went Jim Blake's gold cigarette case with monogram in diamonds and rubies—a gift from Ilka. Another gift, the wallet Charlotte had sent him last Christmas, was thrust in a trouser pocket. He strapped on a wrist watch presented to him by his partners. These gifts from men and women who would readily recognize them had been chosen with careful foresight. Last—and this was the most difficult—he dragged over the little finger of the left hand a signet ring which his family had passed on from son to son. Then, taking from his pocket a lucky piece which he always carried, he dropped it with some loose change in the vest pocket of the recumbent figure.

He sat up and wiped his forehead. The touch of the cold marble that once had been flesh had made his own flesh crawl and shrivel. Every drop of blood seemed drained from him. His mouth was parched, lips dry and cracked and moving without sound.

An instant he lay back limp, sweat pouring down his spine. Then with his weird companion he drove like a madman through the night. Rain slashed down the windows. It mercifully acted as a shield and quelled anxiety that for some reason he might be stopped. He could not put from him the fantastic sensation that he was a murderer.

AFTER dark the following day he approached the town of Painted Post, in upper New York State, where he had stored Jim Blake's car. Into a dense section of woods he forced his way, locked and left the green sedan. His bag of currency in hand, he went into the town on foot. Any one noticing him would have judged him a doctor making his rounds.

At the Painted Post garage he presented the receipt for Blake's car. The attendant, going over the car briefly and filling the tank, did not recall the appearance of the man who had left the car in the garage and no question was asked. It was an unimportant point, but Jim was glad that no explanation was necessary. After all, it was many months since he had placed the car there and it was unlikely that his features would have been remembered.

But as he drove away he did not know that the car itself was a matter of concern to the attendants of the garage, and that the man who had given him his car communicated immediately with the garage owner, who in turn immediately telephoned to a woman who was waiting at the inn near by.

For some days Ilka had put up with the boredom of the little town, certain that before long Jim Blake would reclaim his property. The sudden absence of Charlotte Hope shortly after the time that Jim had mysteriously vanished into the silence had aroused her suspicions. She engaged detectives, who quietly set about trailing the two.

Charlotte's movements had not been difficult to trace; but the trail of Jim Blake had halted at the garage in Painted Post. However, they were told by the owner that the man who stored the car had said it would be

RADIO CRUISING?
YOU'RE there
WITH A
CROSLEY
PIONEERS IN RADIO

COMMON COLDS

Relieve the distressing symptoms by applying Mentholatum in nostrils and rubbing on chest.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

LIBERTY
America's Best Read Weekly!

2 DOG WORM CAPSULES Now Combined in 1

● Protect your dog's health; give him new "pep"; free him of worms . . . the cause of 75% of all dog ailments. It's easy now. No more guessing which kind of worms afflict your dog; the new Pulvex Worm Capsules expel Tape, Round, and Hook Worms in one dosing. No gassing, gagging, or harmful effects. At pet shops and drug stores, 75c, or write us direct, William Cooper & Nephews, Inc., 1911 Clifton Ave., Chicago, Illinois

BACKED BY 92 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE

PULVEX Combination WORM CAPSULES

Prize Winners Liberty Game of Movie Stars Contest

$500 FIRST PRIZE

ARTHUR C. SMITH
Kalamazoo, Mich.

$200 SECOND PRIZE

PETRA OBREGON
New York, N. Y.

$100 THIRD PRIZE

FLORENCE WAY
Longview, Tex.

TWENTY $10 PRIZES

Frank W. Bauer, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; Elizabeth S. Beaumont, New Bedford, Mass.; Rona Benser, Washington, D. C.; J. T. Campbell, Rochester, N. Y.; E. A. Capen, Los Angeles, Calif.; Elizabeth Castle, Louisville, Ky.; Grace Dallons, Carthage, Mo.; Mary Ferzacca, New York, N. Y.; Harriet Hauge, Long Beach, Calif.; Edna M. Hawk, Painesville, Ohio; Mrs. R. C. Hendricks, Honolulu, T. H.; Mrs. E. D. Mobley, Birmingham, Ala.; Ethel Mohr, Honey Creek, Wis.; Mrs. Charles A. Morehead, Miami, Fla.; George L. Pugh, West Asheville, N. C.; George Streubert, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Helyn Walton, Schenectady, N. Y.; Arthur C. Welsh, Minneapolis, Minn.; Helen Womer, West Hartford, Conn.; William M. Wright, Jr., Baltimore, Md.

200 $5 PRIZES

John B. Adams, Knoxville, Tenn.; Marilyn Adams, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Florence G. Ambagie, Lynn, Mass.; Winifred Ames, Cleveland, Ohio; Florinda Anthony, Boston, Mass.; Veronica Armstrong, New York, N. Y.; Louis A. Baran, Buffalo, N. Y.; Richard P. Barron, Philadelphia, Pa.; John L. Batts, Pearl Harbor, T. H.; Edgar R. Bauer, Quincy, Ill.; Grace Hubbard Beecher, Marshalltown, Ia.; Francis P. Berry, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Vivian E. Bertrand, Lockport, N. Y.; George L. Best, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. J. K. Bigelow, Dundalk, Md.; Imogene Bing, Columbus, Ohio; Margaret H. Blakley, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Hilda E. Bodwell, Manchester, N. H.; George E. Bohne, Welfare Island, N. Y.; A. J. Bonzagni, East Boston, Mass.; Alma M. Bracken, San Francisco, Calif.; Marie Brennan, St. Louis, Mo.; Ruth L. Brimmer, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Gertrude Brinker, Jackson, Mich.; A. Buchanan, Ottumwa, Ia.; Marchita Buckley, Atlantic City, N. J.; Nell M. Cain, Nashville, Tenn.; Florence Carroll, Tupelo, Miss.; Marion H. Carter, Utica, N. Y.; Mrs. Helen Cassell, Burlington, Vt.; Sylvia Centofant, Youngstown, Ohio; Mrs. Myrthe Christie, Ottawa, Ill.; Mrs. O. L. Chritton, Los Angeles, Calif.; John M. Cipra, Baltimore, Md.; Dorothy M. Clark, Portsmouth, Ohio; Joseph A. Clyde, Los Angeles, Calif.; Anna F. Cohane, New Haven, Conn.; Faye C. B. Collier, Denver, Colo.; Helen Comer, Minneapolis, Minn.; William A. Cook, San Anselmo, Calif.; Brenda Corliss, New Canaan, Conn.; Mrs. William Cornfoot, Portland, Ore.; Beatrice Craig, Kearny, N. J.; Vivian E. Criswell, South Bend, Ind.; Paul E. Crow, Birmingham, Ala.; Helen M. Daly, Baltimore, Md.; Jay A. Davis, Stockton, Calif.; R. J. Defibaugh, Kent, Ohio; Mrs. Clifford A. Drake, Metuchen, N. J.; Robert Duncan, New York, N. Y.; Clino O. Eisenmann, New Orleans, La.; Jon Evans, Sacramento, Calif.; Myrtle Everett, Elgin, Ill.; George L. Ferguson, Columbus, Ohio; Agnes M. Fisher, Minneapolis, Minn.; Fred Fogwell, Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio; Corinne R. Folk, East Rockaway, N. Y.; Ralph N. Folks, San Francisco, Calif.; Therall E. Fourt, Springdale, Wash.; John W. Freeman, Schuyler, Neb.; Gertrude Frigo, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Earl V. Fuller, Park Rapids, Minn.; Mrs. Jack Garnett, Lake Charles, La.; J. I. Gaulding, Atlanta, Ga.; Marian Gerchow, Sturgis, Mich.; Alice R. D. Gillim, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. J. J. Giordano, Key West, Fla.; Hazel M. Goff, Central Falls, R. I.; Agnes Goosman, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. H. A. Graney, Des Moines, Ia.; Adeline R. Greenwood, Chicago, Ill.; Clem F. Grosch, Hagerstown, Md.; Marie V. Hager, Dayton, Ohio; Dorothy Hammond, Trenton, N. J.; Antonia Hanousek, Astoria, N. Y.; Elizabeth B. Harrison, Valparaiso, Ind.; Nellie M. Harrison, Rosemont, Md.; Edith Hartmann, Chillicothe, Ohio; Anthony F. Haven, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Dorothy E. Hayes, Olympia, Wash.; Aaron Heller, Dorchester, Mass.; C. W. Hendershot, Jacksonville, Fla.; Blanche Herda, New York, N. Y.; Emma Hess, Detroit, Mich.; Milton A. Hipsley, Baltimore, Md.; Paul Hofbauer, Orange, N. J.; W. E. Hoffman, Milwaukee, Wis.; Helen L. Hosford, Omaha, Neb.; Tacy Howell, Washington, D. C.; Ida C. Hoyet, Tarentum, Pa.; Earl M. Huemmer, Cincinnati, Ohio; Paul S. Hutchins, Edgewood, R. I.; Catherine W. Jenkins, Milwaukee, Wis.; Walter Joyce, Stamford, Conn.; Michael Kampel, Cincinnati, Ohio; Florence Karschnick, Chicago, Ill.; Estelle Kelley, Louisville, Ky.; Robert Kessey, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. W. L. Kingston, Jr., Richmond Heights, Mo.; Mrs. R. B. Kintzele, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. J. Klejbuk, New Britain, Conn.; Vaughn H. Knight, Lee, Maine; Evelyn Knudson, Janesville, Wis.; Anthony Lalli, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. H. Vance Lane, Great Falls, Mont.

(To be continued in an early issue)

reclaimed at approximately a certain date.

This information, handed on to Ilka, gave her amused satisfaction. Jim, who thought himself so clever, would be outwitted. He had given her a fortune—quite true; but somewhere he had a greater fortune which no other woman must be allowed to touch. Certain that Jim was covering his tracks so that he and Charlotte could go away together, Ilka's design was not to risk putting detectives after him. Jim might grow suspicious and buy them off.

She would prove herself cleverer than her husband. To follow him at a safe distance in order to disarm suspicion, to play detective herself—this phase of the game appealed to her Slavic sense of the dramatic. When the moment came to trap him with Charlotte, it would be easy to pay some one to act as an additional witness. Ilka smiled at the prospect. She would then have everything her way, divorce on her own terms.

Back to the thicket in the woods raced the man in the car bearing a license plate of one of the Blake automobiles. And after him, a smiling shadow of the past he meant to erase, came Ilka in her roadster. Goggles concealed the shrewd eyes whose gaze never lost the car ahead.

She kept at a cautious distance as it swung around corners and made headway along bumpy unused country roads. Giant trees arched branches overhead, so that the starlight made a patchwork on the roadway. In a secluded stretch the man's car slowed up, swerved suddenly, and disappeared into the woods.

With a nostalgia he could not conquer, sick weariness that made his head reel, Jim Blake carried his counterfeit self from the green sedan to the car with the Blake license plate.

He placed the body beside him and took the wheel. It was quite dark now. The sedan he must leave hidden by trees in this isolated section where he hoped no man would discover it. Even if any one should eventually stumble on such a find, the license plate would be gone. It lay on the floor of the car in which the living and the dead swung out toward the open highway.

ILKA, fearful of entering the forest at this hour, parked a few paces away. Rage leaped in her throat. To have him and then lose him so unexpectedly! There was no road where he had turned in—only a cowpath that she made out beyond the roadster headlights. If he did not return, she must speed back to the garage and bring some man with her to investigate.

Ten minutes passed. Fifteen. She would wait an hour.

Finally she heard the sound of scraping branches, snap of breaking twigs, crunch of wheels through underbrush. Like some huge hunted animal, a black hulk careened into the road.

Once more Jim proceeded along the road which led to his great adventure. The thing beside him swayed, bumped, leaned its weight against his shoulder. Jim had an uncanny sense that he was being poked in the ribs by Death.

The woman at the wheel of the roadster followed him. Faint with the sudden fatigue of excitement, she would not permit the car ahead to get out of sight for a second—determined that it should not again escape her. Jim drove slowly, cautiously—the road was deserted and there was no need now for haste.

JUST beyond the patch of forest in which Jim had hidden his new car the road took a perilous turn upward over the great hill that lay outside of Painted Post, and Jim peered out of the window into the night for the place he was seeking.

Behind him, at a safe distance, rode his nemesis. Thus traveled the two, a desperate pair speeding toward destruction.

The air was cold and penetrating as they followed the perilous road up the side of the hill whose black heights were silhouetted against the starlit sky like a theatrical drop. On and up, until before them a bridge hung over a ravine. Beyond the bridge was a place unprotected by any rail from the cavern beneath.

Jim rode across the bridge. He stopped the car. He took the bag of currency and the green-sedan license plate, wrapped them in his topcoat and dropped them at the side of the road.

Darkness crouched on the western horizon. He must finish his task.

He shoved the dead man in position at the wheel. With the car in neutral, he pulled down the throttle until the motor was going at a rate, if geared in high, of seventy miles an hour. He stepped to the running board, reached over and threw out the clutch with his foot, then pulled the gear into first, leaped from the car, and slammed the door.

At this moment the woman, halting in her roadster at the bridge, witnessed a horrifying sight. The black monster she had trailed gave the roar of a wounded beast, lurched wildly forward. The grinding, rending sound that deafened her was like the crash of doom. She covered her ears, slumped down in the seat, but her eyes stared fascinated as Jim Blake's car rolled over and over and burst into flames.

So this had been the reason for his ride. Self-destruction! How frightfully different from all she had anticipated. And why? Why should Jim kill himself? What motive—

The gaze of two pairs of eyes riveted to those dancing flames closed in by the gloomy mountain walls. And neither knew that the other watched.

Presently Ilka's tense body relaxed. Her mouth was touched by the quizzical look of the Sphinx. Whatever her husband's motive, she was rid of him. No question now of any other woman's claim to the Blake millions. Hers alone was the right. She—his widow—could fulfill all her desires with his wealth. From tonight she was free!

Jim Blake's wife backed her car and, turning, left behind the harassing sight of a charred mass of wreckage. She could not make her escape quickly enough. This was what she had wanted, what months ago she had contrived to bring about at any hazard. And the consummation had mercifully been taken out of her hands.

Jim was dead.

The man whom she had longed to have out of the way had saved her the trouble and done away with himself.

Yet, driving down the hillside from that prison of silence which doom echoed, Ilka could not shake off her terror. Perhaps this was only because she was exhausted after the reaction of the strange and tragic scene she had witnessed.

She must have rest, no matter where. In the nearest village where she could hire a room, she must sleep and shut from memory the vision of this thing.

An hour later the man waiting for the crackle of flames to die down ventured toward the spot where he had sent his car toppling over the cliff. A ledge halted the fall.

At no great space below him lay the machine's charred, twisted carcass. He knew his work was done.

But he could find no courage to approach nearer. He had desecrated the dead. He had done a dreadful thing and there was no undoing it. He shuddered from the work of his hands. From today memory must hold this holocaust unreal, a nightmare through which he had struggled to attain awakening. It must all belong to a buried life.

Yet for a long time he was unable to tear himself from the picture of what lay below.

At last he straightened, turned away swiftly. He raised both arms to the distant heavens and his lips formed the words:

"A new destiny! I can make my life what I choose."

He believed that he had erased the man Jim Blake by destroying bones and flesh which would be identified as Jim Blake's. He did not take count of the fact that the man he was had nothing to do with flesh and bones. He stood alone in the vastness, thinking his life his own to do with as he pleased.

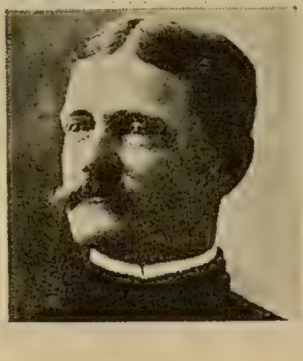
BUT the forces of nature knew better. They knew the curious scheme by which one man's life is so closely interwoven in the pattern of other men's that no human being breaking one thread can destroy the design of which he is part.

As Francis X. Carter turned his face toward a new awakening, he failed to consider that the personality he had discarded was too strong, too dominant, to be shed at will. Already it shadowed him for a reckoning, like a gray ghost risen from the smoldering ashes. It moved after him down the hillside as he returned to Painted Post, creeping from his past to descend on his future. The moment would come when he would pray to become again the man he had ruthlessly thrust out of existence!

What will that moment be when Jim Blake, transformed into Francis X. Carter, prays to be himself again? Will it be because of Ilka and her treachery, or because of Charlotte and her devotion? For further fantastic turns of the screw read the next installment in Liberty.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—His nickname recalls a card game; he did big things in France as a four-star man. Can you identify him from this early photo?

2—What are salted roads?

3—Who said "Happiness sneaks in through a door you didn't know you left open"?

4—On about one fourth of the boxes and bales that comprise Japan's commerce appears a small square surrounding three horizontal lines. What is this symbol?

5—Which of the following words is spelled incorrectly: reconnaissance, acknowledgement, cemetery, exaggerate?

6—Of what advantage is the X ray to packers of pork products?

7—How many of the Roosevelt boys are enrolled at Harvard?

8—Does the goatsucker suck the milk of goats?

9—Where is God's Lake?

10—Who was the sole woman passenger on board the Graf Zeppelin on its first transatlantic voyage?

11—Which radio stars use the following expressions: "Tally-ho," "I'll say the world," "So help me"?

12—Is the udo an animal, the seat on an elephant's back, or a vegetable?

13—Ships from New York to New Orleans hope to save two and a half days. How?

14—What is the "Wichita test" for an intoxicated person?

15—Is this quotation correct: "Far from the madding crowd"?

16—Who commanded the Mayflower?

17—What motion-picture actor was once a timekeeper in a rubber factory?

18—In England, what income tax does a married man (no children) earning an income of $3,000 pay?

19—Why do some hospitals keep maggots?

20—Are newborn young of kangaroos half the size of mice or are they as large as cats?

(*Answers will be found on page 57*)

$25 weekly benefit check!

See that your family gets CASH not sympathy *in the event of*

ACCIDENT & SICKNESS

Only $2.50 down

BALANCE PAYABLE IN MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS. PREMIUM $10 A YEAR

Men and Women 16 to 69 accepted
NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
Policy Pays

$10,000 for specified accidental loss of life, hands, feet or eyesight. $25 Weekly benefit. Many unusual protecting clauses. Pays doctor and hospital bills. Covers Automobile, Travel, Pedestrian and many common accidents. Covers many common sicknesses, including typhoid, appendix operations, lobar pneumonia, etc. **Largest and oldest exclusive Health and Accident Insurance Company** PROTECT YOURSELF! Don't delay. You may be next to meet sickness or accident.

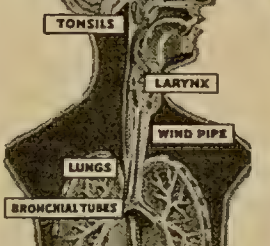
MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET: "*CASH or SYMPATHY*"

NORTH AMERICAN ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. [of Chicago]
969 Title Bldg., Newark, N. J.

Name ....
Address ....
City and State ....

AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

"Moist-Throat" Method Stops COUGHS quicker



● When you catch cold, thousands of moisture glands in the throat and windpipe dry or clog. Sticky phlegm irritates your throat . . . *and makes you cough.*

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out natural moisture. Phlegm loosens. Your throat is soothed. Then—quick relief!

Pertussin, by the "moist-throat" method, checks coughs *safely.*

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in 1 year, according to the Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn. Buy a bottle!

PERTUSSIN

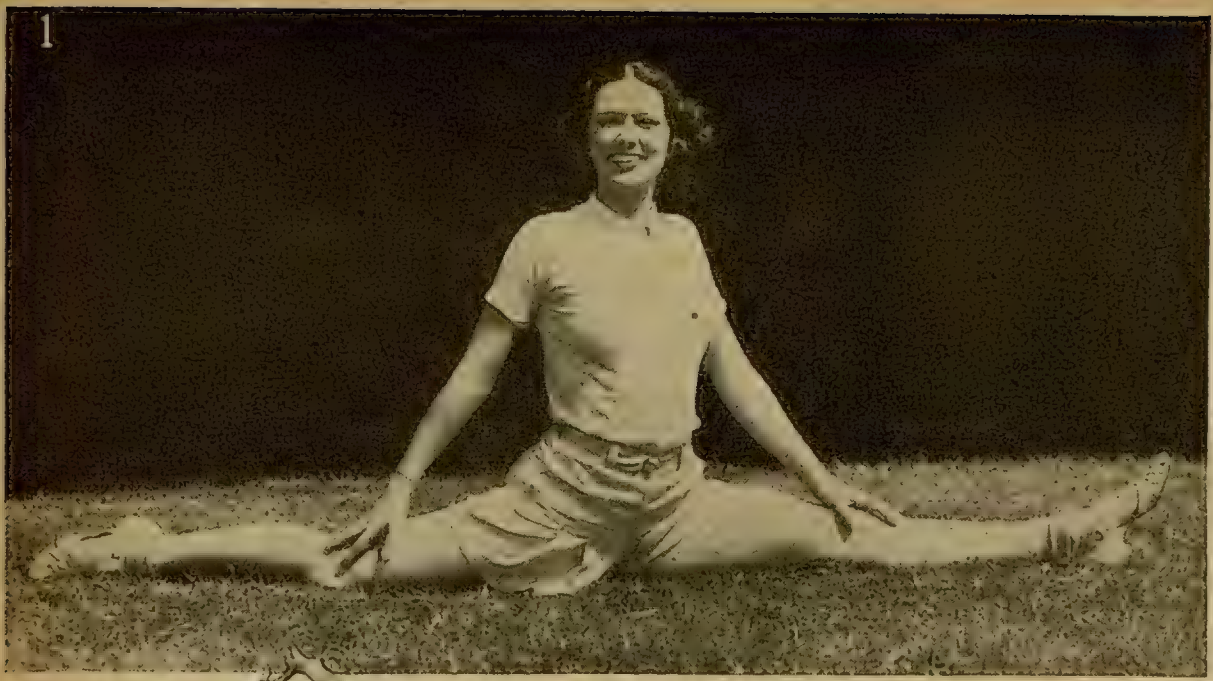
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

For 15 Years, the Choice of Fastidious Women

GOLDEN GLINT the SHAMPOO with the tiny tint RINS

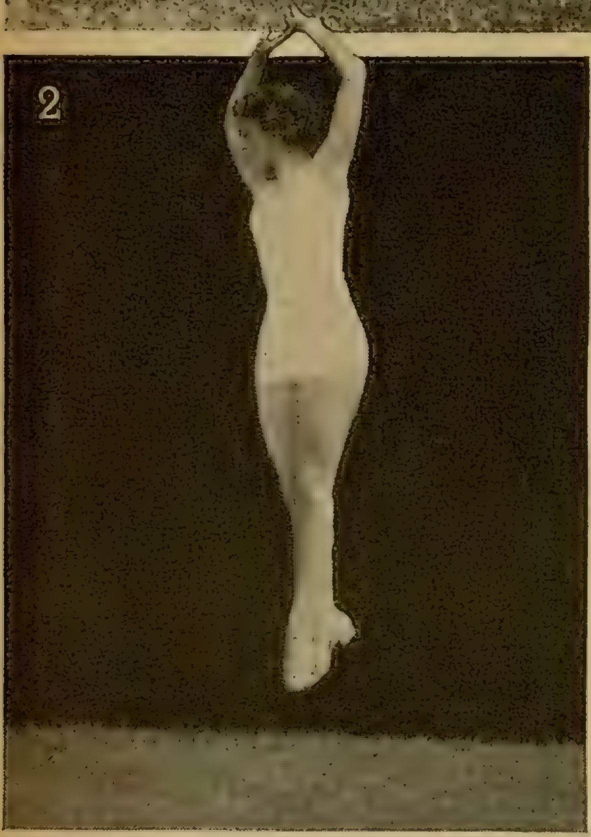
Tested and Approved Serial No. 4864 a b by the Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Magazine

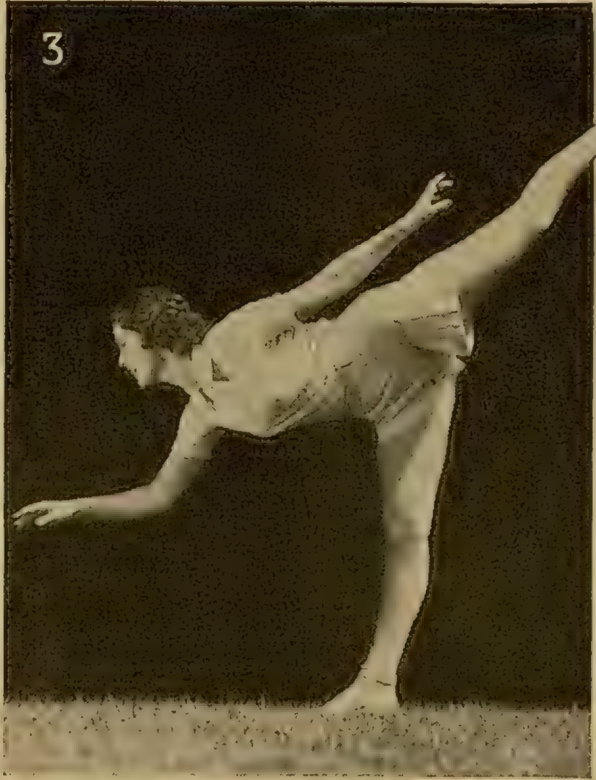
Brightens Every Shade of Hair

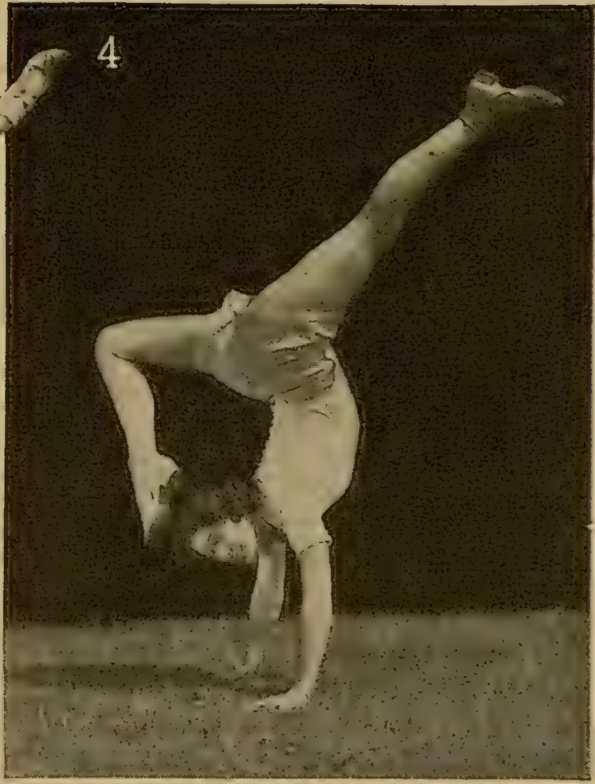


1. THE SPLIT

This is what I do between the twin beds o' nights, and on the green grass in the daytime, and anywhere else that opportunity offers; for it is the foundation on which all other dance exercises are built. Learning it is like learning the three R's. It is also valuable for itself. It takes away the unwanted flesh on the inside of the thighs, where so many women are too fat, and stretches the muscles of both the upper and lower legs into long graceful lines. Begin practicing the split between beds or chairs. If you use the latter, you had better persuade your father and mother to sit in them to weight them down so they won't tip over! I must add another word of caution which applies to all of these special exercises in varying degrees: Don't try them until you are sure you can do the ordinary ones like palming the hands, bending the back, and swinging from the waist. Then start in slowly, and keep on slowly. Rome wasn't built in a day—and neither is beauty.







2. THE LIFT

In this exercise I may seem to be off my base, but I am not. In fact, like the split, the lift is one of the basic exercises which must be mastered before the others may be attempted with safety or success. Strength is as essential as limberness—not just ordinary brute strength, but strength with flexibility, especially in the ankles. To start this exercise, you put the left foot in front of the right, throw your arms above your head so that the whole body from toes to fingertips is rigidly straight; then you bend both knees to get the spring which takes you off the ground, straighten your legs again as you rise, and relax them as you land. The theory is that of the standing dive; the effect is that of the bouncing ball. It really is fun. Besides strengthening the ankles and legs for the other exercises, the lift gives the same elasticity of step and spring in the walk which diving gives. It's the most inspiring of the exercises. You feel as if you were reaching for the moon!

3. THE ARABESQUE

This may look easy, but if you try it without plenty of preparation you'll land on your head. First you must have general body limberness; then, the special leg freedom which comes from the split; and finally, added ankle strength from the lift. The arabesque straightens the legs, beautifies the knees, and develops perfect balance. A good way to start is to put your left hand on the back of a chair until you can balance on one leg without support. After trying that for a while, lean over with your right arm forward until the hand touches the floor. Thus supported, you can practice keeping both legs straight and tense, with the left leg—and the left arm—thrown out behind in line with the body. Then you can try lowering the body and raising the leg. As you gain confidence and poise you won't need the support of the right hand at the finish any more than you do the left one at the start; but don't try this till you're ready for it, please!

4. THE WALKOVER

This is the movement which puts excitement into the fundamental back-bending exercises. There are many ways to do this preliminary back-bending, but a good one is known as "walking down the wall." You stand with your back to the wall at an interval of about two feet, and throw your arms over your shoulders above your head until the palms of the hands are flat against the wall; then you gradually lower the hands on the wall and bend your back accordingly. A girl who has kept at this long enough can walk down the wall until her hands touch the floor. But if you get your hands down as far as the head level you'll have done wonders not only for your back but for your stomach, and you will have given the strength to your wrists and hands which will help you to complete the walkover movement. Granted your ability to bend the back, plus the limberness that you get from the split and the strength from the lift, the rest of the walkover is easy.

A RADIANT NEW STAR, "TOPS" AMONG WOMEN TAP DANCERS, REVEALS HER BEAUTY SECRETS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

FOR one thing, I get between the twin beds every night and do the split!

It's easy. I'll show you. Chairs will do just as well. Here are a couple of big overstuffed ones which won't tip over. See, I place them back to back about two feet apart. Then I rest my hands on the backs, and there you have it—the split.

Another good way is to stand in a doorway and put your foot up on the doorjamb above your head until the sole of the foot lies flat against the smooth wooden surface.

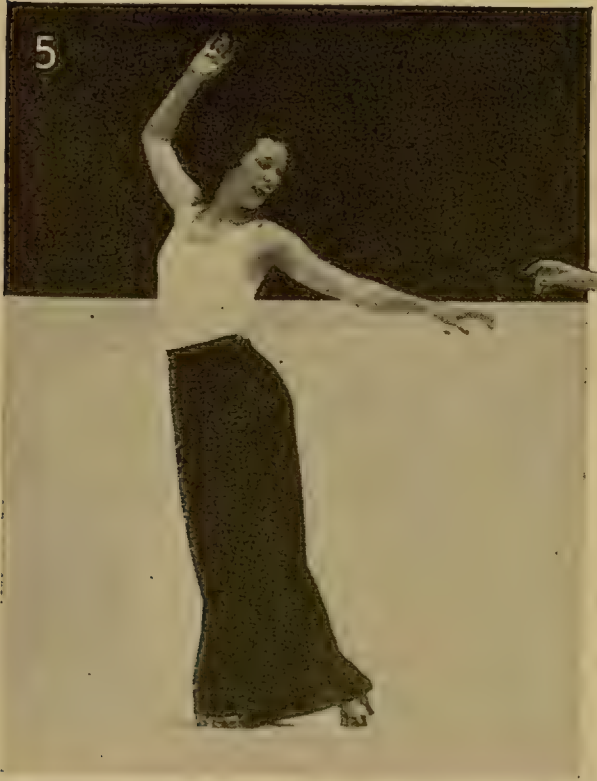
You leave your foot up there and try to bring your

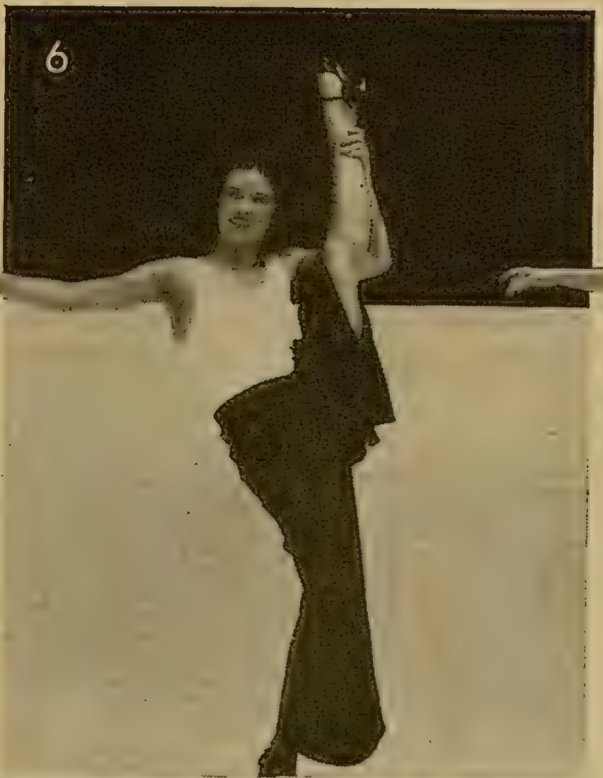
Ten Minutes a Day for a GOOD FIGURE

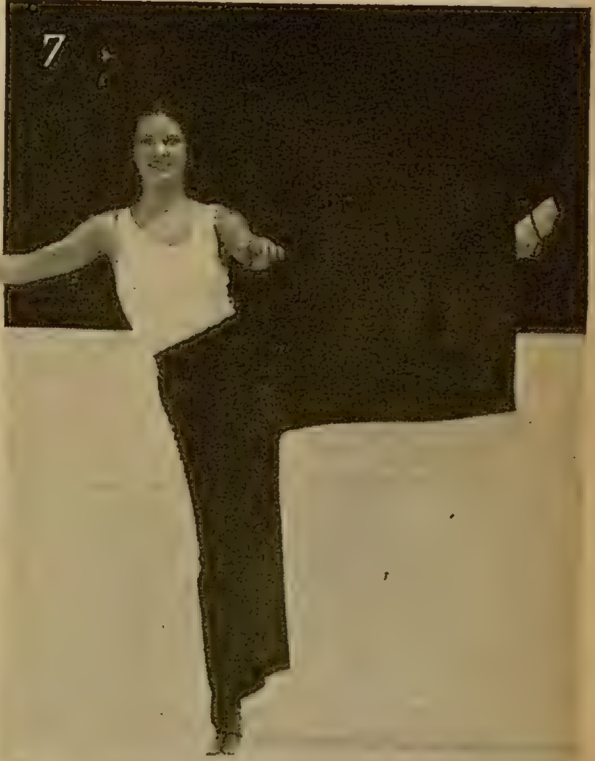
by ELEANOR POWELL

7. THE SIDE KICK

Here is another of those easy-looking ones that "ain't." You mustn't try this one until you have done all the others that come before. A good way of working on this, and an excellent variation of it after you have learned it, is to start with the leg supported by the arm or back of a chair with some one in it for ballast. You have seen those drawings by Degas of ballet dancers working in a row by a wall, with upraised legs supported by a bar or rail. We don't all have ballet bars in our homes, but we do have chairs. Although the side kick is one of the hardest exercises to master, it not only beautifies the waist and holds in the stomach, but tenses and brings into play the muscles of the entire body, besides teaching perfect balance. Even with a good deal of practice, you may not be able to get your leg up as high as the professional dancer does, and keep it there. But every inch that the leg does rise helps to flatten the stomach and reduce the waist.





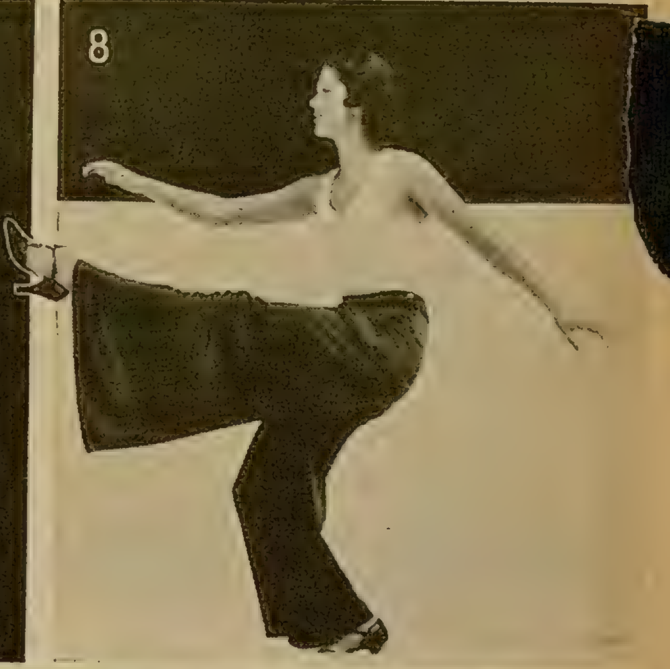


5. THE TAP

Those exercises in the white panties are aimed primarily at limberness and grace. So are these in the black panties; but these are also aimed directly at symmetry and slenderness. The tap, of course, can be much more than a reducing exercise. When I tap I practice balance as well as muscle control. But if a beginner tried to twist herself as I do, she might ache for days. A very simple tap will do for slenderizing. You don't need any instructions. What you need is a good tune on your radio or your phonograph. Then follow the rhythm—and there you are, a tap dancer! If you are interested in dancing for itself and not just as an aid to that perfect figure, you will start with the ballet; but you will come to the tap sooner or later to take the knots and bunches out of the muscles of your calves. I have danced almost continuously since I was six years old, and yet all the muscles of my legs are long and smooth. I owe this fact to the humble tap.

6. THE CONTROL KICK

This is the split set up on end, with balance added by a slight bending of the right knee. It is much the same exercise that I do against the doorjamb, but without the jamb. My own hand and balanced body take the place of the solid wood in controlling my motion. Obviously, you can't do this exercise until you have mastered the regular split. Ankle-strengthening exercises like the lift are also essential. There is nothing like the control kick, however, for limbering the muscles of the stomach and lengthening those of the waist and leg. This exercise is difficult, of course, but not so difficult as it looks. Hanging on to your leg with your hand helps a lot. You can practice with your right hand against the wall or the back of a chair, and take your hand away from its support after you have achieved the leg movement. But don't depend on the support too long, or you will miss the most exciting part of the entire exercise—you'll miss the balance!



body as close to the doorjamb as you can. You can't get very close at first. Everything in exercising has to be gradual.

But pretty soon you can get near enough so that you can reach out and get your fingers behind the molding of the doorframe.

Then, in time, you can draw your body forward until the full length of your two legs, the front of the lower one and the back of the upper one, are flush against the side of the doorway. After a while you can do that without the aid of the doorjamb. It's a great exercise for reducing the waist and the hips, but don't begin on it

8. THE LIMIT

I call this exercise the limit because it is the most difficult of all and requires perfect muscular co-ordination. The idea is to stand erect on the right foot, with the left foot extended straight in front of you and absolutely rigid, while you maintain balance with the arms and slowly bend the right knee. The farther you can lower the haunches, the more good the exercise does you. After much practice I can go way down until I am sitting on the back of my calf and ankle, then raise myself slowly and start all over again. It is an exercise which should be approached carefully by the amateur and only after all the others have been thoroughly mastered. Better get mother and father to sit in a couple of chairs, and practice with your hands on the facing backs until you can keep that left leg stiff while you bend the right. Just as this is the hardest exercise to do, it is likewise by far the most effective for reaching the ultimate goal of the perfect figure.

FOR CHEST COLDS

Distressing cold in chest or throat should never be neglected. It generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Musterole is applied.

Better than a mustard plaster, Musterole gets action because it's NOT just a salve. It's a *"counter-irritant"*—stimulating, penetrating, and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain.

Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In 3 strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Mercolized Wax

Pure Mercolized Wax Beautifies The Skin

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

Come to WASHINGTON

Train for a Fine Hotel Position
Graduates earning substantial salaries

Good positions for trained men and women in hotels, restaurants, institutions. Qualify in 4 months—learn on real hotel equipment. Placement Service FREE of extra charge. New day classes start Jan., Feb. Catalog FREE!

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Division RLW-9398 Washington, D. C.

STOP that ITCH IN ONE MINUTE

Simply apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Quickly relieves the itching tortures of eczema, eruptions, rashes and other skin afflictions. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless, and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. Prescription

until you have limbered up a little.

The reason most girls don't have good figures is that they don't exercise at all, or they sleep too little, or they eat and drink too much, or, like me, they work too hard and lose their appetites. Right now, for example, I am too thin. I lost seven pounds the first week on Broadway in At Home Abroad, and even more in Hollywood making Broadway Melody of 1936. The screen is even tougher than the stage on a dancer. Ginger Rogers told me she lost thirteen pounds doing her last picture. It'll be worse in my next one, too, because I'm going to do acrobatic dancing as well as tap and ballet. I'll be a slat.

I must do something about it. The boys don't like to dance with me any more. I can tell when they put their hands on my back. They feel the muscles lying right under the skin. They like 'em smooth and soft, like Alice Faye and those other pretty little girls in Hollywood.

But I don't need exercises for getting fat, or for getting thin either. Exercises are to keep you in good condition, to make you supple, to give you a chance to keep the figure you're born with.

By the right kind of exercises I mean almost any kind that follow the primary principle of balance. The exercises they give over the radio are excellent. So are the ones advertised in reputable magazines. I do them all. Of course, being underweight right now, I don't roll, but I do everything else. But, to be perfectly frank, it is something more than the ordinary exercises we all know about that gives me the particular kind of figure I have. *If you can't do the ordinary ones, you shouldn't try to do what I do—which is simply to concentrate on certain dance exercises.*

TAKE that movement I do in the doorway. That's a dance movement. If you went to a ballet school, they wouldn't stand you in a doorway; they'd make you balance on one leg while they took the other one in their hands and raised and pulled it gradually until they could get it not only straight up but back over the shoulder.

The purpose of that movement is to make you limber; but you can imagine what it's doing in the way of lengthening the muscles of the waist and hips. And any girl can practice it at home without a teacher.

I do another dance exercise which I call the walkover. It is nothing more than a somersault like the ones the little boys are always throwing on the sidewalks; only I don't throw—I glide, with a motion that is essentially a dance step. To make this movement successfully requires much preliminary practice in bending the back. All the exercise systems prescribe these back-bending movements to make the body limber; but when they are done as part of an exciting dance figure like the walkover, it's fun.

And who knows but you may be making yourself into a famous dancer?

I never had the slightest idea of becoming a professional dancer when I first went to dancing school. I went because mother thought it might be a good way of curing me of bashfulness; and it was. Then I went to Atlantic City to vacationize with grandpa and grandma, and Gus Edwards of School Days fame, strolling along the boardwalk, saw me dancing on the beach and offered me a job in his Ritz Grill Revue.

Mr. Edwards has spent a full life snooping around in search of youngsters who might afterward become stars, and he has caught up with quite a few of them—Eddie Cantor, Georgie Price, Lila Lee, and Georgie Jessel, among others. It was certainly my good luck when he took to beachcombing!

AT first, though, Broadway wouldn't have anything to do with me. The epoch had arrived in which Broadway wanted to hear its dancing as well as see it. So mother and I shook the last nickels out of the family stocking, and I took six dancing lessons from Jack Donahue. Six months after I finished these lessons I was a principal in the hugely successful Follow Thru. It had taken me six years to learn ballet dancing, and only six lessons to learn tap dancing, but it was the tap dancing they wanted.

But I never could have done it if it hadn't been for the ballet, which is the foundation of all dancing, professional or amateur, and of all grace, whether you are a dancer or just a walker or a sitter. It is the ballet steps and exercises that teach poise and grace and give the figure elasticity and beauty. I still go to ballet school, and I practice ballet exercises on the stage every night after the show. I have to; otherwise I couldn't keep my tapping up to scratch.

If you want to get an idea of what ballet exercises can do for your body, just compare the tap dancers who have taken them with those who haven't. When you see a tap dancer who has never taken ballet exercises, he is almost sure to be a stiff tap dancer. Ruby Keeler comes as near to being an exception as any one I know—it is hard to see how anybody could have a lovelier body—but even Ruby is studying ballet now to add that last touch of limberness which is such an asset to a ballet-trained dancer like Fred Astaire.

And what I say about dancers is just as true about all of us. It is the gracefulness of the figure that counts, far more than the symmetry. I have seen beautifully formed girls—we all have—and nobody gives them a tear; and we've seen skinny little things that move gracefully and fall naturally into graceful postures, and they can't keep the men away from them.

That's why I believe in dance exercises as against just plain exercises. They *all* help toward health and symmetry and limberness. But the dance exercises give that feminine grace which is more than mere beauty.

THE END

Change for Five Dollars

Liberty's Short Short

by FRANCIS M. COCKRELL

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

HERBERT CONWAY closed the bedroom windows and hurried into the bathroom, where it was warm. He divested himself of his pajama coat,, cleaned his teeth, and got his safety razor from the cabinet over the basin. There were, however, no extra blades for it, and he remembered that the blade in it now had been rather painful the day before. He had a thick tough beard and a tender skin.

For a second he paused with the razor in his hand, then laid it down and went into the bedroom. He pulled trousers over his pajama pants, put on a warm sweater and a coat over the sweater. Harry, his Japanese boy, would not be here for another twenty minutes; the drugstore might take half an hour or more to make a delivery; and the fashionable, rather exclusive building in which he had his apartment maintained a staff for its needs only, since the tenants all had their own personal servants.

So the simplest thing was to get the blades himself.

When he came from the building it was snowing and gusts of cold wind made him hunch his shoulders and turn the collar of his jacket up about his neck; but he didn't go back for an overcoat, because the drugstore was only a block away.

Madison Avenue was already somewhat crowded; a few of the stores were opening. Christmas was not far away. Conway didn't notice any of the people that he passed; for he walked with his head bent low and his hatbrim pulled down to shield his eyes.

One of the people, however, noticed him. He was a pleasant-looking man about Conway's age. He was dressed neatly: a derby, spats, a stick. His dark suit was well cut, though he too was without an overcoat. As they neared each other he looked at Conway casually; then he stopped and, turning, stared at him as he passed. He frowned a little and hurried after him.

"Connie?"

Conway turned at the touch on his shoulder.

"Burt! Man—well, what do you think of this!" They were pumping each other's hands, slapping each other's shoulders. "Lord, why, it's been—let's see, it's been twenty-four years. You've changed damned little, Burt. How's the world been handling you? You look prosperous."

"Oh—oh, fine, thanks," John Burton said. "Yes, very nice. Er—and you, Connie?"

"Oh, good enough," Conway said casually. He shrugged his jacket higher and shivered a little. "Hellish weather, isn't it? Look, fellow, we must get together sometime."

"Yes, of course," Burton said. He was looking at Conway guardedly. "Er—by the way," he added inconsequentially, "just to show you what a memory I have—remember commencement day, when we were leaving, and I needed five bucks for my ticket and you let me have it? I thought I'd see you in a week or so then, but I went to California. Well, thanks, old man, and here it is."

Conway took the five-dollar bill mechanically; for he was puzzled. He hadn't loaned Burton five dollars on commencement day. He would have, gladly; for they had been close friends all through college. So what, then, was— Suddenly it occurred to Conway how he must look: no overcoat, no shirt, and a day's stubble of beard.

Conway almost chuckled; he almost started to explain. Then he checked himself. John Burton was sensitive and proud; he had always been. To tell him now that the man he had given five dollars to was vice-president of a broadcasting system, with an income of nearly forty thousand a year, would embarrass him terribly.

He put the money in his pocket slowly. "Why—why, thanks, John," he said. "It's awfully good of you—it's damn nice of you to—to remember. I—appreciate it."

"Forget it," Burton said easily. "It doesn't amount to anything, of course. The principle of the thing," he added with a little laugh.

"Yes, of course. I—where are you staying, Burt? I'll get in touch with you later. We should get together."

If he had Burton's address he could have him looked up and possibly in some way return the favor without Burton's knowing it.

"The fact is," Burton said, "and I'm sorry as the devil, but I'm afraid I've got to start back to California today."

"Well—well, it's too bad. But it's been great to see you, John, even for a moment."

"It certainly has!" Burton was shaking his hand again. "Well, I've got to run. Lots to do. Good luck, Connie!"

"Sure—sure. So long. The same to you."

They parted. Conway went on to the drugstore.

It had been swell of Burton; the sort of thing you would expect of him.

JOHN BURTON, when he left Conway, walked to the Grand Central Terminal, and there in the waiting room, which was warm, spent the next two hours. He had two appointments this day, the first of which was at ten thirty.

When he left the waiting room he walked easily, as a successful man walks.

The belief in his own ability and eventual success, which he had managed to nurse through the steady succession of hard luck that had followed him these four long years, had been weakening.

But now he had it back again, strong as it had ever been, or stronger.

When John Burton left the long conference at the first of the two appointments he had that day, he had an executive engineering position.

Seeing Conway, who in school had always seemed so surely destined for success, had showed him that he was, by comparison, really quite successful; it had given him a perspective on himself that had, Burton knew, been very valuable to him in the conference just completed. Still, in a way, that had been a minor thing.

Nor was it simply the fact that he had given Conway that five dollars. Rather it was that he had given it to him *casually*. It was this—thorough and conclusive proof of himself to himself—which had really counted most.

Conway would never have taken the five dollars from him if he had suspected that it was his last cent in the world.

THE END

WHAT CHRISTIANITY OWES ETHIOPIA

A Revealing Look at the Ancient Lore of Mussolini's "Barbarous" Enemies—from Whose "Lost Book," It Now Appears, Christ Derived Some of His Teachings

by CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IF Mussolini should read in his Bible the prophecies of Isaiah, he might well hesitate before attacking the Ethiopians, "a nation tall and smooth . . . a people terrible from their beginning onward, a nation that meteth out and treadeth down, whose land the rivers divide."

But if Haile Selassie should read in his Ethiopic Bible the prophecies of Ezekiel, he might in his turn become alarmed at the passage, "For the day is near, even the day of Jehovah is near; it shall be a day of clouds, a time of the nations. . . . And anguish shall be in Ethiopia. . . . In that day shall messengers go forth from before me in ships to make the careless Ethiopians afraid; and there shall be anguish upon them."

There are forty references to Ethiopia in the Bible. Read of its gold and precious stones and spices and you will know the lure which has led many men before Mussolini to look with covetous eyes upon it. Read too the Bible stories of the romantic Queen of Sheba visiting Solomon; of the brave Ethiopian eunuch, Ebed-Melech, who rescued Jeremiah; and that other Ethiopian eunuch, Queen Candace's scholarly treasurer, with whom the apostle Philip conversed, and you will realize that not only was the country rich but the people intelligent and to be reckoned with.

Isaiah calls Ethiopia "the land of the whirring of wings," or, as another translation has it, "shadowed with wings." No one knows just what was meant then, whether the wings of locusts or of vast flocks of birds, but now it means the wings of Italian airplanes which "make the careless Ethiopians afraid."

Christendom en masse should petition Mussolini to be careful where his airplanes drop their bombs, lest they destroy that which can never be replaced. Ethiopians claim that they possess the veritable Ark of the Covenant made by Moses and brought to Ethiopia by the Queen of Sheba and the son Menelek she bore to Solomon, the son who was the direct ancestor of Haile Selassie.

Ethiopia (it was the land of Cush in Bible times) is like an isolated island in the surging stream of time. It is a museum of antiquities, an atavistic survival of a lost day.

If the adoption of Christianity is an indication of civilization and culture, Ethiopia need apologize to no existing nation. If the Ethiopian eunuch converted by Philip brought Christianity back to his home country, then that country has been Christian longer than the Italy which now makes war on Ethiopia.

If, as seems more likely, Frumentius, the missionary to Ethiopia, introduced Christianity there in the early fourth century, then Haile Selassie can claim that his country has been Christian as long as Mussolini's.

There is more behind the antipathy between the Italians and the Ethiopians than appears in the press dispatches. If you could hear and understand the priests of Abyssinia you would realize that this war, which they call a holy war, is reviving one of the old schisms of early Christianity. The differences go back to the Council of Chalcedon in 451 A.D., which decided that Jesus Christ had two natures, divine and human, united in one person, while the minority party, known as the Eutychians or Monophysites, maintained that Jesus Christ had only one nature. The Copts and Ethiopians have always since held to the Monophysite (one nature) theory, and are deemed heretics by the Roman Catholics. For their part, they heartily condemn the Roman Catholics as heretics and comparatively recent upstarts.

You cannot understand Haile Selassie's sublime defiance of Mussolini until you realize the sense of ancient historic continuity which inspires him. What does he mean by saying that his empire dates from before the Flood? You have but to turn to your Bible for the answer. One of the sons of Noah was Ham, whose oldest son was Cush, according to Genesis 10:6. And Cush was the traditional ancestor of the people of Ethiopia. He was not born until after the Flood, but as his father was one of the passengers in the ark, we can allow Selassie a little exaggeration.

All devout Ethiopians believe that their country was settled by Cush, and that their kings, including Selassie, are direct descendants of that Menelek who was the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. No wonder that Haile Selassie, "King of Kings," of the most royal blood, looks down with scorn and pity on Mussolini, the son of a peasant farmer, as an upstart!

Mussolini, in his turn, considers the Ethiopians savages, slaveholders, and generally unfit to belong to the League of Nations. He would fain confer upon them the blessings of civilization—by force.

The Italian dictator should have hesitated before invading Ethiopia, if only because of respect and reverence for a country to which Christians owe so much, although few of them are aware of it.

In its mountain fastnesses there was preserved for thirteen centuries a precious manuscript which not only throws much light on the Bible but which also was itself in the Bible for five centuries and which should be restored to the canon of Holy Writ.

The story is a fascinating one.

When Frumentius, or some one else, translated the Bible into Ethiopic, or Geez as it was then called, in the fourth century, the canon had not yet been determined. For more than a century scholars and church officials debated as to whether or not certain gospels, epistles, and apocalypses should be included. For instance, it was long debated which to include in the canon—the Book of Revelation (sometimes called the Apocalypse) or the Book of Enoch, which had been accepted as Scripture by Jesus and Paul and the whole Christian Church for several centuries. Revelation finally won out, and became the last book of the Bible.

The Book of Enoch, under a stigma because deemed uncanonical, gradually dropped out of use and finally disappeared. As time went on, scholars of the more intelligent sort desired more and more to see a copy of it. But there was none to be had. Centuries passed. Then James Bruce had an idea.

Bruce was a Scotchman who married a wine merchant's daughter and got hold of some money. His study of Arabic had put notions in his head. Among other ideas

A Coptic Christian nun and a foundling —typical of Addis Ababa's orphanage.

A priest with his aides comes forth from the cathedral at Addis Ababa.

International photos

he had figured out that it might be possible that the lost Book of Enoch still existed in an Ethiopic version. Another notion of his was that the unknown source of the Nile might be in Abyssinia.

In June, 1768, Bruce arrived in Alexandria. He returned to London in 1774, having rediscovered the source of the Blue Nile and discovered three manuscripts of the Ethiopic Enoch!—one of which he was to leave to the British Museum. Before he died, in 1794, he wrote a five-volume account of his Ethiopian adventures, which even today reads like a novel.

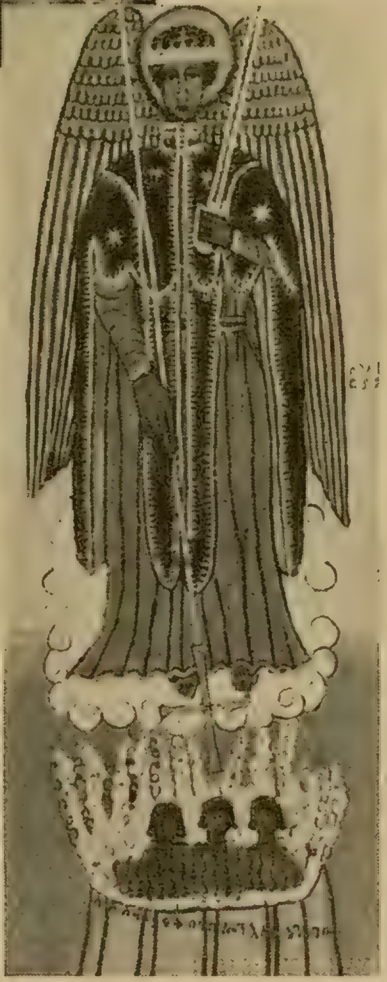


Photo from European

The angel Gabriel in an Ethiopian holy picture.

HE tells of many marvelous things, but the particular matter which was most doubted by the English was his account of the Ethiopians' fondness for raw meat cut from living oxen. Mussolini's charge that the Ethiopians are still savages is somewhat supported by the fact that the same raw-meat banquet which Bruce describes, the Guebbeur, was reluctantly permitted but actually given by Haile Selassie on September 16, 1935, to 3,000 of his soldiers in the old imperial palace.

For over a half century Bruce's precious manuscript of Ethiopic Enoch remained on the shelves of the British Museum before it was translated by one Laurence. Even then, it was not until the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries that Canon R. H. Charles's translation and comments called the attention of scholars to the "immeasurable" importance of this document. Recently several men have made careful studies, and it is becoming apparent that Canon Charles did not at all overstate its importance. Burkitt in Scotland, Streatfeild in England, and Kaufman Kohler and the present writer in the United States have been quietly examining Ethiopic Enoch with reference especially to its influence upon early Christianity.

This precious book throws a flood of light on the thinking of Jesus and Paul. It reveals that we must somewhat revise our former opinions of the relation of Christianity to Judaism. It proves to be the link between the Old Testament and the New. Reading this volume, the latest portions of which cannot have been written later than 64 B.C., one is startled to come upon phrase after phrase and idea after idea which one had always supposed were original with Jesus and Paul.

Ethiopic Enoch was a best seller in the time of Jesus. He and Paul regarded it as sacred scripture. They both quoted from it and it had an almost incalculable influence upon both of them. Nearly one hundred quotations and parallels have already been identified, not to mention similar ideas set forth in different language.

There would probably be even more striking similarities of language if we had the original text of Enoch and the original words of Jesus. What he actually said in Aramaic probably resembled the original Aramaic text of Enoch more closely than our English versions indicate.

For instance, when Jesus comforted his disciples (John 14:1) with those beautiful words, "Let not your heart be troubled," he was evidently quoting from Enoch 92:2, "Let not your spirit be troubled," and probably in the original Semitic language the words were identical. Similarly, when Jesus said (John 5:22), "He hath given all judgment unto the Son," is there any doubt that he was quoting, consciously or unconsciously, from Enoch 69:27, "the sum of judgment was given unto the Son of Man"? When Jesus said (Matthew 19:28), "when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of his glory," he must have just been reading Enoch 62:5, "When they see that Son of Man sitting on the throne of his glory."

These are but three of the hundred or more quotations and parallels that are scattered through the New Testament, not only in the words of Jesus but also in the writings of Paul, John, Jude, Luke, and the authors of Hebrews and Revelation.

But even more important than these quotations are the ideas which Jesus and Paul derived from the Enoch literature. From it they got the doctrines of the Messiah, the Son of Man, the Day of Judgment, Hell, Heaven, and a highly developed angelology and demonology.

Let it be here clearly understood that I am in no sense charging Jesus and Paul with plagiarism. When they quoted Enoch their hearers and readers knew they were quoting, for this literature was familiar to both Jew and Christian.

What better memorial could be erected, to show Christendom's sympathy with and gratitude to the Ethiopians, than for us to call a new council of all the branches of Christianity and restore to its proper place in our Bible this important and extremely valuable Ethiopic Enoch?

THE END

TO THE Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

HOW would you like to have Lucy Clausen's job? She takes care of baby scorpions, does housework for poisonous spiders, and sees to it that cockroaches eat their spinach.

Her calling is one of the strangest followed by any girl in the world. Miss Clausen manages the live-insect show at the American Museum of Natural History. She's a dainty, attractive brunette. Born and raised in the city. Wasn't particularly interested in bugs until she went to work for them. Now she's their best friend.

"My roaches adore spinach," she told me. "I started feeding it to them because I thought they must be sick and tired of their banana diet. I knew how monotonous bananas would taste to *me* if I had to eat them all the time!"

Lucy Clausen needs to be mighty spry with her fingers. The man who used to have her job got nipped by a tarantula and was poisoned for months. Miss Clausen feeds her carpet beetles on dog biscuits and felt. She has to tie dead flies on the end of a string and let them down into her spider cages. She cultivates her own worm crop for scorpion fodder and breeds flies in milk bottles for her spiders. The praying mantis—sort of a big grasshopper—is her greediest but neatest mannered guest. After lunch it licks its chops, sits up on its hind legs, and washes its face like a cat.

Black-widow spiders are the only parties barred from Lucy Clausen's hotel for insects. Too dangerous. And here's a funny thing: Although Miss Clausen picks up most of her exotic pets from time to time with her bare hands, she just can't stand the touch of a common garden caterpillar. They make her toes crawl.

● Believe me or not, I know a woman who *never* gossips. She's stone-deaf. That wouldn't necessarily prevent her from gossiping if she wanted to. The point is, she never wants to gossip, and in a peculiar way her deafness is responsible. She told me about it herself. Being a lady of humor and gentle irony, she spoke of her affliction without self-consciousness.

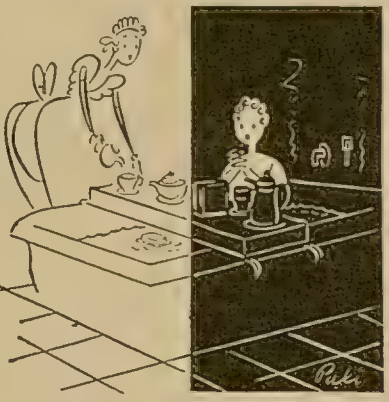
"Gossip isn't any fun," she said, "when people have to shout it at you. Half the pleasure of sharing indiscreet little stories about your friends lies in the whispering and low-voiced laughter. I can't gossip that way because I'm deaf—so, out of spite, I refuse to gossip at all."

There are times, I think, when some of us could almost envy her loss of hearing. She is one of the happiest and most popular women of my acquaintance.

● For her birthday, the husband of a friend of mine gave her one of those elegant new bath trays made of chromium. On top it has every breakfast convenience—place to hold glass of fruit juice, room for coffee and toast, cigarette box, ash tray, bookrest. Then the lid lifts up and inside you find a complete make-up set—mirror, everything. Grand for Christmas! Costs about twenty-five dollars. And here's another early suggestion for your Christmas gifting: Hoop earrings of colored crystal trimmed with rhinestones. About the size of a nickel, these earrings look like real diamond-studded treasures. (Ssh!—Barbara Hutton has 'em in all colors, and everybody thinks they must have cost her a fortune.) They cost four dollars a pair. . . . More Christmas-present tips next week.

● "By the same token" . . . "On the other hand" . . . "To be perfectly frank with you" . . .

A reader has asked me to register a complaint against people who begin every other sentence with such worn-out expressions. She says they get on her nerves. Says her own husband is addicted to the *by the same token* habit —and it nearly drives her crazy.



Wants to know what she can do about it.

What do *you* say? I say, why not scream?

● Four hundred women give a tea to help collect a million dollars for a hospital.

This isn't news.

Newspapers report it on an obscure page because such events take place all the time. But, from a broader and more historical viewpoint, the fact that such events go on all the time *is* news.

Never before in the history of the world has charity been so widely organized—and women are everywhere the leaders.

When you stop to think of it, doesn't it make you feel good to remember this?

● Two books I recommend for reading or Christmas-presenting are: (1) How Does Your Garden Grow? by Beverley Nichols, Compton Mackenzie, Marion Cran, V. Sackville-West. (Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.); and (2) the new John Masefield novel of sea adventure, Victorious Troy. (Published by the Macmillan Company.)

● Food and poetry are synonymous to genuine gourmets, yet few poetic cooks have versified their victuals. Mrs. A. Ayres is one who does.

Here is her rhymed recipe for my editor's favorite Oriental salad:

Fatoush—bread salad! To the very last
All bread crumbs stale you save; for minutes five
You soak them, drain them well; and then you cast
In sliced tomatoes and the cucumber,
Parsley and lettuce, mint, hot pepper; stir
In dressing—vinegar or lemon juice
With olive oil—a palate flatterer!

Satiric, Futuristic, Hectic

The Films Mix Tunes and Politics with Rollicking Results, Derive Excitement from Machines, and Again Invade the Barbary Coast

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ★ THANKS A MILLION

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Ann Dvorak, Fred Allen, Patsy Kelly, Paul Whiteman, Ramona, Yacht Club Boys, Raymond Walburn, Rubinoff. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson.

A SHREWD and vigorous political satire, a rollicking broadly played comedy, and a melodious tunefest, Thanks a Million is easily among the best musicals of the year.

This swiftly paced picture is built upon a story that captures interest from the opening shot. The film begins with Fred Allen, head of a defeated entertainment unit, walking into a political rally and selling the campaign bosses the idea of adding music to their speeches.

As the boisterous film follows the whirlwind pre-election tour it becomes more engrossingly comic with each succeeding reel. Raymond Walburn, the bibacious candidate, finds the rigors of nightly speechmaking too much for his alcohol-soaked body, and Dick Powell, the company crooner, substitutes. While it is no surprise that the public finds boyish Mr. Powell more winning than verbose Mr. Walburn, Thanks a Million has plenty of delightful surprises as it bounces merrily to its twist climax.

Powell is named for governor himself. Accepting the nomination only because it gives him a chance to sing on the radio, he begins a speechless campaign that, to his horrified surprise, carries him to almost certain election until the frantic opposition enlists Paul Whiteman and his music.

Calling a film a satire has a tendency to keep the customers away. But Thanks a Million so gorgeously lampoons our lawmakers, is so full of verve and gusto and so smartly directed by Roy Del Ruth, that no one should be frightened by its implications. The Yacht Club Boys, Fred Allen, Dick Powell, Patsy Kelly, Raymond Walburn, and Ann Dvorak all join hands to make it a Katzenjammerish knockout.

VOTE FOR CULLIMA
FEARLES
HONEST
Judge A.Da
Cullima
pledges ho
control of
state's inte
MONWEAL'
PARTY
FOR GOV

Ann Dvorak, Dick Powell, and Patsy Kelly in a scene from the musical film Thanks a Million.

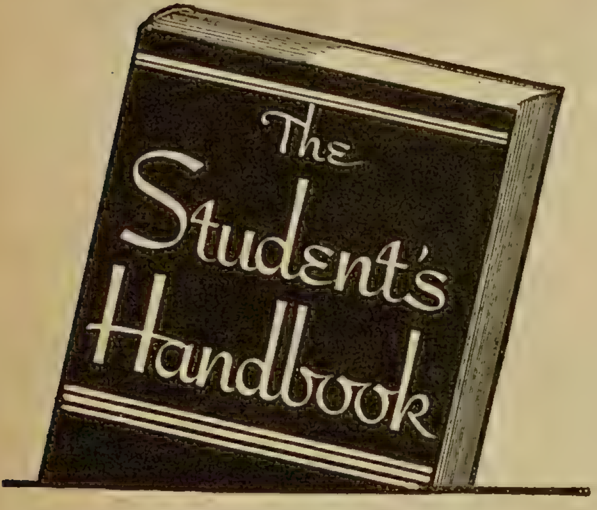
VITAL STATISTICS: Cambridge, Massachusetts, gave us John F. Sullivan, better known as Fred Allen. Son of a bookbinder, the young Sullivan was runner for the Boston Public Library. When he wasn't inspecting the insides as well as outsides of books—especially humorous ones—he practiced juggling on the side, aided and abetted by a broken-down old pro juggler who gave lessons in return for board and lodgings in the Sullivan domicile. In time Sullivan stormed the pro footlights, billing himself as Fred Allen, the World's Worst Juggler—changing his name because he'd already appeared in many of the theaters around Boston in the same act as an amateur. Admits he got by by leavening his balancing-the-water-glass-on-the-pool-cue act with smotcrax gleaned from those humor books. Also admits he borrowed the chatterproof juggling from an English vodvilyan named Griff. After slumming in Shubert musicals, he ditched the grotesque make-up and wig he'd vodvilled with, donned a high hat, and wrote his way into Howard Dietz's first and best Little Show and wowing them. Somewhere in here he married Portland (Tallyho) Hoffa, named for the Maine town in which she was born, a practice with her road-touring vodvil fambly. Writes most of his own stuff. Chews tobacco or gum while working. Thinks on his feet. After four years of radio-script reading he blew a lot of his lines, but covered by improvising funnier ones than the scenario provided. . . . Paul Whiteman did his stuff in New York; is married to Margaret Livingston, ex-actress; gets $10,000 a week for his broadcasts—pays his musicians, arrangers, guest stars, managers, etc. A Whiteman bassoon player, f'rinst', gets eighty dollars a week—but why a bassoon player should be paid nobody seems to know. . . . Rubinoff plays from morn to night; got to be known around the sets as the marathon maestro; was given a soundproof room to fiddle in; stood for a lot of ribbing graciously; had to have a stand-in for his $100,000 Stradivarius, insurance company insisting studio lights would overheat it. . . . Patsy Kelly has a mobphobia; Benny Baker once butchered candy before he butchered jokes; this is Gawguh-Boy Nunnally Johnson's firstie as a writer-producer. . . . Once called Sing, Governor, Sing, picture cost a cool million—salaries, ordinarily 25 per cent of feature budget, coming to 50 per cent, talent being topheavy.

★ ★ ★ TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL

THE PLAYERS: Richard Dix, Leslie Banks, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, C. Aubrey Smith, Basil Sydney, Henry Oscar, Jimmy Hanley, Walter Huston, George Arliss. Directed by Maurice Elvey. Story by Bernhard Kellerman.

OBVIOUSLY propaganda for an Anglo-American alliance, Transatlantic Tunnel is such rich movie fare that its diplomatic message may be ignored. An English-made film featuring such jolly beefeaters as Richard Dix, Helen Vinson, and Madge Evans, this futuristic affair derives its ex-

$1.89



Edited by William Allan Brooks

In recognition of a great need

HERE is a book of ambitions realized. Not a text book but an invaluable guide to the securing of the education you desire—a comprehensive reference volume on student problems before and after entering institutions of higher learning. A moment's inspection of the following list of chapter headings and subjects it covers will show its scope and value to every young man and woman who is ambitious to secure a higher education.

CHAPTER HEADINGS
and partial list of subjects discussed

FINANCIAL

Student Loan Funds—how and where to apply.
Geographical index, listing $12,000,000 exclusive of college loan funds.
$30,000,000 in Scholarships, eligibility and other data listed.
The Rhodes Scholarships.
The Guggenheim Foundation Fellowships.
Spare Time Work for College Students.
300 practical suggestions.

EDUCATIONAL

Mistakes frequently made in examinations.
A. B. C. Shorthand for lecture and reading notes—a complete course in 12 easy lessons.
Prerequisites for high scholarship.
Principles governing the selection of college courses.
Aims and definitions of education.

VOCATIONAL

After High School, what?
After College, what?
Business or Profession?
1—Desirable timely professions.
How to get and hold that first job.

EMOTIONAL

Sir William Osler's "A Way of Life".
The danger of intellectual narcotics.
Mental health and the Student.
Etiquette for College Freshmen.

PHYSICAL

Brain and Digestion in relation to study.
The physiology of exercise.
Tobacco—alcohol—coffee.
Good health—the prerequisite to high scholarship.

If you are planning on or hoping for advanced education in whatever field this book can be of inestimable value to you; if you are the parent of ambitious children, no gift that you could make them could be more welcome. It is priced at only $1.89 postpaid. By all means send for it today at our risk. Examine it carefully and if you do not then agree with us as to its extreme practical value, return it for a prompt and cheerful refund of your money.

----------COUPON----------

L 12-7

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose $1.89 for which please send me THE STUDENT'S HANDBOOK, cloth bound. I understand that my money will be refunded, provided the book does not prove satisfactory.

Name..
Address..
City..............................State.......

citement not from the players but from its mechanical innovations.

There are streamlined cars whizzing about, the nonchalant acceptance of television and transatlantic flights taken as casual week-end excursions. Children will love the film for its advanced scientific adornments. And because it is presented realistically enough, adults will find the film interesting, too.

Covering roughly the years from 1940 to 1950, the story has Richard Dix as the famous engineer who conceives the tremendous project. Backed by an altruistic pacifist, Dix devotes his life to completing the tunnel. Hardly has the hazardous work begun, however, when stock-market manipulators, munitionmakers, and the affectionate demands of his wife begin to distract the ambitious engineer.

Added to these human handicaps are the natural barriers—suboceanic volcanoes, poisonous gases, terrific heat and pressure. How he overcomes them all gives Transatlantic Tunnel its high-powered kick and truly distinctive flavor.

George Arliss and Walter Huston are seen briefly as the Prime Minister and President, and Leslie Banks and Jimmy Hanley turn in especially good performances. The human element, however, is entirely paled by the film's guess at life in the near future. It is this portrayal of highly mechanized living that makes Transatlantic Tunnel the compelling novelty it is.

VITAL STATISTICS: Gaumont British bills this as an 8-star special—and who was it said the British are a race noted for their restraint? . . . George Arliss insists he'll never make another picture in Hollywood, the income tax making it a losing proposition for him. England takes only about 40 per cent of all moneys imported talent makes there and desires to export. Otherwise it allows you to spend most of it on the home grounds. . . . My engineering friends who've been getting around with Buck Rogers tell me England's the pioneer in tunneling and a tunnel from England to Sandy Hook isn't at all impossible. All that is needed is a radium drill that liquefies as it progresses, the slag to be used as part of the tunnel; a super-giant-colossal ventilation system; a few billion billion dollars; a safe-to-workers setup; a way to combat archfiend water. Said tunnel with said implements should push forward at about two feet per minute, take fifteen years to complete, and have four levels, when completed, for cars that move at 350 m. p. h., monorails that run at 600. Dangers of blowouts and high air have been eliminated in modern tunnel building, so who knows what future engineering advance will bring? I hope to live to be the first hitchhiker to make the trip. . . . Helen Vinson got to know Fred Perry better when making this and so she's now married to him. Immediately after the wedding Fred was dethroned at Forest Hills as our national champ. . . . German Bernhard Kellerman's been long at this type of imaginative writing, a popular style in European light reading. Wrote this in 1913. The tunnel's figured before in literature, one novel written for entertainment and depicting England attacking France through a secretly built under-Channel tunnel almost frightening the diplomats of said countries out of their wits. . . . Dix didn't take the twinsies or the wifesie abroad. . . . Leslie Banks has three dotters and sprints week ends from the Lunnon pea soup to a little Dorset cottage to get away from it all.

★ ★ ★ FRISCO KID

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Margaret Lindsay, Ricardo Cortez, Lili Damita, Donald Woods, Barton MacLane, George E. Stone, Joseph King, Fred Kohler, Robert McWade. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Story by Warren Duff and Seton I. Miller.

WARNER BROTHERS' rough-house treatise on Barbary Coast loses some of its novelty and freshness in having been beaten to the draw by the Samuel Goldwyn film. But it is exciting melodrama nonetheless, and, colorfully mounted, tersely told, the film is roaringly sturdy stuff. Spotted with a few harrowing scenes that may be too boldly drawn for women, Frisco Kid is imbued with the slam-bang elements that make for lusty masculine appeal.

Barbary Coast's leading toughies greet the newly landed Jimmie Cagney by trying to slug him with doped liquor and then by socking him on the skull with a blackjack.

Awakening on the rowboat that is to shanghai him, the bantam rooster fights his way back to shore and awakens to the fact that the lurid community lives and believes in a dog-eat-dog code.

Quickly learning the twisted ropes, he punches, intrigues, and bullies his bloody way to the head of the local underworld. Simultaneously with his rise to infamy is the growing indignation of the town's righteous citizenry.

By the time the pugnacious redhead has become virtual czar of his domain, the law-abiding faction, banded as vigilantes, swoop down upon the Barbary Coast in a wave of destruction.

Into this frame Warners has packed a score of lively characterizations.

Cagney's playing is effectively unrestrained and George E. Stone, as his timid friend, is equally good. Though the complacent smugness of Margaret Lindsay is definitely out of place in the hectic activities, there are telling bits by Ricardo Cortez, Donald Woods, Barton MacLane, and Fred Kohler that keep Frisco Kid alive and kicking.

A richly mounted and authentically costumed film, it may be listed as a thoroughly capable and nerve-racking thriller.

VITAL STATISTICS: Rick Cortez holds title of Best Dressed Villain in Films. Is up on Fred Kohler in picture deaths, this being 276th time Kohler's bit the dust in 300 roles. Kohler invariably dies ignominiously, usually in a barroom. Cortez gets shuffled off this mortal coil more elegantly—pushed from swank boudoir windows and once he was boiled to death in a bath of acid. Extras die for five to fifty dollars per croak, depending how violent their end. Falling from a balcony or tower nets fifty dollars and a just plain heave and flop on a battlefield a mere five-dollar premium. Yet the dying extra considers it an art and is proud of his ability. . . . Cortez wants to direct, the hardest part about directing being getting the job. . . . Lili Damita's temper has gone phfft and she's a good girl now. Didn't change her accent in middle of a day's shooting; didn't argue about the lighting; didn't tell the cameraman how; didn't bawl out the director; didn't throw things at the producer. They say it's caused by her marriage to Errol Flynn, Irish mime. . . . Debussy-lover James (Bottom) Cagney stops the cameras at four now to sop up a dish of tea in the Arliss manner. Not an affectation. He doesn't smoke or drink and the tea relaxes him. Cagney has the roughest-looking neck in Hollywood; is working beaverishly to untype and de-sadist himself; finishes each take with a tap dance. Sprained his ankle in that fight in which Kohler tries to hook him with the iron claw. Wore only a hidden leather jerkin as protection. . . . Margaret Lindsay was cabled back from Hawaii, where she was vacationing with best pal J. Gaynor, for this part. Was almost strangled with leis. . . . Cortez's been in pictures so long he can judge if he's being properly lit by heat of lights on his face. . . . Cagney taught George Stone, who's playing Barbary Coast's Solomon Levy second time, Yiddish. . . . Barton MacLane expects to tour world by signing on a freighter and shipping before the mast, and lays his own bricks in his newly being built house. Is he tough! . . . But Mlle. Lindsay insists she'll never settle in Hollywood—some day she's returning to birthplace Dubuque—forever.

★ ★ I FOUND STELLA PARISH

THE PLAYERS: Kay Francis, Ian Hunter, Paul Lukas, Sybil Jason, Jessie Ralph, Barton MacLane, Eddie Acuff, Walter Kingsford, Harry Beresford. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. Story by John Monk Saunders.

SET upon a story that has more holes than a Swiss cheese, I Found Stella Parish is something less than the heartrending picture of mother love it sets out to be. Longuorous Kay Francis is seen as the American actress, reigning favorite of London, hidden deep in whose past is the fact that her child was born in prison. When her long disappeared husband shows up and threatens blackmail, she jumps the show on opening night and, disguised, runs away to America.

From there on, the film has Ian Hunter, Europe's best reporter, chasing Miss Francis and unearthing the scandalous story of her life. Too late he realizes that his sensational yarn is breaking the heart of the actress he has learned to love.

Paul Lukas is excellent as the producer of Miss Francis's somewhat baffling play. But the things that intrigued us were: (1) How was her child born in prison, since there is an unwritten law against this? (2) Why does this popular and accomplished actress turn to burlesque, where the top salary is $100 per week? (3) And how does Miss Francis expect to make a success out of a millinery shop when she wears that sort of hats?

We're still wondering.

VITAL STATISTICS: Once social sektry to a Mrs. Vanderbilt, a Mrs. Pinchot, and Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Oklahoma City Kay (Beanpole) Francis has been repacted for three years by Warners at $5,000 per week. She's also got herself a new b. f., one Delmer Daves of the Warner writing stable. Despite three crashed marriages, she may wed again. Considers herself an authority on domestic problems—and why not? A notorious traveler, she's crawled, walked, sailed, ridden, and winged about 3,175,120 miles on this globe. Lives on a planned economy, and if she's one of the screen's best dressed no one could call her its most expensively dressed. Is close-mouthed about private and financial affairs, but is known to be saving her money, looking forward to a townsendless old age. Has no diamond-studded swimming pool near her simple Hollywood seven-room house. Dislikes jewelry. Never wears it off screen and thinks diamonds hard, insincere, egotistical—lacking in warmth. Only keepsakes are a 2,000-year-old Roman-catacombed ring, heirloom from grammaw Francis, and an old broken comb she used as her first dressing-room prop. It was hard to age her twenty years for this role—retain her beauty and yet make her nonrecognizable to fellow actors. . . . Ian Hunter used to squirm under title of London's Handsomest Actor. Once had pleasure of stopping the Bremen when he stalled with his wife Casha Pringle, actress, mother of his two youngies, in a 24-footer in the Solent betwixt England and Isle of Wight. Like Sybil Jason, was born in Capetown. Has excellent lit'ry tastes; has played higher-bracketed roles abroad; cooks like a general's chef. Lives at Malibu because it reminds him of Muizenberg Beach, Capetown. . . . Paul Lukas was born on a train pulling into Budapest, and hard guy Bart MacLane on Xmas Day in Columbia, South Carolina. . . . Those are new self-launching lifeboats on that studio liner you see. . . . Mervyn Le Roy uses a baton to get proper timing in some scenes. . . . Sybil Jason calls all her dolls and dogs Mike. They won't let her see herself on the screen. Reason: she might be spoiled by it.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin?

★★★—A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China.

GOOD BOOKS—by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ THE VOYAGE OF THE CHELYUSKIN by Members of the Expedition. Translated by Alec Brown. The Macmillan Company.

The official account of a Soviet arctic expedition, as told by various of the explorers themselves and by those who rescued them after their ship had been crushed by ice floes.

★ ★ ★ THUNDER OVER THE BRONX by Arthur Kober, with an introduction by Dorothy Parker. Simon & Schuster.

These are brief sketches in the latter-day Jewish dialect found in the borough of Greater New York called the Bronx. The characters are universal although the background is provincial. How the book will go down with people who have never met such characters is hard to say, but those who know Bronxanese will find many a chuckle and a few laughs.

★ ★ ★ THE ANGEL OF THE ASSASSINATION, CHARLOTTE DE CORDAY by Joseph Shearing. Harrison Smith & Robert Haas, Inc.

Another biography of the murderess of Marat, leaning, as such books too often do, on the sentimental side.

★ ★ ★ THE LEES OF VIRGINIA by Burton J. Hendrick. Little, Brown & Company.

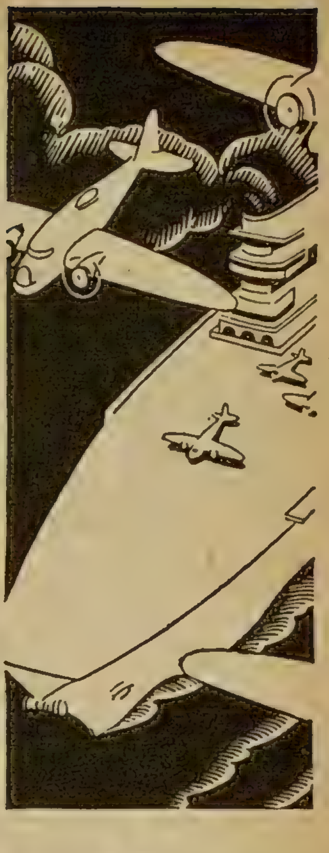
Is it news to you that New England was once called North Virginia? Here is a study of one of the great American families and its influence on the history of the nation.

★ ★ ★ THE SUN SETS IN THE WEST by Myron Brinig. Farrar & Rinehart.

A vividly realistic story of the inhabitants of a Montana mining town, written with beauty, power, and sympathetic understanding.

★ ★ ★ NEW GROUND by Katherine Haviland-Taylor. J. B. Lippincott Company.

A charming love story, an unkind stepmother, a fine hero, a lovable girl—the usual misunderstandings, and a true friend to help. It's all there, and most interestingly told.



Follow Exciting Foreign News *with this* PHILCO!

NEW PHILCO 620F . . . $70
WITH BUILT-IN ALL-WAVE AERIAL SYSTEM

THESE are days when all eyes are turned to the European scene . . . days and nights, too, when Philco owners hear all about events overseas at first hand!

With a new 1936 Philco 620F you can keep in intimate touch with foreign developments . . . get news bulletins direct from British and Continental short-wave stations . . . listen to fascinating music from the capitals of many nations. With its built-in All-wave Aerial System, the 620F brings you foreign stations with surprising regularity and volume.

And Philco 620F reproduces amusing and entertaining American programs with a clarity and richness of tone that is a constant delight.

Your Philco dealer will gladly demonstrate the 620F and tell you about the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan. Your classified telephone directory gives his name.

Listen to
BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

PHILCO
A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

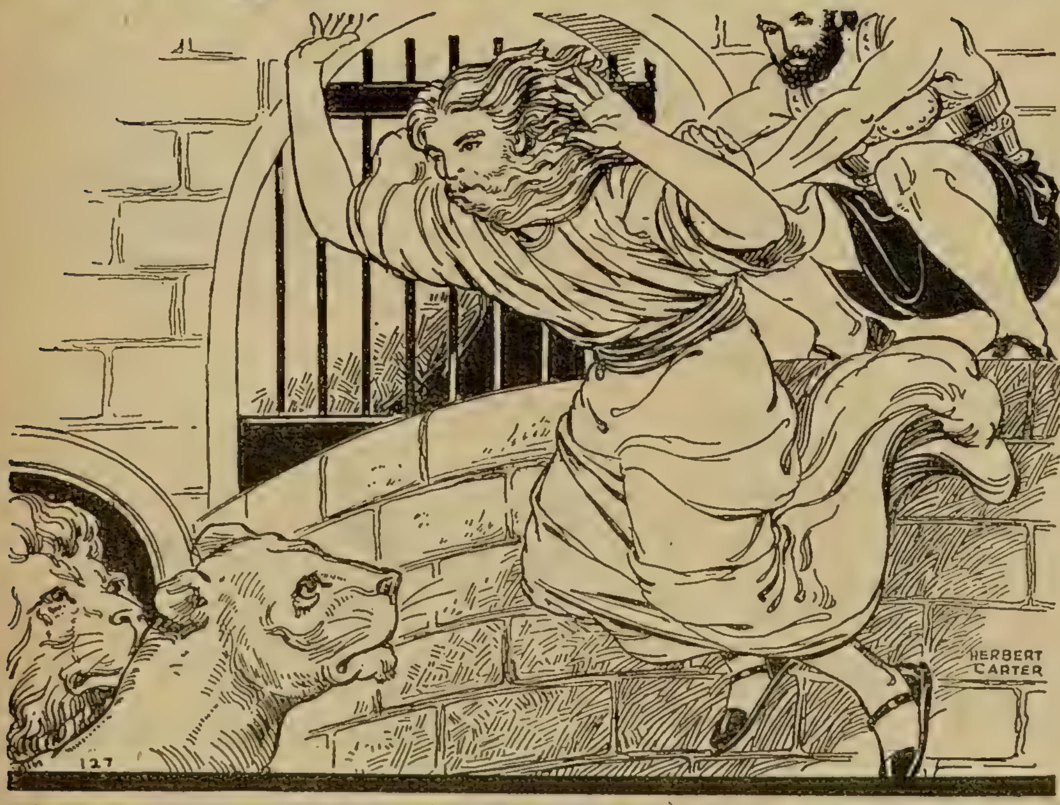
HOME RADIOS . $20 TO $600
AUTO RADIOS $42.95 TO $75
Prices slightly higher Denver and West

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

BEGIN AN ENTRY NOW IN LIBERTY'S INSPIRING

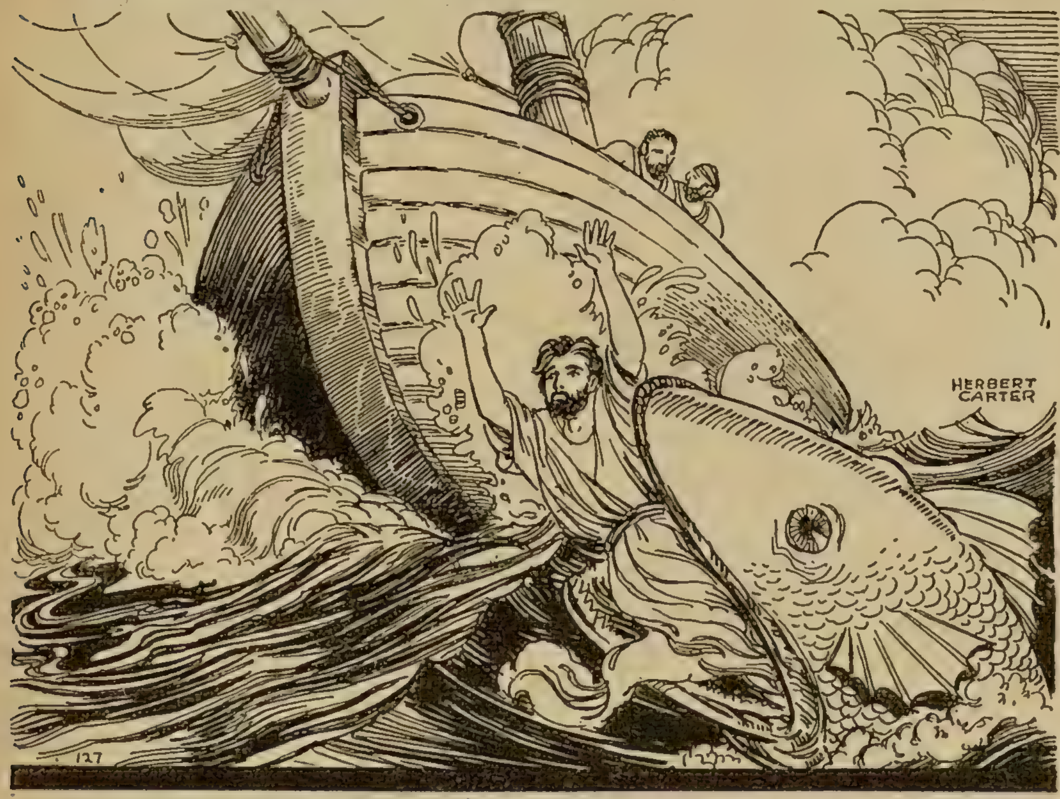
BIBLE GAME

$2,500 IN CASH PRIZES!



The verse represented by picture No. 5 is:

Verse No. .... Chapter No. .... Book ....
Chosen from the King James section ☐ Douay section ☐ of the Condensed Bible. Please check.



The verse represented by picture No. 6 is:

Verse No. .... Chapter No. .... Book ....
Chosen from the King James section ☐ Douay section ☐ of the Condensed Bible. Please check.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER!

If you are just entering the game and have given away or mislaid the copies of Liberty containing the first four pictures, mail a request for free reprints to the contest address in Rule 3. Upon their arrival you can bring your entry even with the field.

READ THIS SCHEDULE OF CASH AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TEN PRIZES, Each $10	100
170 PRIZES, Each $5	850

IN ADDITION!
TO THE PASTOR OF ANY DENOMINATION NAMED BY THE FIRST-PRIZE WINNER LIBERTY WILL AWARD $250

THE SIMPLE RULES

1. Liberty's Bible Game consists of sixteen pictures. Two will be published each week. Contestants are to choose the most appropriate verses for these pictures *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the King James Bible, or *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the Douay Bible (not from both), contained in a booklet entitled The Condensed Bible, and give the verse designations in the spaces on the answer blanks provided for this purpose. Verses in complete editions of the King James and Douay Bibles that do not appear in the Condensed Bible will not be considered. Copies of the Condensed Bible have been presented to public libraries throughout the United States, where they can be conveniently consulted. Entrants who want the Condensed Bible for home use can buy a copy through Liberty for 25 cents postpaid. Only United States money orders or currency are acceptable.

2. The prize schedule appears above. The entrant submitting the most appropriate verse-answers for the sixteen pictures accompanied by the best statement of 250 or less words telling " What religion means to me " will receive first prize. Statements will be judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness. The entrants submitting the next most appropriate verse-answers and next best statements will be given the remaining prizes in the order of their excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. Elaborate entries are not desired.

3. The sixteen pictures and answer blanks, or reasonably traced or drawn facsimiles thereof, with solutions and statements must be submitted by first-class mail at one time, as a unit, with contestants' names and addresses, by Wednesday, January 22, 1936. All entries are to be addressed to Bible Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

4. Entrants may submit as many complete units of pictures, answer blanks, and solutions as they wish, but only one prize will be awarded any one person.

5. Every one is eligible except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

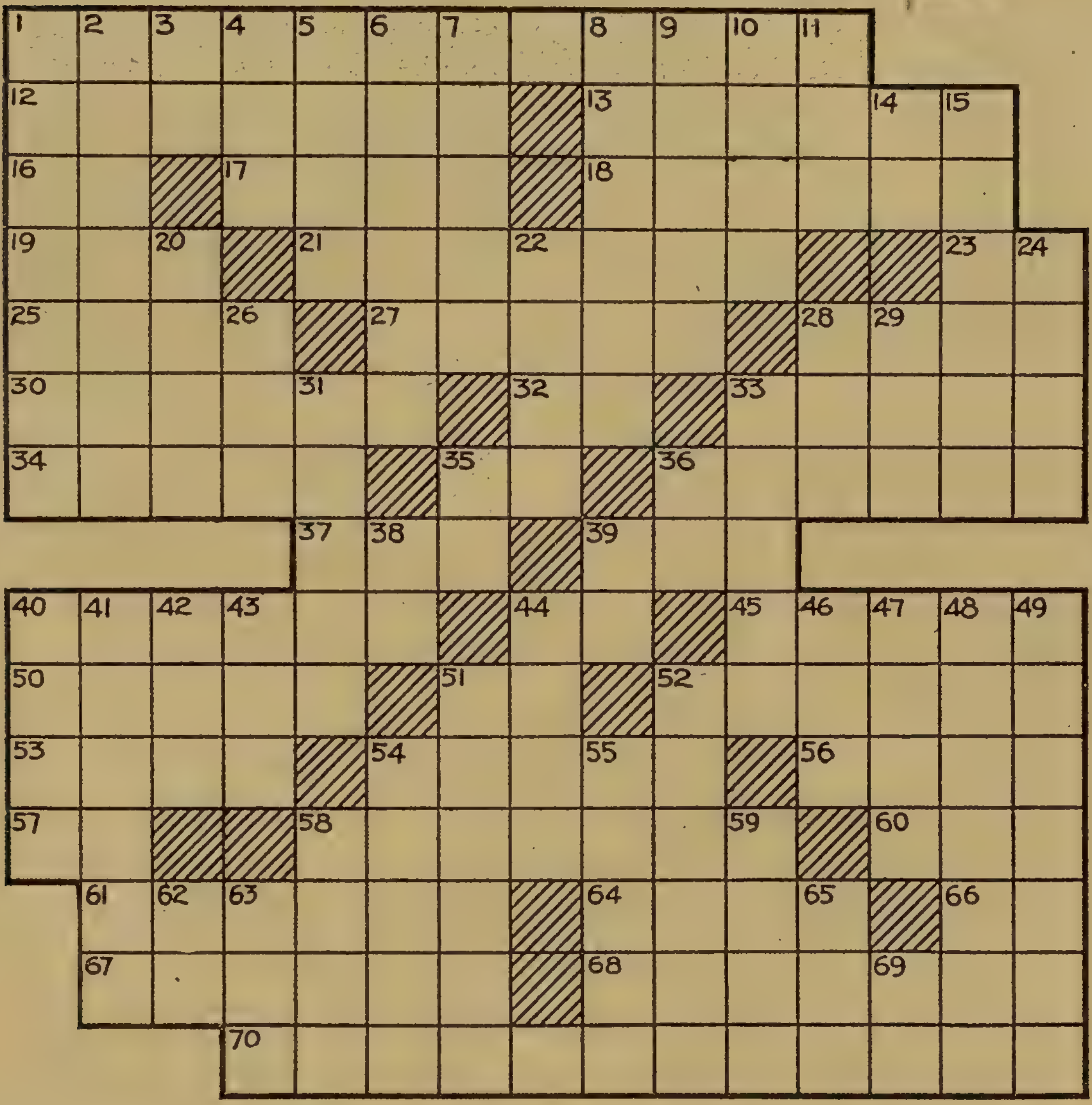
6. The members of Liberty's Contest Board will be the judges. Their decisions will be final and entrants take part with this understanding.

7. The Bible Game is nonsectarian. Hence Liberty will not interpret verses, publicize sectarian views, or engage in correspondence on these subjects or any other phase of the contest.

Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane

12/7/35



HORIZONTAL

1 Bugs on stamps
12 There'll never be peace in the Alps till they exterminate this
13 Maybe you'll —— pleasure from this
16 Paris street without end
17 Gracie Allen says his poetry was intense
18 When things are not what they seem, what are they?
19 Aesop in Indiana
21 A cheesy substitute
23 Call of the farm
25 Cowburetor juice
27 To manufacture election baloney
28 This never affects the tied—only the untied
30 Present at every picnic
32 Ticks
33 Dotty things that gallop around Harlem
34 She always got her man—with a bow and arrow
35 This gives you the old go buy
36 The most unhappy sock-thrower in the world
37 The wages of this is breath
39 Unpretty puss
40 He's responsible for a new movement in revolutionary circles
44 What Spanish girls mean when they say no
45 What you've got to do to enjoy his books
50 Jitter gargle (pork Latin)
51 A big lead for the Fire Chief
52 The girl with brother's number
53 Light rain
54 This comes before the final fadeout
56 Where he went for a long stretch
57 Her man!

S	N	O	W		P	T	E	R	O		S	H	E	M
L	O	R	E		L	A	C	E	D		H	A	M	E
A	R	I	A		A	S	H	E	S		A	L	M	A
P	I	E	R		I	S	O	■	■	D	R	E	A	D
S	A	L	E	R	N	O	■	S	H	E	D			
			R	U	T	■	S	H	O	T	■	D	A	W
C	H	A	S	M	■	S	T	A	R	E	■	A	R	A
H	I	E	■	M	A	L	I	G	N	S	■	C	O	G
I	D	O	■	A	R	I	E	S	■	T	H	E	W	S
T	E	N	■	G	U	T	S	■	B	E	E			
			H	E	M	S	■	R	A	D	A	M	E	S
P	R	O	A	S	■	■	S	E	T		R	O	L	E
A	I	M	S		A	B	A	F	T		T	O	I	L
S	T	E	T		C	A	M	E	L		E	R	A	L
S	E	R	E		T	H	E	R	E		D	E	N	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

58 These come in layettes
60 Just a step to France
61 Early chargers
64 How you can tip in Scotland
66 Greek cattle call
67 Parking place of a famous spider
68 This ruler'll smarten up the kids
70 It's the top!

VERTICAL

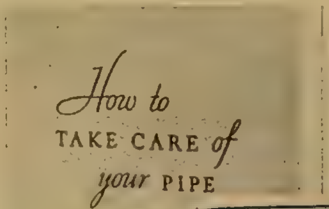
1 Pharaoh had this on his chest for years
2 You couldn't tie him
3 Iodine Drinkers (abbr.)
4 A catty king
5 ——, wo wohnst du?
6 Gossip-juice brewery
7 A correction'll be needed for this one
8 Just plain unsalted nuts to you
9 Lint collector
10 Here's where they make a business of necking
11 It's naughty but it's nice, they say
14 There's never been a George the this
15 The only things Mussolini takes back talk from
20 First name of society's Big Game Woman
22 Produced like an old cluck
24 Yrs. of the 14th —— recd.
26 The thing Scotch wise guys are always in
28 This is child's play
29 The yellow belt
31 Isn't giving out
33 This used to be the most musical island in the world
35 Singular article you never wear
36 Abbreviated it
38 The Duce's the
39 Mussolini's favorite note
40 Marital war ammunition
41 Where hens lay eggs
42 I me
43 Musical cutup
44 Kind of boxing done in Red lands
46 This is good for a hiss
47 Over and above
48 Reputation spotter
49 This is guaranteed to remove spots
51 It's a daisy, fellers!
52 One thing after another
54 What with mother working this'll be hard for the farmer to swallow this winter
55 This requires some brawl room
58 Slick with the digits
59 What the League of Nations may do to Il Duce's wrist if it loses its temper
62 Caesar's next to the last word
63 Ifs of the Cumberland
65 Tsk (no, not an elephant's tsk!)
69 Whatta—as in a whatta man

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?"

THE dame doesn't need a doctor. Just let the hero clean out his gassy briar and send out for a tin of the tobacco that's swell to smell and cooler to smoke—and let the play go on to a happy end. Sir Walter Raleigh is the mildest, pleasantest blend of well-aged Kentucky Burleys ever offered to men who like pipes but dislike pipe-nip. Exaggeration? Can't be—sales growth says it's simple truth. Try a tin kept fresh in heavy gold foil and rave with us.

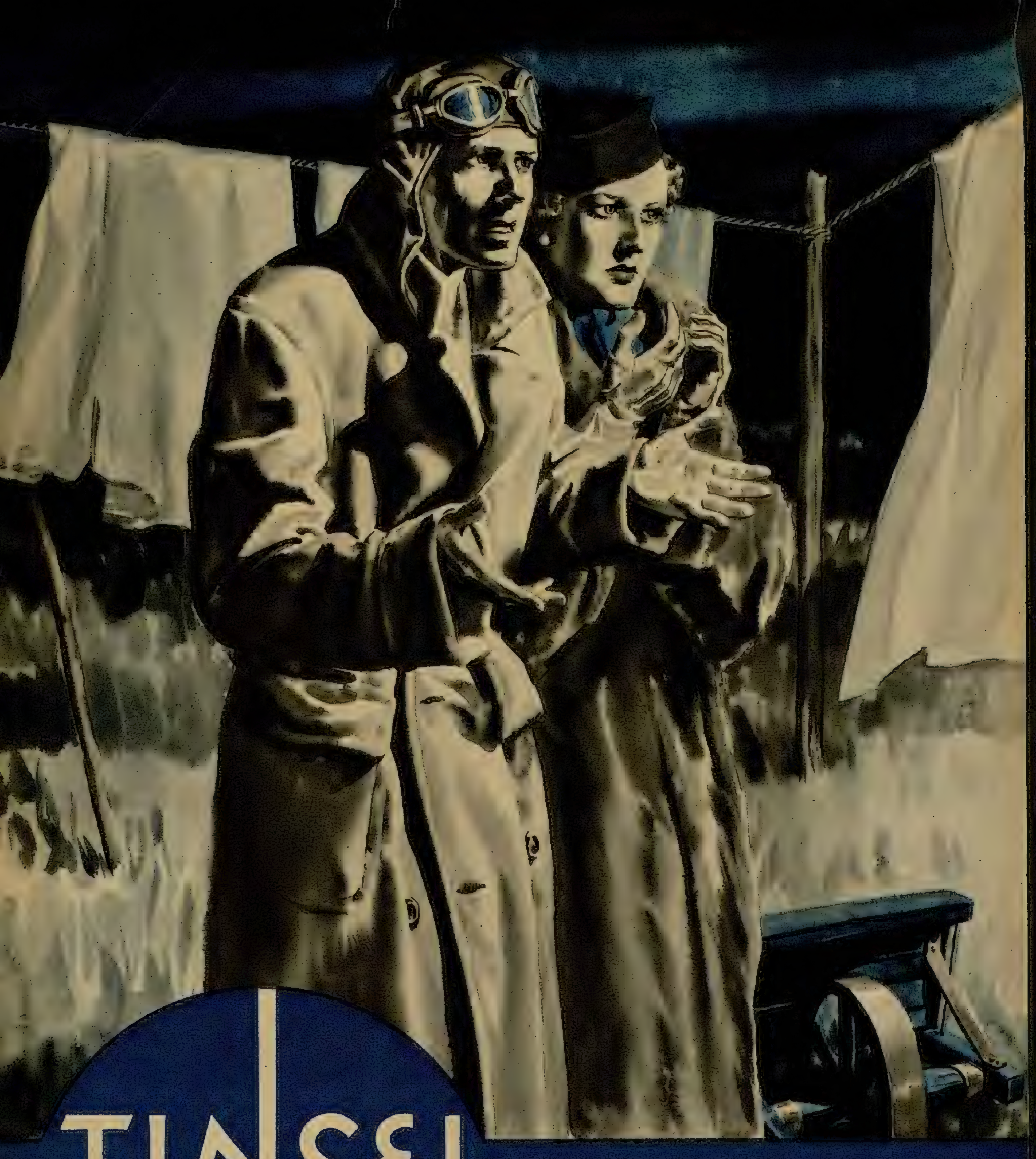
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. L-512



....FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your pipe taste better, sweeter. Write for a copy.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO
FOR
PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later-
Your Favorite Tobacco"

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER



"Tomorrow won't do," Madriguera urged. "We mus

TINSEL LADY

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART SIX—LIES AND MORE LIES

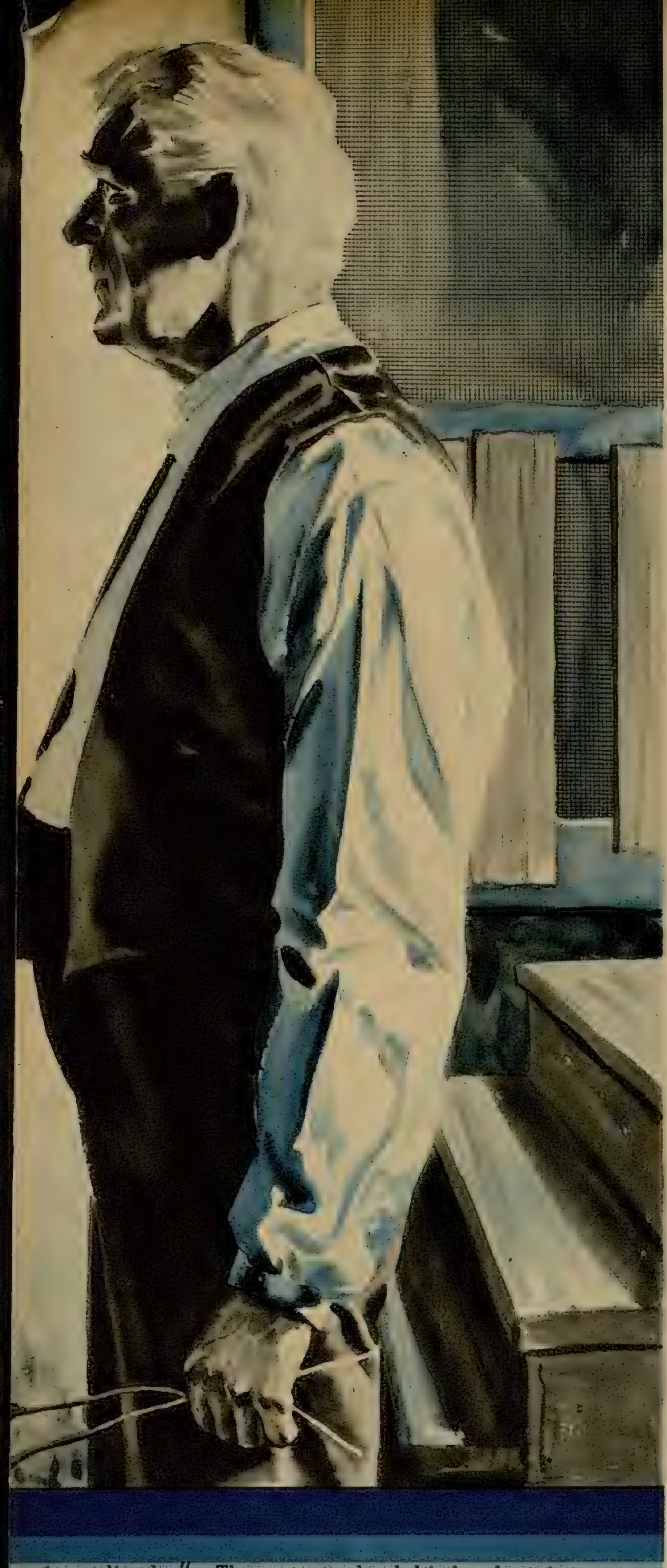
GORDON didn't dine with Ann that night, nor did he telephone, as was his custom when anything prevented his going to her from the office. The note of explanation he sent by messenger was a bit curt, in spite of his best efforts to make it otherwise.

Price Gordon's bad fortnight had reached a minor

Danger Ahead! . . . The Stage Is Set for Trouble and a Stirring Crisis Draws Near in This Tale of Glamour and a Girl

by CHANNING POLLOCK

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON



art immediately." The peasant shook his head again.

climax within twenty-four hours. No one unacquainted with the manifestations of physical jealousy—particularly in a middle-aged man in love with a young girl—could have understood the uneasiness he had experienced all winter. He was never at peace with Ann out of his sight. Too well he realized the discrepancy in their years. It was only a matter of time before a girl of twenty must find some one who would kindle the fires Gordon's fanning had left dormant.

Meanwhile the merchant hung on desperately. Ann was his first thrilling experience. The touch of her, the sight of her, the very recollection of her quickened his pulses. To have Ann to go to from his musty old office, to see her bright eyes and feel the warm silkiness of her arms about his neck, and anticipate the closer intimacy to which these joys were preamble—all this had become as necessary as strong drink to an enervated habitué.

Three things Price counted upon for the continuation of their relationship. Ann didn't love him; he knew that perfectly. She did love luxury, as a cat loves it, and he had deliberately pandered to that passion until he felt sure that any temptation would have to include the indulgences to which she had become accustomed. Ann was—as Charlie Binns had put it—"rich and famous." The riches flowed from Price Gordon. The fame was of her own making, and it could have brought her into contact with every predatory male in Paris. Nightly she stood in a kind of show window.

Gordon's second safety lay in keeping the doors locked. Any one might look, but no one must touch—no one must even come near Ann. Finally, and most of all, he relied upon the girl's inherent honesty. In her mind a contract was a contract, whether the law recognized it or not. Industriously Price had strengthened this view, weaving into it the woof of Ann's own self-respect. "We're more truly married than most husbands and wives." Ann might leave him, Price knew, but she wouldn't stoop to what Roberta frequently described as "cheating."

One after another Price Gordon had come to doubt the security of these three safeguards. First there had been Ann's scorn of her birthday emeralds. She had begun to take such things for granted; they might cease to suffice. That incident had followed the intrusion of Dufresne. Dufresne had picked Gordon's lock and looted the show window.

Every day Ann was to be seen in a private show window of Dufresne's. Who might not go there? What might not happen there? The questions degraded him and Ann—Ann, who was as honest as the day is long, and who would have come to him frankly with anything of the least moment.

Would she? Price began wondering.

He had driven her to the theater the night of the opening of the spring Salon, and had seen Dufresne waiting inside the stage door as she passed through. What of it? Gordon felt that he had atoned for a good deal of his foolishness when, without comment, he stepped back into his car and drove to the Ritz. One of his partners was spending the night there en route from Florence to London. Gordon walked to the desk and asked a clerk to announce him. "Mr. Price Gordon."

"Oh, I know you, Mr. Gordon. I've seen you here frequently with Mad'moiselle Cutler. *She* was here yesterday, too."

"Alone?"

Price hated himself for the question, which had leaped from his lips.

“Oh, yes, alone. She was trying to reach some one on the telephone, and then she gave me a telegram. Mad’moiselle’s portrait is the masterpiece of the Salon, I understand.”

“It seems to be,” Gordon agreed amiably. “Will you send up my name, please?”

He wished he might have asked, “To whom did the telegram go? Man or woman? Do you recall the address?” There were drawbacks to being a gentleman.

Gordon’s partner said, “I shan’t leave Paris until noon. I want to spend the morning at the Salon. This painting attracts me.”

“This painting” was a reproduction of Dufresne’s Ann in an evening newspaper.

“I’ll go with you,” Gordon responded.

He hadn’t intended to go at all. But somehow he couldn’t bear the idea of this gross Belgian staring at the pictured Ann. He disliked the portrait intensely. On the stage of the Folies-Bergère, Ann was one among scores of girls—the outstanding one of course, but still part of a broad peopled canvas fitfully illuminated by flaring torches. Here she was the whole canvas, an almost naked figure made vivid by the black velvet behind her and the glare of the footlights before. How could any decent girl expose herself—even her image—to the stare of the gapers in front of the painting? “It’s merely another Dufresne bid for notoriety,” Gordon declared to his companion. “Let’s wander about and see what there is in the way of landscapes. I bought one here last year—a forest, with an invisible sun reddening the snow.”

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

IN Paris, where she is the sensation of the Folies-Bergère, Ann Cutler, lovely young American star, meets middle-aged Price Gordon, London’s richest merchant, and sees in his friendship a chance to realize the fulfillment of her bright dreams of a life of glamour—a goal she has chosen instead of marrying Charlie Binns, a likable lad back in Washington, D. C., where she had lived with her shiftless father, J. Benton Cutler.

Although Ann realizes she can never return the love Price holds for her, she enjoys his attentions and deep admiration above everything else, and, without first seeking the advice or confiding in her chum and stage mate Roberta White, accepts a luxuriously furnished apartment as a Christmas present from him. But Ann soon learns that the tinseled path she has chosen has certain restrictions. Price’s jealousy causes many unhappy moments. Reluctantly he gives her permission to pose for Dufresne, France’s noted artist. Her picture, Ann learns, is to hang in the spring Salon, next to one posed by Tony Madriguera, a daring young aviator.

Then something happened that caused the first real break between her and Price. It fell on Ann’s twentieth birthday, an occasion she and Price had planned to celebrate privately. But when he canceled the plans, begging business excuses, Ann went alone to a small restaurant and there walked into Gordon and his wife. He completely ignored Ann, and later, when he tried to explain and gave Ann a peace offering of an emerald necklace, her flare of temper almost put an end to everything. But she apologized, gathered the gems Gordon had dashed to the floor, and put them away. Then she received a mysterious message from her father, who was employed by Price in one of his London stores. His urgent demand for a loan of one thousand pounds filled her with fears that he might have misused some of the firm’s money. And when she tells her troubles to Tony Madriguera, whom she meets at the Salon the following day, he suggests flying her to London that night, returning the next day. Ann agrees to the secret flight. But Price, standing on the balcony, sees the two leave the restaurant together.

Gordon really knew and loved pictures. The Belgian didn’t. When he’d seen Ann’s bare flesh he’d seen what he came to see. At eleven he dashed away for his train. Gordon was glad to be alone. Then he started down the winding stairs from the galleries and saw Ann with a strange young man’s arm round her waist.

GORDON’S note rather frightened Ann; it didn’t sound like him. Could he suspect? “I’m a fool to go to London with Tony,” Ann thought. “I’m a fool to do anything secret. Why should I? I’ve a perfect right to visit my father. I’ve a right to visit any one I want to visit.” In a sort of temper of her own she watched the maid pack her overnight bag. “I shan’t be back until tomorrow afternoon,” she said, and then, frightened afresh by the surprised face of the servant, she added what she hadn’t intended to add, “I’m spending the night with Mad’moiselle White.”

Damn lies! And damn being compelled to lie!

“I won’t do it,” she decided on her way to the theater. “I’ll telephone Tony, and really go home with Roberta, and show father’s letter to Price at dinner tomorrow.” But she didn’t know Tony’s telephone number; had never known it.

“Not going anywhere, are you?” Bobbie asked, catching sight of the overnight bag.

“No. I just brought a few things down with me.”

More lies. Wouldn’t it be wise to tell Roberta that she was supposed to be spending the night with her? Ann couldn’t bring herself to do that. Damn it again! Her life was her own. And so was the string of birthday emeralds locked in that bag.

Tony and Ann took off from the flying field just before two in the morning. It was a jewel box of a plane, with a closed cabin hardly larger than the inside of a limousine and lined with red leather.

ONCE or twice during the flight Tony shouted at her, but only to call attention to something below, and, finally to say, “We’re over England now. Fifteen minutes more, and we’ll be down. Tighten your belt, Ann.”

When her feet were on earth again, Tony asked, “Where to now? It’s not quite five o’clock. You don’t want to wake your father at this hour, do you?”

“I’d like forty winks myself,” Ann said. “Isn’t there a quiet little hotel somewhere?”

Ann wound up at a modest hostelry in Russell Square. Tony had stopped there once or twice, he said. Now he had rooms just around the corner in Bedford Place. He gave her his telephone number, and told her he’d be there, awaiting word as to their return, any time after noon.

At eleven thirty that morning Ann put a call through to J. Benton’s office. He was amazed at the sound of her voice. “What are you doing here, Ann?”

“I came to see you.”

“But what about your performance? And I thought Gordon was giving you a birthday party tonight.”

“I didn’t know anything about that.”

“That’s right; it was to be a surprise. I’m sorry I spoke. And it isn’t tonight anyway; it’s tomorrow. Unless Gordon’s forgotten it too.”

“He never forgets,” Ann said, touched. “He couldn’t come to dinner on my real birthday, so he’s arranged this. Where can we lunch?”

“Where are you now?”

Ann told him. “I’ll go to you. Say half past one. Order lunch in your room. We can talk there.”

J. Benton appeared at five minutes after two smartly attired in a morning coat that obviously had not been picked up in the Strand. He embraced her with fervor. “Sorry to be late, Ann. It’s that confounded office. I’m in charge of all the welfare work now—hospital and everything. Did Gordon tell you?”

“Yes. That’s why I’m here.”

J. Benton smelled trouble.

“Well, let’s eat first. I don’t want to spoil our reunion. How lovely you’re looking, Ann. I hear there’s a portrait of you at the Salon. Headlines about it in this morning's Express. You're world-famous, Ann. You could write your own ticket for London."

It was after four when they got down to cases.

"I won't go back to the office. I'm entitled to a half holiday when my daughter flies the Channel to see me."

"I'm not entitled to any holiday," Ann replied sharply. "I've got to be in my flat at six o'clock. Seven at the latest."

"You can't do it. It's four o'clock now."

"Not really?"

She telephoned Madriguera, annoyance in her tone. "My father's held me up, Tony. I don't know how I'll explain things. I'll have to invent something. Call for me here in an hour, will you?"

"Now, then," she continued to J. Benton, "what's it all about?"

"What's what about?"

"This urgent need of a thousand pounds. You're in debt again, I suppose. To whom?"

"Well, pretty much everybody."

"And you've got to pay up by Saturday. Why? Have you been helping yourself to that welfare fund?"

"Good God, no! What are you thinking of, Ann? Your own father! I've my faults, heaven knows, but I've always been overscrupulous, if anything. That's what kept me from being a millionaire long ago!"

ANN was amused—and vastly relieved.

"What do you want with a thousand pounds?"

"Well," J. Benton began tentatively, "some of my bills are a little pressing. I owe a month's rent, for example. And I shan't get any more salary until August." He pulled a long Havana cigar from his pocket and ignited it. "I've drawn about a hundred pounds in advance. A hundred pounds more or less," he added hastily as he saw Ann's face clouding again.

"Does any one know you've drawn in advance?"

"Not exactly."

"Then you *have* helped yourself!"

"Don't be ridiculous. A mere hundred pounds. In another month I shall be tossing that much away as pin money. I'm on the verge—on the very brink of a great fortune, Ann."

"I seem to have heard that before."

"Wealth doesn't come the first time you try for it. Every rich man has had hopes and made efforts that ended in futility. But this time—" He smiled benignly. "Ann, you're about to have an extremely well-to-do parent."

"And that's what you want the thousand pounds for?"

"Something sure this time," he beamed. "A lady."

"Mrs. Saintsbury?"

"Ann!" J. Benton enthused. "Who told you? Gordon?"

"He told me you were spending a good deal of time—and cash—on the old dame."

"Say, Joe...I've got one of our worries licked!"

THIS little medicine-fighter has one of childhood's greatest worries licked. He has just been introduced to a laxative that's a treat—Fletcher's Castoria!

"It's swell, Joe!"

Even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. A youngster takes it willingly . . . and it's *important* that he should. For the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a laxative he hates upsets his nerves and digestion.

And—Fletcher's Castoria was made especially for a child's *needs*—no harsh, purging drugs in Fletcher's Castoria such as some "grown-up" laxatives contain.

"That's right—Fletcher's Castoria."

Like the carefully chosen food you give your child, Fletcher's Castoria is ideally suited for a child's growing body.

It will never cause griping pain. It does not form a habit. It is gentle, safe and *thorough*.

"Tell your mom to get some!"

Adopt Fletcher's Castoria as your child's laxative—until he is 11 years old. Get a bottle today—the carton bears the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher*. Buy the Family-Size bottle—it's more economical.

Chas H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

“ Ann,” her father admonished—“ Ann, you mustn't speak disrespectfully of your stepmother that is to be.”

Ann laughed.

“ You're not thinking of marrying Mrs. Saintsbury? ”

“ Why not? She's really quite charming. I've been a long time alone, and Mrs. Saintsbury has two houses and a very large income. It would provide for our future, my dear.”

J. Benton Cutler flicked a flake of cigar ash from his well tailored lapel and lifted its gardenia to his nose.

“ The reason I remembered Gordon's birthday dinner to you,” he continued, “ is that Saturday's *her* birthday—and my opportunity. The old bird's been flying in my direction for weeks, but I need something to bring her down. Something—if you know what I mean—overwhelming. I'd thought of a jade pendant. There's a beauty in Old Bond Street. What I want to do is hit her in the heart and grab her while she's fluttering.”

"Jafsie Was Always Doing Strange Things—"

THESE words are Lieutenant Finn's. This frank comment was made in Liberty, in his memorable inside account of How I Captured Hauptmann.

Never for a moment did the New York police lieutenant distrust the old Bronx schoolmaster—and yet he was continually puzzled by him.

“ Strange things—like hunting for Red Johnson along the New York water front and then defending him as if Red had been his own son.”

Why did Colonel Lindbergh's contact with the mysterious “ John ” behave in that unaccountable fashion?

“ And why,” Lieutenant Finn has demanded, “ did he go around with a bodyguard? ”

And why did he in one breath ask “ John ” almost tenderly, “ What would your mother say? ”—and in the next, roar, “ Take down that coat and let me see your face ” ?

Why? Why? Why? Were these and other acts of Jafsie's really so “ strange ”? Or was there method in them?

Above all, just what left him certain that “ John ” had been in the Lindbergh nursery?

In his own story Jafsie himself will give you the answers.

Coming Soon in Liberty

Ann laughed again, and glanced at her wrist watch. Five o'clock. Opening her bag, she extracted the unlucky emeralds. “ Gordon gave me these on *my* birthday, and I don't want them. The setting's a little bit damaged, and I doubt that the stones are worth a thousand pounds, but you can find out.”

“ They're a lot lovelier than the jade pendant,” J. Benton observed. “ How about giving *them* to Althea? ”

J. Benton's daughter laughed for the third time. “ That's up to you,” she declared. “ I think Price dislikes them as much as I do, and he'd never notice anyway.”

The phone rang. “ There's my pilot. I really *must* be going now.”

“ We're frightfully late,” she told Madriguera.

“ Yes. I can't promise to have you home for dinner, but we'll make the performance by a wide margin.”

“ That's the important thing,” Ann said.

Dinner didn't really matter now; she could tell Gordon the truth about her father. She could even confess her reasons for terror and secrecy: her fears that the old gentleman had dipped into that charity fund. Price knew J. Benton well enough to comprehend and to smile, and that would end the whole matter.

Of course, Ann reflected, looking through the windows of the plane and seeing the Channel beneath them—of course, that would end her acquaintance with Tony too. Gordon never wanted her to know any one.

The sea was behind them now, and beneath lay rolling fields, green with spring, and the thatched or tiled roofs of farmhouses. Suddenly the engine coughed, sputtered, and hesitated. Tony pulled at a gadget and his eyes narrowed. “ Anything wrong? ”

“ Water in the gas,” Madriguera answered laconically, raising his voice to be heard above the noise of the plane. “ Don't worry.”

But a moment later the coughing spell was repeated. Madriguera looked around him, then turned to Ann. “ Plenty of places to land, if we have to,” he said. “ Once we're down I can fix her up in a minute.”

A third cough, and then a wheeze and a long sigh. The engine stopped dead. After its din the silence was terrifying.

“ Tighten your belt,” Tony instructed her calmly. “ Likely to have a bit of rough going.”

Slowly one of the plane's wings lifted high above the other. Ann was conscious that they were describing a wide circle, and then, after what seemed a long time, the earth struck them, and they went bumping and jumping over its surface. The plane had almost come to a standstill, when all at once it dipped violently, there was a terrific tearing, crashing noise, and one wing crumpled like the fender of a motorcar in a collision.

“ All right? ” Tony asked Ann, as quietly as though smashed wings were an everyday occurrence.

“ Perfectly all right,” the girl answered. “ What happened? ”

“ Mudhole on one side toppled us and the wing struck a rock. Were you scared? ”

“ Not a bit.” She laughed.

Madriguera helped her out of the plane.

Suddenly Ann's hand tightened on his arm. “ Good Lord, I forgot all about tonight's show! ”

“ What time is it? ”

“ After seven.”

“ Looks bad—unless we can get another plane somewhere.”

Ann shook her head. “ Even nowadays planes don't grow in fields like mushrooms, Tony. It must be a mile to that farmhouse. We're lucky if we can find a telephone.”

“ O. K. Let's get started.”

The house proved to be a half hour's walk across muddy uneven ground. Ann arrived tired, with soaked boots, and, for the first time, really worried.

It was a small oblong structure, very old and dirty. An old man came to meet them. Where was the nearest telephone? The old man shook his head. Well, there must be a motorcar somewhere? There *must* be. “ Good heavens,” Ann thought, “ a hundred miles from Paris, and in the twentieth century! ”

“ What's the next town? ”

“ Gournay.”

“ How do you get there? ”

“ In my wagon.”

“ How long does it take? ”

“ That depends. Perhaps an hour.”

“ Will you take us? ”

“ Certainly. In the morning.”

“ Tomorrow won't do,” Madriguera urged. “ We must start immediately.”

Slowly, laboriously, the old man explained. The horses had been working all day. Heavy work, too, in the fields. They were tired. So was he. Fifteen kilometers to Gournay. The beasts couldn't possibly make it. One of them had a very sore foot anyway.

"Offer him a thousand francs," Ann said.

The peasant shook his head again.

"It's no good," Ann yielded at last. "Suppose we reached a phone by ten thirty. Bobbie'll know by then I'm not coming. What could she do anyway?"

"What shall *we* do?"

"We'll have to stay here, I guess. Ask the old man whether he has any objections to that?"

Not the least. They could have his room—the room he shared with his wife. "This isn't *my* wife," Madriguera explained. "We're not married." The old man shrugged his shoulders. Plainly he considered that none of his business. They had only one bedroom. As it was, he and the old woman would have to sleep in the kitchen. She could get them something to eat, and they'd be off for Gournay at daylight tomorrow.

He trudged into the house, and Ann and Tony looked at each other.

How will Ann explain this to Price? Will she tell the truth about the whole affair, or will she alter facts knowing that he would never believe such an incredible story? Don't miss the important developments in next week's installment!

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 39

1—General John J. Pershing; "Black Jack" was his nickname, and he wore the four stars of a permanent general.
2—A new type of clay-and-gravel road, treated with rock salt to make it hard and skid-resisting.
3—John Barrymore.
4—It is the trade-mark of the House of Mitsui, Japan's tremendously rich family-corporation.
5—Acknowledgment is the correct spelling of the second word.
6—With the X ray internal bruises in hams can be revealed.
7—Five: two sons of Franklin Roosevelt and three grandsons of Theodore Roosevelt.
8—No; the name was mistakenly given the nightjar, one of the nonpasserine birds.
9—In Manitoba, Canada, 350 miles north of Winnipeg. On its islands are the most northerly gold mines in the British Empire.
10—Lady Drummond Hay, England's ace newspaperwoman.
11—Portland Hoffa; Jane Ace; Ben Bernie.
12—A vegetable somewhat resembling celery, first brought to the United States from China and Japan.
13—By utilizing the $140,000,000 Florida Canal (Jacksonville to Port Inglis) when its construction is completed.
14—The suspect is required to close his eyes, then to touch the tip of his nose with the index finger of his right hand.
15—It is partially correct; the word "madding" so appears in Gray's Elegy, but the actual line is, "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."
16—Captain Thomas Jones, a reformed freebooting pirate, released from jail shortly before the voyage.
17—Clark Gable.
18—The equivalent of $272.81. In the United States, he would pay $8.
19—To employ in the treatment of certain bone infections, etc.
20—Less than half the size of mice.

PACKAGE OF 50
GILLETTE BLUE BLADES
$2.45
Season's Greetings
To
From
Gillette
50 Gillette BLUE BLADES

THE GIFT
TO CHEER HIS MORNINGS FOR MONTHS TO COME

SEARCH the gift counters—hunt for hours in the jostling Christmas shopping crowds and you couldn't find a more thoroughly acceptable gift at anything like the price of this attractive package of 50 Gillette "Blue Blades." Here's a gift that will cheer a man's mornings for months to come—assure him hundreds of clean, easy shaves.

The Gillette "Blue Blade," especially made for tender skin, is first choice of most men everywhere. It is the blade in demand—the most logical, practical gift you can imagine. Make up your list now. Just write Gillette "Blue Blades" on your shopping list for men who "have everything" or are hard to please.

Most dealers have the special Christmas carton or can get it for you quickly. Save yourself endless steps and be sure of a warm reception for your gift. Ask your dealer for the Christmas carton of Gillette "Blue Blades."

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

Gillette
BLUE
BLADE
Gillette

The SCATTERBRAIN TRUST

by JACK GOODMAN and ALBERT RICE

Are You Absent-Minded? Here Is a Consoling and Hilarious Chronicle of Outstandingly Goofy Exploits of Your Kind

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HAVE you ever put the business end of a lighted cigarette in your mouth? Have you ever walked out of a room and switched off the lights, forgetting that you have plunged the remaining occupants in total darkness?

If your answer to any such question is "Yes!" you at once become potential material for the Scatterbrain Trust, that vast, vague, and unorganized body which includes all absent-minded people everywhere on earth, and which numbers among its unwitting members some of our greatest artists, scientists, and statesmen.

The Absent-Minded Professor is the joy of the cartoonist and other professional humorists. You have no doubt heard the joke which was designed to end all Absent-Minded-Professor jokes—although it never did so. It has to do with the learned gentleman who, in walking to his home through a cornfield, passed a scarecrow.

The professor beamed and raised his hat. "Good evening!" he said heartily.

It was then that he realized, a little vaguely, that he had addressed a bundle of straw. He stopped dead, turned, and added, "Oh, I beg your pardon!"

Absent-mindedness, like the automobile, is here to stay—and it does just about as much damage. And the victim need not always be a professor. He or she may be a plumber or a shoe salesman, a horse dealer or an aviator, a housewife or a second-story man. The streets of the nation echo and re-echo to the tread of these forgetful souls—most of them walking the wrong way.

Give a representative of the Scatterbrain Trust a cup of steaming coffee and he is as likely as not to tip it upside down all over himself to see if the china is labeled Dresden. If he mislays a pipe, a wallet, or a watch, he will forget what he is looking for long before he finds it. Like Willie Baxter in Booth Tarkington's Seventeen, he doesn't sit once in wet paint accidentally. Sitting in wet paint is likely to occupy a good deal of his time and must be taken into account in mapping the day's schedule.

There are two great divisions of the Scatterbrain Trust. One is the Out-of-Sight-Out-of-Mind School. In this we find the abandoned souls who spend hours searching for the children they have lost in department stores, utterly forgetting that they have left those children home safe in the nursery. And those others who hunt, hunt, hunt for the spectacles which are hiding on the top of the hunter's head.

Ducky ran, pursued by an absent-minded teammate.

One writer of chronically best-selling novels is becoming a one-man tradition. Not long ago he decided to return some books he had borrowed. He hailed a taxicab, gave his friend's address, and was comfortably settled when the cab halted for a red light. He scrambled out, explaining to the driver that he wanted to buy a paper before the light changed.

At the newsstand he was pleasantly surprised to see the new issue of a favorite magazine. He bought it and became immediately engrossed in an article. The cab driver honked in despair as he proceeded to walk slowly, still reading, to a waiting streetcar. He boarded it, sank into a seat, and went right back home.

When the owner of the books called him an hour or so later to say that a choleric cab driver had deposited them at the right address and had demanded and received his fare, the writer was surprised. But not greatly surprised. Not nearly as much as he had been a few weeks before when, for convenience's sake, he had wanted to draw a check for eight or nine dollars on his bank in Connecticut. He hadn't used the account for some months and wasn't quite sure if he still had enough money in it. So he called the bank and asked them whether or not they would require a deposit.

Their answer was short and to the point. It was: "Your present balance here is $15,642.07."

The great Dwight Morrow was a member in good standing of the same school. There are innumerable stories of his absent-mindedness. Once, so it was said, he arranged a business trip with lightning speed, cleared up all pending affairs at his office, was driven to the station just in time for his train—only to have to telephone his secretary to ask where he was going.

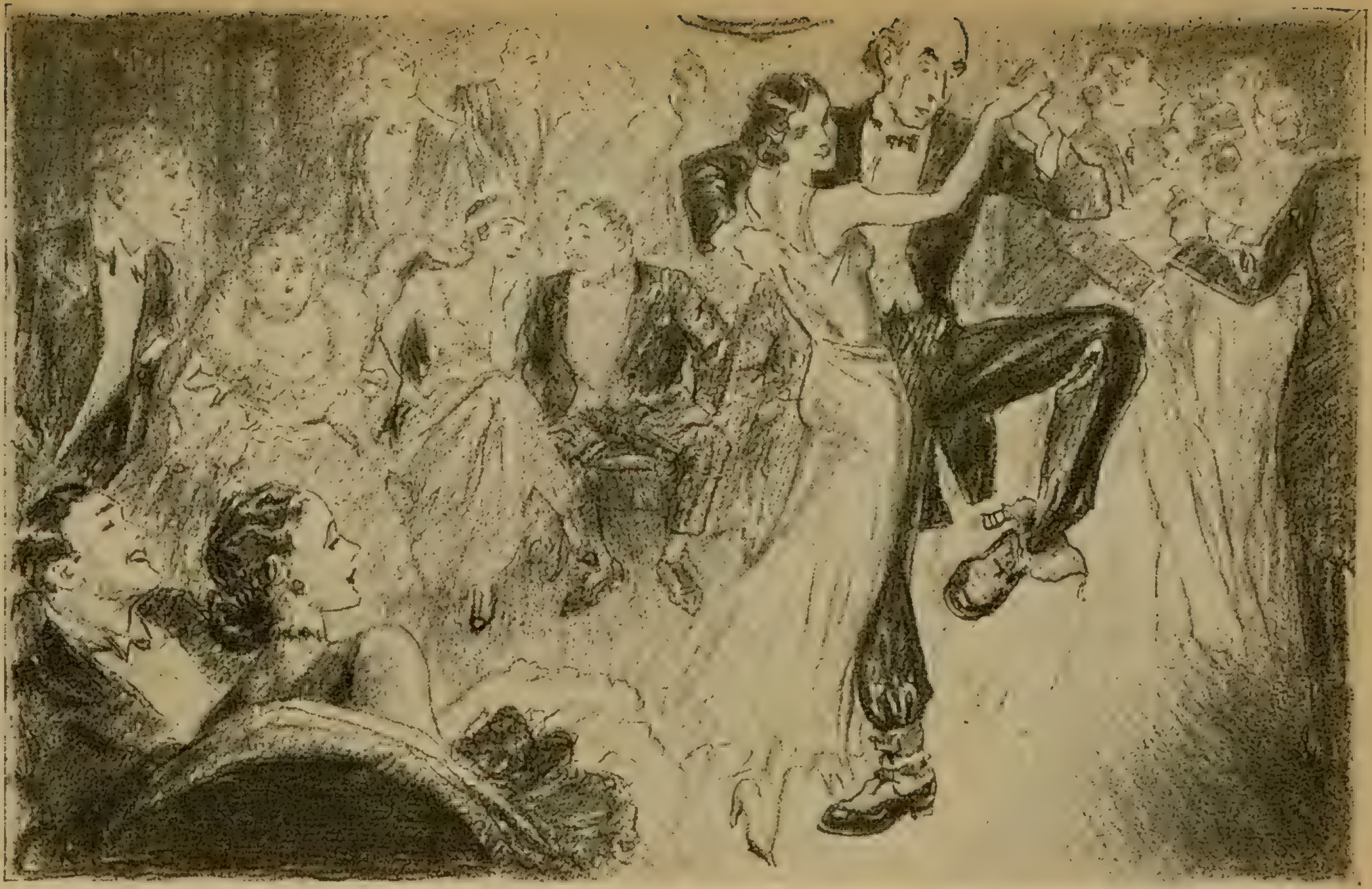
We cannot vouch for the story in which he is supposed to have met an acquaintance on the street and to have stopped to chat with him. As they were parting, Mr. Morrow is said to have inquired, "Would you mind telling me which way I was walking when I met you?"

"Why, uptown, of course!" said the acquaintance.

"Good!" said Mr. Morrow. "Then I've *had* my lunch."

Less illustrious, yet a brother under the skin, was the gentleman from Kansas who went to a Turkish bath with a

The dignitary waltzed out, immaculate—and still wearing galoshes.



CARTOONS BY HUBBELL REED

friend while visiting New York. After leaving the bath he discovered that his vest was missing, and with it his gold watch and chain. Rushing back, the two reported the loss. A prolonged and thorough search disclosed no trace of the missing articles.

"That place is a gyp joint!" the Kansan said darkly. "Some one just put on that vest and walked out!"

He was right—as he discovered when he undressed that night and found the vest *under* his shirt.

Some years ago a department head at the University of Michigan threw the police of Ann Arbor into a ferment by reporting that his car had been stolen. For two days the law's bloodhounds combed the countryside. The owner of the car then suddenly recalled that he had put it away in dead storage for the winter.

Generals have forgotten whole regiments. Actors have forgotten their parts. Writers, the legendary Lawrence of Arabia among them, have forgotten and mislaid manuscripts which represent lifework.

Now for the second school of Scatterbrain Trusters. It can be called the In-Sight-Out-of-Mind School, and it includes all of those genial dodderers who are constantly blundering for no discernible reason.

Take the dial telephone. To the really absent-minded man it becomes a lurking terror. His first move, generally, will be to call his own number and murmur fretfully over the continual busy signals which follow. Or he may dial his home when he meant to call the office. If the phone is in a pay station, he will as often as not take the receiver off the hook, forget to deposit his nickel, wait five minutes listening to a blank silence, and end up by jiggling the hook frantically up and down. Then, when he deposits what he firmly believes to be the *second* nickel, he will have forgotten what number he meant to call.

The scatterbrain of this class often maneuvers himself into situations which horrify him more than any one else. To this group belongs the dignitary who waltzed gracefully out upon the dance floor at an important social function, immaculate in starched shirt, white tie, tails—and still wearing galoshes. Another member was the lecturer on the current political situation who appeared before a small-town ladies' group. He was so completely carried away by what he was saying that he didn't for some time notice the titters that were growing in volume in his audience. Suddenly he ceased shaking his hand in the air and looked at it—to find it bravely flaunting his false teeth, which he had inadvertently removed from his mouth during the excitement.

During the big hand of a spirited poker game, a prominent song writer was bluffing. His opponent raised. The song writer reraised. And then, battling to preserve an outward appearance of insouciance, he reached for a tumbler and took a long, long drink—from an empty glass! He was, of course, immediately called.

Einstein himself became enrolled in this school last year when he took the helm of a sailboat and, in a series of erratic maneuvers, sailed it squarely on to the shore line and became wedged immovably among some rocks. When asked how the mishap had occurred, the relativist informed newspapermen with simple dignity: "I must have been thinking of something else."

He'll have forgotten what number he meant to call.

Many historic events have taken place for the same reason. Fred Merkle must have been pondering other things when he lost the pennant for the Giants by forgetting to touch second. Several outstanding football heroes have made long runs—in the wrong direction. A Yale-Harvard game a few years ago was played in such bad weather that the players were soon so covered with mud as to be indistinguishable. Late in the fourth quarter, the great Yale back, Ducky Pond, emerged from a scrimmage with the ball and ran for a touchdown, pursued grimly every inch of the way by one begrimed and desperate player—an absent-minded *teammate*. Had Pond been a little slower, or his colleague a little faster, Yale would not have won that game—and our hero would have been immortal.

ONE bona fide professor is a fond memory to those thirty-five youths who were privileged to enroll in his Latin class some nine years ago. His name, let us say, was Green. His class was reading Caesar and he was impelled one bright day to illustrate graphically a scene from the Commentaries. Grasping a blackboard pointer in one hand, he said, "Now, gentlemen, this will serve as a pike. You must now imagine that I am a Roman legionnaire, about to conceal myself behind a rampart."

Then, muttering some lines from the tussle with Vercingetorix, Professor Green, completely lost in his impersonation, crept stealthily across the room, approached a closet, flung it open, entered, and closed the door behind him. For several moments the rolling periods of Julius Caesar were faintly distinguishable to the delighted students—to be suddenly displaced by a feeble tapping from within the closet and cries of "Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Let me out!"

The door, it appeared, had a spring lock and was openable only from the outside—and Professor Green had renewed his membership in the Scatterbrain Trust.

THE END

Vox Pop

Hauptmann's Counsel Strikes Back

LLOYD FISHER

FLEMINGTON, N. J.—I understand that it has been said that I called Lieutenant Finn and congratulated him on his Liberty articles, and this comes as a very great surprise. As a matter of fact, if I ever called him on the phone it would be to laugh over the foolishness that he is writing.

Of all the Hauptmann stuff that has been published I think Finn's articles are the most ridiculous. The very type of the articles nauseates those officers who worked so diligently and efficiently over such a long period of months in an effort to solve the Lindbergh crime.

Hauptmann, of course, is not the kidnaper or the murderer of the Lindbergh baby, and I doubt seriously if there is a police officer in New York or in New Jersey who in his heart honestly believes he is.

On the contrary, I know personally any number of them who are absolutely convinced that Hauptmann knows no more about this crime than I do.

As to the capture of the man Hauptmann, Finn had no more to do with it than I did. He was at the trial of Mr. Hauptmann, one of the most unimportant witnesses who appeared on the stand at Flemington. Walter Winchell said that the most that Finn was on the stand was forty seconds, and I believe he gave Finn just a little bit of the best of it.

The record clearly indicates that Finn was on the witness stand for the briefest possible time.

As a matter of fact he was asked eight or ten questions by Wilentz and not even cross-examined by the defense. His testimony takes up but one page in the record. Each question addressed to him had to do with the recovery of the five-dollar bill taken in by Celia Barr at the Sheridan Theater.

Again, the record clearly indicates when and how Hauptmann was apprehended, and if you will refer to the record you will see that the man was in custody before Finn got there. Lieutenant Jack Wallace of the New Jersey Police, a man named Conkling from the New York Police, and a man named Duerr from the New Jersey, riding in the first of three cars trailing Hauptmann, ran Hauptmann over to the curb. Wallace slipped out of the rear seat of the car into the Hauptmann car and had Hauptmann in custody with handcuffs on before Finn even arrived on the scene. I could write an article on how I captured the bandit Villa in the days of the Mexican outlawry with as much truth as there is in the articles written by Finn.

The only thing that I can see that Finn is doing is to show the public just how slipshod the police investigation was, and he has pointed out more clearly than ever before to just what extent the old man Condon was involved in this situation. I personally, knowing the case as I do, could not have pointed suspicion to Condon as strongly as Finn does.

If any one deserves credit for the finding of ransom money prior to the arrest of Hauptmann, the parties, in my humble opinion, are Walter Winchell, Lyle, the boy in the gas station, and the boy at the bank who noticed the ransom bill had been turned over to Lyle. Except for the sharp words of Winchell which led the bank tellers throughout the city to be more careful in the observation of bills, Finn would still be running up and down the streets trying to find out whether a bill passed was a five- or a ten-dollar bill.

It might be interesting to note that in Hauptmann's manuscript, written by him in the New Jersey state prison and completed on June 15, 1935, weeks and weeks before Finn turned literary, Hauptmann states that the first man to beat and abuse him and strike him with fists and rubber hose was none other than our literary genius Lieutenant Finn. Hauptmann, out of all the policemen in the world who handled him, picked Finn, months before he knew Finn alleged he was the man who captured him, as the man who most brutally abused him.

Mark my words, this Hauptmann case is a long way from over, and I am as fully convinced as I am convinced that my name is Fisher that this man will never go to the electric chair for this crime. If you draw out the built evidence submitted primarily by paid employees of the State of New Jersey, you have nothing in this case whatever to indicate his guilt. It is a matter of fact that the handwriting experts billed New Jersey for better than $45,000, and with that much money we could have had as many handwriting experts and probably damn sight better ones.

Just a little example of how one-sided this case was: that amount of money, the sum billed to the State of New Jersey by the handwriting experts, represents double the amount of money that the Hauptmann defense had from the very first day Hauptmann was arrested to the present day. With the combined police forces of New York, New Jersey, and the United States acting to wipe this crime, which had been a blot on their efficiency for two and a half years, off the books, the manner in which they discovered new evidence from day to day was not at all surprising to me.

I wonder if you ever knew that we were refused admittance to the attic from where the lumber was taken, and that we were refused admittance to the Hauptmann home, refused permission to go on the Lindbergh place and make a survey of the physical surroundings. We were never permitted to see the original ransom notes except in the presence of half a dozen of the officers, although I am inclined to believe that Fred Pope and myself, the only New Jersey attorneys in the case at the time, were just as reliable as any of the state attorneys or authorities.

It was arranged for our handwriting experts to inspect the notes on a given day at the Hotel Hildebrecht in Trenton at ten o'clock in the morning. We were to have free access to the ransom notes for the entire day. No one from the state showed up until shortly after eleven o'clock. They then brought the ransom notes down to a given room in the hotel. They were accompanied by Lieutenant Snook and Lieutenant Lamb of the New Jersey State Police and Sergeant Housling and a stenographer from the State House, Joe Lannigan and Dick Stockton from the attorney general's office, and from time to time additional policemen were roaming about the room.

The notes were gingerly handed to the people we had there for the sole purpose of inspecting the notes. The conference broke up at about one thirty, and I believe one half of the time we were there was taken up by news reporters, photographers, and what not. We asked for photostatic copies of the notes, thinking we could get some benefit from them; we sought access to Schwarzkopf's daily police reports in which he said that the death of Violet Sharp went a long way toward clearing up the mystery. All of these requests were refused—and so it went throughout the entire case.

Any little situation that might have been to the slightest advantage of the defendant was kept from us. The whole case was bizarre, but the most bizarre thing of it all and the most ridiculous of it all is the effort of that literary genius Lieutenant Finn, particularly his title, How I Captured Hauptmann.—*Lloyd Fisher* [*Chief Counsel for Bruno Richard Hauptmann*].

The editor of Vox Pop cannot believe that fighting attorney Fisher really attaches any importance to the short time Lieutenant Finn spent on the witness stand.

As to his charges, (1) that Finn was not the actual captor of Hauptmann and (2) that Hauptmann was beaten up by the police and "most brutally abused" by Finn, we give the answer by Lieutenant Finn:

"Each man is entitled to his opinion, on Hauptmann and everything else. As for these articles, the record stands. Regarding the actual apprehending of Hauptmann, everything was arranged as described. The three cars followed him, and on a signal from me the first car closed in on him. This car was driven by Detective Wallace of New York, and in it were Sergeant Wallace and Trooper Doerr of New Jersey and Detective Cronin of New York. When Detective Wallace saw my signal, he cut ahead of Hauptmann, and we cut in from behind. Sergeant Wallace and all the others set down by me in the story almost simultaneously surrounded Hauptmann, Wallace of New Jersey getting into his auto.

"Regarding the alleged beating of Hauptmann, we were scrupulously careful to do just the opposite. Well aware of the practice among many defense attorneys of trying to win jury sympathy for their clients by charging that they were beaten, we even had our New York police surgeon examine Hauptmann the day of the arrest and every day thereafter until we turned him over to the custody of New Jersey. Also physicians designated by the District Attorney of the Bronx regularly examined Hauptmann. Add to these the physician appointed by Hauptmann's own counsel. And of course they found not a sign of anything to indicate the slightest mistreatment of the Lindbergh kidnaper."

Addendum

To Mr. Fisher and all loyal Vox Poppers: The biggest beat of them all is yet to come. It is Dr. John F. (Jafsie) Condon's own story of his dramatic part in the Lindbergh case. Watch for it! In Liberty, of course! Inside facts, never before revealed, in a story that will tear at your heartstrings.—Vox Pop Editor.

A LAWYER ON THE HAUPTMANN LADDER

Chicago, Ill.—In October 5 Liberty in a box captioned The Editor Asks a Question, you make a positive assertion: "Fighting for his life, Hauptmann would have had the right to demand saws, hammers, boards, sawhorses, nails, and before the eyes of the jury build a ladder that was an expert's ladder. I wonder why Reilly didn't do this."

Will you for my benefit and the benefit of, I would say, every other lawyer in America who reads Liberty, state your authority for the statement of which I quote the gist?

In Illinois such a demand would have been forthwith refused, and so far as I can find in leading text works on criminal procedure, evidence, etc., no other state of the Union would permit such a demonstration as you suggest.

My thought is that such exclusion would be proper, inasmuch as the question to be determined by Court or jury is: "Did Hauptmann build the ladder which was in evidence?" and *not* "Could he build a better ladder or one equally unskillfully constructed as the one in evidence?"

Could a defendant indicted for forgery, wherein the writing was scrawly, demand pen, ink, and paper and the right to demonstrate in court his ability to write a beautiful Spencerian hand or a Palmer method hand, really a thing of beauty?

I am sure every lawyer trying any case would welcome the citation holding that, as a matter of right, Hauptmann could do the things you say he could. Those representing plaintiffs would be in their glory, as would those representing defendants; for each one could produce countless witnesses, each one could truthfully state that on the many occasions he had seen the party on whose behalf he appeared do or perform the thing which is the basis of the suit in a careful, prudent, cautious, and safe manner.—*Charles V. Falkenberg.*

EDITORIALS INTO BOOK

Crystal Lake, Ill.—A Great Moral Lesson in a Prize Fight (October 26 Liberty) is quite an improvement over the controversial editorials appearing in recent issues. The change is good—and, incidentally, economic forces will continue to strive for mastery in spite of all that is written in any editorials.—*V. T. Brauns.*

Salt Lake City, Utah—I think the editorial A Great Moral Lesson is one of the best Mr. Macfadden has ever written. This editorial comes as a welcome relief from his rather smug conceptions of the New Deal, etc.—*R. W. Greer.*

Balboa Island, Calif.—Having read in the October 19 Vox Pop Mr. James L. Haley's letter suggesting that Bernarr Macfadden's editorials be printed in book or pamphlet form, and having intended to make the same motion myself, I hasten to second Mr. Haley's motion. And I want to ask to be permitted to contribute toward the cost of spreading Mr. Macfadden's clean American doctrine.—*H. C. Mower.*

JOPLIN ANGRY AT MRS. BLAIR

Joplin, Mo.—Of all the insipid, asinine things I have ever read, Mrs. Blair's story in September 14 Liberty surpasses them all. I can't understand how she, who lived in Joplin for years, could write such a story as The Mob, that would lead one to think that this section of Missouri is still in such a low state of civilization. We have all been to school and actually learned to read and write. A large number of us have even been to college. (Remind Mrs. Blair of that!) We actually have churches and a Rotary Club. The women are not all prostitutes who have to marry a Peter or an Ike to make honest women of them.

We aren't hill-billies and hill-janes. (She coined the word *hill-jane*, and the novelty of the experience probably left her in a slightly dazed condition.) I have never seen anything of the hill-billy hatred that she describes.

We are just ordinary refined normal Americans who do not appreciate having some dear soul hold us up to the country at large as a crude, rancorous, hating race of people that is to be accepted but bemoaned.—*Just an Ozarkian.*

JAPAN ON COLONEL HOUSE

Legation of the United States, Bangkok, Siam — My dear Colonel House: Your article, Wanted: A New Deal Among Nations (September 14 Liberty), is attracting world-wide attention. The enclosed notice appeared a few days ago in the Bangkok Times of Siam. —*James M. Baker, American Minister.*

Colonial Areas

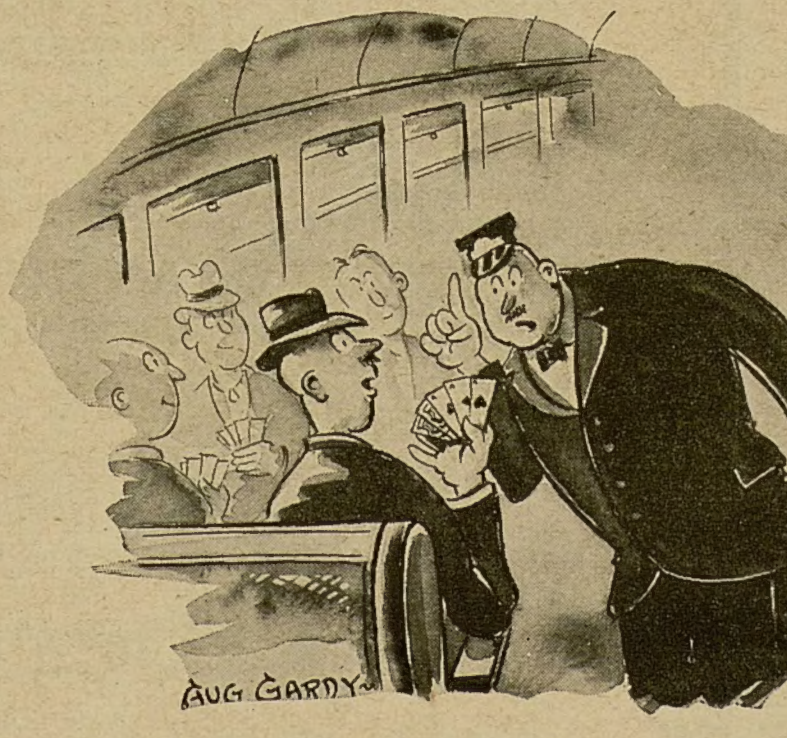
Tokyo — The redistribution of the great colonial areas and the raw materials of the world in favor of Germany, Italy, and Japan, as advocated by Colonel House, the former adviser of President Wilson, in Liberty, a popular American weekly, is attracting widespread attention in Japan, where the newspapers have received Colonel House's advocacy favorably.

Satisfaction is voiced that foreign statesmen have begun to discuss the means to eliminate the causes of war—going a step further from the mere discussion of the limitations of the means or the implements of war. . . .

FLOWER OF THE GODS BOUQUET

Haddonfield, N.J.—Flower of the Gods is without a doubt the best serial story you have yet published in your alternately good and then terrible magazine.

Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot have collaborated in making a soul-probing novel which reveals the sham vanity of material existence vividly, colorfully, and effectively. More, please!—*Karl G. Tule.*



"Just to remind you that this is your station!"

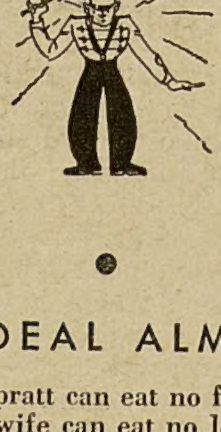
TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

WASHINGTON, D. C.--Civilian Conservation Corps officials report a young CCC worker was returned to his North Carolina home to recuperate from "acute nostalgia" (which means severe homesickness). Informed by letter of her son's "ailment," his mother filed claim against the Corps for damages, declaring her boy never had trouble with nostalgia until he left home.

HAGERSTOWN, MD. — William Dean got thirty days in jail because he couldn't tell a lie. A justice of the peace asked him if a suspended sentence would persuade him to stop drinking. He replied, "I will never stop drinking as long as I live."

LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The Drum and Bugle Corps of the Leominster Eagles went to the County Tuberculosis Hospital to entertain the patients. When they returned, the big bass drum was missing.



●

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Jack Spratt can eat no fat,
His wife can eat no lean,
Because the price of pigs is at
The highest ever seen.
—*The Consumers' League.*

CONTENTS

Short Stories

Caught.......................Kathleen Norris 10
A Test for Lovers...........................Roger Garis 24
Change for Five Dollars—Liberty's short short
Francis M. Cockrell 43

Serials

Marching Madmen—Part II.............W. J. Blackledge 18
The President's Mystery Story—Part IV........Rita Weiman 32
Tinsel Lady—Part VI...................Channing Pollock 52

Articles

Crime Crazy................................Will Irwin 6
Uncle Sam faces a startling new revolt of modern youth . . . Will it be curbed or does it presage a ruined republic?

How to Secure Lasting Peace.....Prince Fumimaro Konoye 31
Give all the nations a chance, says a distinguished Oriental statesman—A rejoinder and postscript to an article by Colonel House in a recent issue of Liberty

Ten Minutes a Day for a Good Figure......Eleanor Powell 40
A radiant new star, "tops" among women tap dancers, reveals her beauty secrets

What Christianity Owes Ethiopia....Charles Francis Potter 44
A revealing look at the ancient lore of Mussolini's "barbarous" enemies—from whose "lost book," it now appears, Christ derived some of His teachings

The Scatterbrain Trust.....Jack Goodman and Albert Rice 58
Are you absent-minded? Here is a consoling and hilarious chronicle of outstandingly goofy exploits of your kind

Features

Editorial.......................Bernarr Macfadden 4
Not One in a Thousand Knows..............E. G. Conklin 28
Fashion Flashes from Paris...................Doramiller 34
Twenty Questions.. 39
To the Ladies!.............Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 46
Satiric, Futuristic, Hectic—Movie reviews.......Beverly Hills 47
Good Books................................Oliver Swift 49
$2,500 Bible Game.. 50
Cross Word Puzzle.. 51
Vox Pop.. 60
It Happened In—.. 62

COVER BY VICTOR TCHETCHET

CHRIST IN HOLLYWOOD

An Amazing Revelation by

VICKI BAUM

Unadvertised, reverent, mystic, the Pilgrimage Play, high in the silence of the hills back of Hollywood, excels in more than one respect the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau, says Vicki Baum, who has seen them both. By all means read her description in next week's Liberty of what she witnessed at the foot of that cross of light quietly and softly shining from the top of a California hill.

HAS HOOVER CHANGED HIS SOUL?

By WILL IRWIN

An analysis of the former President's outlook on life as it is reflected in his contacts with average citizens in recent months. You'll like this for its wealth of human interest.

Also in this issue: CANCER CONQUERED AT LAST?—YOUTH AFRAID OF LOVE—LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT—FACT—FICTION—FEATURES

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4

PHYSICAL CULTURE
Health Resort

..where building health is a happy game!

THIS great health resort, founded by Bernarr Macfadden, invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. This resort at Dansville, N. Y., is patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. A beneficent, non-profit institution. ¶ In addition to being the ideal health resort, the management of Physical Culture Hotel have gone to great lengths to make it a delightful and charming spot at which to spend a few days or weeks in rest and recreation. ¶ If you are seeking the ideal vacation resort or are generally run-down or have a specific health problem to solve, the chances are that Physical Culture Hotel can be of priceless service to you. By all means write for full information including views, moderate rate schedule and wonderful testimonials regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
INCORPORATED
DANSVILLE NEW YORK

What Adela Rogers St. Johns Thinks of Physical Culture Hotel

My dear Mr. Macfadden:—I can never thank you enough fo my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You hav something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in th world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefite greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, **Adela Rogers St. Johns.**

---------MAIL COUPON TODAY---------

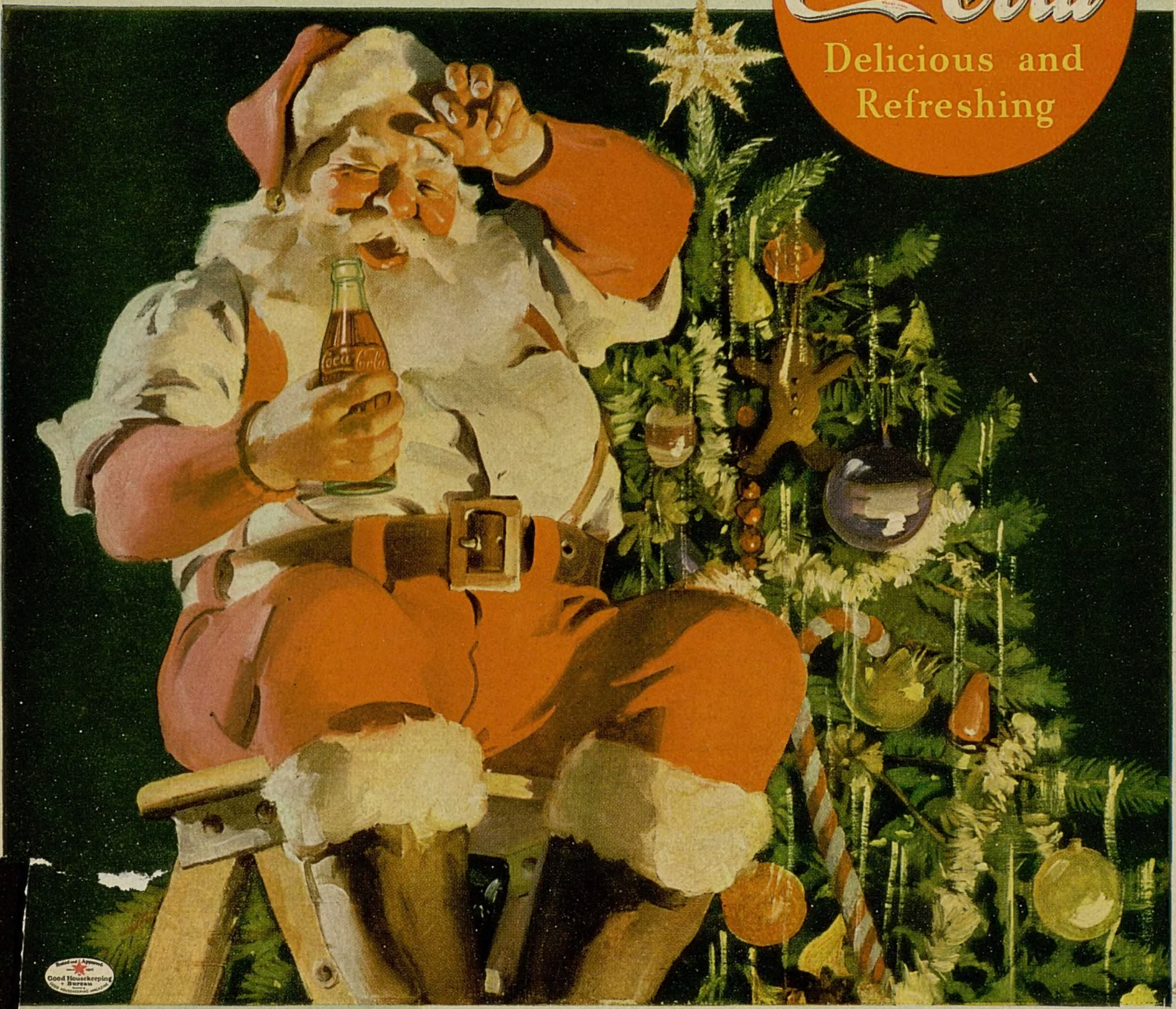
Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L12-7
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

Name______________________________
Street______________________________
Town____________________State__________

"It will refresh you, too"

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing



COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES
5¢
Coca-Cola

Of course there's a Santa Claus. Of course he gets tired and thirsty. Ice-cold Coca-Cola, with energy-giving refreshment, quenches his thirst as nothing else can. It will do the same for you, too . . . of course.

ON THE AIR
Refreshment Time · RAY NOBLE and his orchestra.
CBS coast-to-coast every Wednesday night, 9:30 EST